

The **A** **AMERICAN** **LEGION** *Monthly*



Beginning a New Mystery Novel
BY KARL W. DETZER

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pipes every
day”



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The AMERICAN LEGION

Monthly



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THE STARS IN THE FLAG

ILLINOIS: The 21st State, admitted to the Union December 3, 1818. The French explorers La Salle, 1670, Marquette and Joliet, 1673, the first Europeans to set foot within the present limits of the State, reached the Illinois River and established trading posts as early as 1682, and in 1700 the French began settlements at Kaskaskia and Cahokia. The French ceded the land to England in 1763. Virginia troops in 1778 under George Rogers Clark conquered it for the United States and the prize of war was affirmed by the Treaty of Paris, 1783. Virginia, Massachusetts and Connecticut relinquished their claims. Congress in 1787 included the country in the Northwest Territory. In 1800 the region was organized as Illinois Territory. The opening of the Erie Canal, the institution of steamboat travel on the Great Lakes and the rise of Chicago as a railway center contributed to the material prosperity of the State. Population, 1810, 12,282; 1927 (U. S. est.), 7,206,000. Percentage of urban population (communities of 2,500 and over), 1900, 54.3; 1910, 61.7;



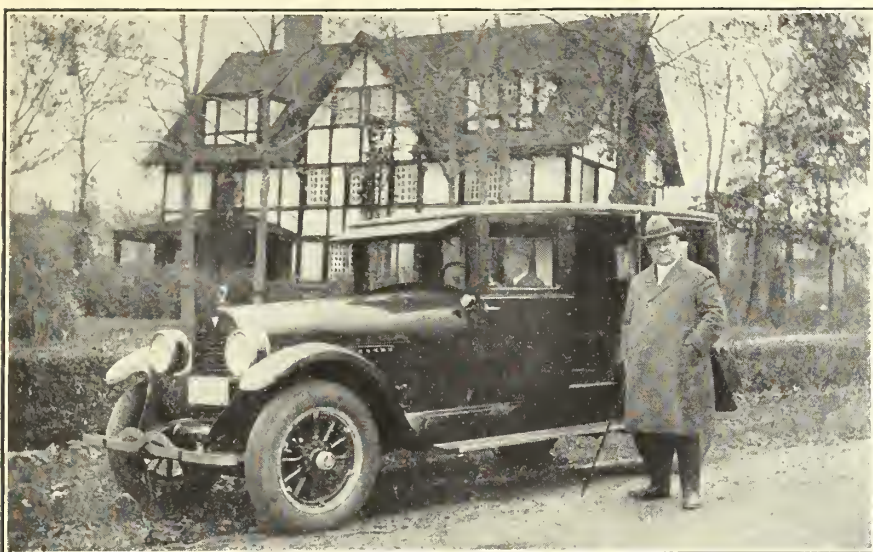
1920, 67.0. Area, 56,665 sq. miles. Density of population (1920 U. S. Census), 115.7 per sq. mile. Rank among States (1920 U. S. Census), 3d in population, 23d in area, 6th in density. Capital, Springfield (1928 U. S. est.), 67,200. Three largest cities (1928 U. S. est.), Chicago, 3,157,400; Peoria, 84,500; Rockford, 82,800. Estimated wealth (1923 U. S. Census), \$22,232,794,000. Principal sources of wealth (1923 U. S. Census), slaughtering and meat-packing products, \$606,320,553; foundry and machine-shop products, \$275,955,047; steam railroad cars and repairs, \$277,968,589; mineral products (1925), \$231,658,604 in coal, clay products and petroleum; all crops (1920 U. S. Census) were valued at \$864,737,833 principally in corn, wheat, oats and hay. Illinois had 322,731 men and women in service during the World War. State motto, adopted August 26, 1818: "State Sovereignty—National Union." Origin of name: Anglicized pronunciation of Indian words meaning "River of Men." Nickname: Prairie State.

ROBERT F. SMITH, General Manager

JOHN T. WINTERICH, Editor

PHILIP VON BLON, Managing Editor

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How, after 12 years' hard work as a railroad brakeman, I got into real estate, and now make more in a month than I used to make in a year

BY L. C. CLARKE

(Address furnished on request)

FOR TWELVE YEARS I was a brakeman on the Mohawk Division of the New York Central. During that time my wages averaged exactly \$638.40 a year.

Then I got started in the real estate business, and during the past year I made one sale that gave me a commission of \$4,500, which is more than I made on the railroad in *seven years of hard work*.

And I don't feel that I have done anything wonderful—anything the other fellow can't do if he will; I simply got into the right kind of business—a business of big opportunities—a business where big money is made.

You—who are reading these words—can do what I have done if you have a mind to. You don't need education, experience, capital or influence. I didn't have any of these things.

I had to leave school when I was thirteen, so I had mighty little education. I had no real estate experience. I never earned more than just enough to keep me out of the poorhouse, so I had no capital. And, as for influence, where would a \$50-a-month brakeman get any?

And you don't have to go to a big town to succeed. I am located in a little New York State town of only 3,000 population.

Of course, I am pretty enthusiastic about the real estate business. I think it's the greatest business in the world. It has more advantages and bigger opportunities than any other business I know of. It is as permanent as the earth itself. It is almost unlimited in its possibilities—about ten million properties are always on the market. It is easy to learn. You don't need capital to get started, as you do in almost any other business. The business can't grow smaller—it keeps getting big-

ger as population increases. And you can get started in the business right at home in your spare time. When I realize that I have an independent, enjoyable business of my own, a good home, two automobiles, and every convenience and comfort a sane man could want I sometimes find it hard to believe that I'm the same fellow that put in twelve long years of hard work as a railroad brakeman.

And I'm not the only one who has taken advantage of this wonderful business opportunity and pulled himself out of the rut of routine work. Chas. F. Worthen, formerly a salesman, did, and he made \$8,500 in 17 weeks. H. G. Stewart made \$14,400 in less than six months. Anthony C. Maurell made \$4,100 in 3 months. M. J. Stokes, a Pennsylvania man, made \$900 in three months, just in his spare time. H. J. Dwillard, of Michigan, was fitted to hold the position of Sales Manager of the largest contractors' and builders' real estate department in his city.

Now, if you are kicking about what I used to kick about—long hours, hard work and poor pay—if you want to get into a business where you can have the biggest kind of an opportunity to make good—simply send your name and address to American Business Builders, Inc., Dept. C-79, 18 East 18 St., New York, and they will send you *without cost or obligation*, a copy of their free book, "How to Become a Real Estate Specialist."

In five minutes after you start reading this fascinating book, you will agree with me that you have at last struck the best business opportunity that ever came your way—an opportunity to learn a splendid money-making business and get started—right at home—in your spare time—without capital or experience—in a safe, sound, independent business of your own.

So get busy, if you want to grab something big. If you are ambitious to make something of yourself—get ahead—make more money—this is one chance you can't afford to let slip out of your grasp. It costs you nothing to find out what there is in this for you. You take no risk. So, mail the coupon at once. Take my word for it, you will never regret the day you sent for this free book. And some day you may do just what I did—put through a deal that will put more money in your bank account than you ever saw in one pile before.

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Here's the proof that this is the biggest money-making opportunity of all: **ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS IN GOLD** will be paid to anyone who shows us any other business course of any kind that has helped as *many* men and women make as *much* money in as *short* a time as our remarkably successful Real Estate Course.

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A LEGION G.H.Q. *in* FRANCE



By Francis H. Drake

The Legion's European headquarters, on Rue de Pierre-Charron, Paris, which will be dedicated on July 4th by National Commander Paul V. McNutt

THIS spring The American Legion celebrates the tenth anniversary of its birth.

What man attendant upon its accouchement in that memorable Paris caucus in 1919 envisaged the rapidity of its growth or the vastness of its present sphere of influence?

Probably not even the most imaginative delegate dreamed that eight years later twenty thousand of its members would return in a body to France to hold the organization's national convention. Few dreamed that in ten years it would establish in Paris a center for its international activities that is considered one of the most forward and practical steps taken in behalf of the American people toward the preservation of permanent peace.

The history of the A. E. F. of 1927 is now almost as well known as that of 1917. The second dream awaits the coming of next Independence Day for realization.

On June 17th National Commander Paul V. McNutt, accompanied by a Legion delegation in which each State is expected to be represented, will sail for France. On July Fourth he will stand before a large and handsome building on the Rue Pierre-Charron, a broad thoroughfare leading from the Champs Elysées to the Trocadero and the American Embassy. He will dedicate that building as the American Legion's permanent war memorial to the valor and sacrifice of the men and women of the A. E. F.

While the dignity and beauty of the edifice will excite the admiration of all who view it, the marble, stone and bronze, fashioned by world-famed artists, are but the outward symbol of the sentiment which inspires this memorial. For within is a living, pulsating memorial, generating power for constructive accomplishment for America and for the Legion in Europe.

Here will be the great outpost of the Legion, an international headquarters for the Legion's educational and welfare activities throughout Europe.

Abroad as well as at home, to The American Legion has

fallen the mantle of public duty; the honoring of the traditions of armed service; the decoration of our 30,000 overseas graves; participation in international commemorative services, and the obligation of dignifying American citizenship everywhere.

The visit of the Legion to France in 1927 brought home to everybody most forcibly the need in Paris of a real headquarters which would serve as the rallying point for all ex-soldiers and their friends.

The new memorial building is that rallying point. The building will include:

A complete museum of war relics, library of war records, histories and reference books, collections relating to units, organizations and individuals of the A. E. F.

A gallery for the perpetuation in sculpture and painting of noted soldiers and patriots.

A number of modern bedrooms for the use of visiting Legionnaires and stockholders at reasonable rates.

School rooms for the teaching of English grammar, American history, civics and Americanism to children of Americans living in Paris.

American library with comfortable lounge and writing rooms.

Café buffet.

Sun garden and patio.

Meeting rooms for The American Legion and other patriotic organizations.

General information bureau.

Facilities for the promotion of fraternal social contact between visiting Americans and distinguished citizens of the nations of Europe and for the dissemination of information and educational matter acquainting the people of Europe with the true ideals of America.

One of the large salons in the building will be designed as a memorial to the Commander-in-Chief of the A. E. F. and will be called Pershing Hall. Another spacious room will be dedicated to the Legion's National Commanders. A bust or portrait of each commander will be placed in this room.

In the Gallery of the Divisions, each major unit of the A. E. F. will find its insignia in the mural decorations, together with suitable inscriptions recounting briefly its history in France.

In the main memorial gallery outstanding American patriots of the war, both civil and military, will be perpetuated in sculpture and painting.

The United States Navy, the Marine Corps and the Army will each have rooms dedicated to them. These rooms will contain trophies of historical value, significant of the deeds of valor of the respective branches of the service. (Continued on page 69)

WALLACE

WHAT do you demand of a story? Mystery? Adventure? Romance? Wallace has them all. Edgar Wallace, the most popular author in Great Britain today, tells you stories that will hold you spellbound to the last word.

He is the man who wrote *The Terror*, the first all-"talking" motion picture. He is the man who wrote *The Sign of the Leopard*, a play which is now having a successful run in London, Berlin and New York City—all at one time! He has thrilled all of England for years with his books of uncanny adventure. Now he has been brought to America in four of his greatest works,—*The Terrible People*, *The Door with Seven Locks*, *A King by Night*, and *The Girl from Scotland Yard*.

Now, YOU can enjoy the eerie charm of these mysteries which have made Edgar Wallace the best-known author in the world. Every fourth book sold in England is a book by this wonder man. You will easily understand his popularity, once you start reading him. Your imagination follows the swift action and rapid turn of events from the very first page. You cannot stop after reading as much as a single chapter.

We are so confident of this man's power to entertain you as you have never been entertained before, that we ask your permission to put these four volumes of the Weirder Edition of Edgar Wallace in your home for one week's free reading. You are not obliged to buy them unless you find that you want to keep them for your own.

Mail the coupon at once. When the books arrive put them to any reading test you can devise and if they do not measure up to your standards for solid entertainment, return them at our expense and the transaction has cost you nothing. Try to start one of the stories and stop before finishing the complete book. Try reading one when you are tired. Compare them in any way with your favorite mystery-romances and if they fall short—return them. This offer is made to introduce England's favorite to American readers. It may be withdrawn at any time. To assure yourself these four fascinating books at this bargain price, mail the coupon today.

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to be in good physical condition
who didn’t get
plenty of
Sleep . . . ”

says

LEMUEL BOLLES

CONTINUING Mr. Bolles says, “Personally Simmons sleep equipment gives me more rest per hour than any other kind I know of.”

That’s a strong statement . . . and coming from a world-traveler as Mr. Bolles has been it’s particularly noteworthy.

But it comes right down to this in blunt words: The Simmons Company is the world’s largest makers of beds, mattresses, and springs. As such they are able to make exhaustive research and find out what makes sleeping equipment most restful . . . and because it enables them to produce better products, which sell more readily . . . it’s good business for them to do it. That’s the story in back of the Beautyrest Mattress . . . the Ace Open Coil Spring . . . and the Ace Box Spring . . . good business . . . a

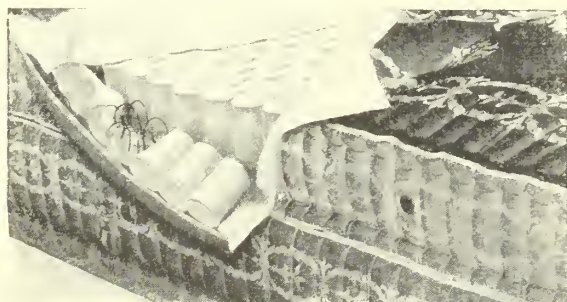


MR. LEMUEL BOLLES . . . Chief of a Blackfoot Indian Tribe . . . A. E. F. Officer . . . an active two-fisted man known and loved by nearly every Legionnaire.

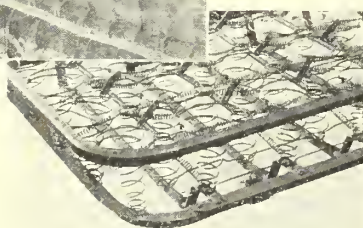
better product than is made by anyone else . . . and low prices through mass production.

Remember this . . . although both the Beautyrest Mattress and Ace Springs have many imitators . . . they are as different as day is from night. Fifteen minutes with your dealer will demonstrate that difference.

In furniture and department stores the Simmons Beautyrest Mattress, \$39.50; the Ace Box Spring, \$42.50; the Ace Open Coil Spring, \$19.75. Rocky Mountain Region and West, slightly higher. Look for the name “Simmons.” The Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco.



Simmons Beautyrest Mattress and Ace Box Spring, made by the world’s largest manufacturer of beds, springs and mattresses. Damask covers in six pastel shades, two patterns. The Ace Box Spring, resilient and long wearing, has stitched sides and taped edges to match the Beautyrest.



Simmons Ace Spring—a modern development of the open coil spring. More spirals than most springs . . . each of just the right resiliency.

BEDS SPRINGS
MATTRESSES

SIMMONS

{ BUILT FOR SLEEP }

THE BROKEN

By *KARL
W. DETZER*

*Illustrations
by
V.E. Pyles*

AT TEN o'clock that early February morning in 1919, two men, both wearing new civilian clothes of French cut, descended briskly into the broad trackage of Bordeaux station from a first class carriage of the Paris express. They walked at once toward the waiting rooms. The younger of the two, Sergeant Pete Bright of the American Division of Criminal Investigation, was paying little attention to his companion. He found Corporal Duclose and his conversations too much to follow sometimes. The Dutch were a great little people, but if they all talked as often, and as long, as Corporal Duclose . . .

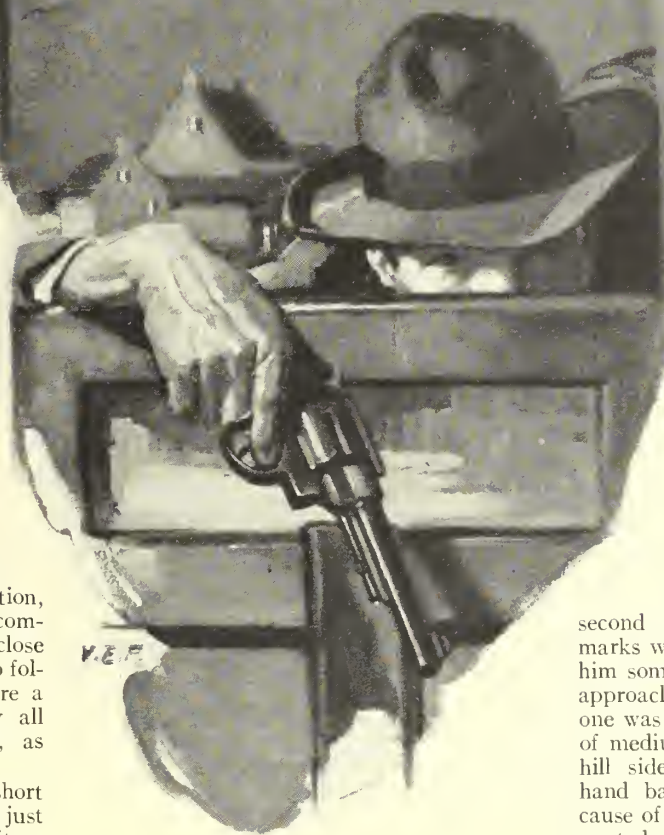
Duclose, who must stretch his short legs to keep step, was discussing just now the effect on modern portraiture of Jan Steen and the old Dutch school.

Bright was not deeply interested in art; besides, he could think of only one thing at a time, and the business at hand was crime.

He had objected to this trip in the first place. So far as he could see, it made no difference to the American army that some Frenchman named St. Denis from up in Normandy had disappeared. Americans were not involved. It was his opinion (unasked) that the French authorities were falling too frequently into the easy habit of discovering an American angle to any difficult case. But now that he was here, in response to their frantic pleas, he would settle the affair as quickly as possible and get back to Paris, where, he reasoned, there was work enough to keep all the detectives in the world both active and happy.

Sergeant Bright's eyes were gray, and always cool. Being anxious to rise in his profession, he usually kept them busy. They focused now on a woman's face, noticed that she was not pretty, observed a sleepy poilu's bandaged arm, a traveling salesman's copious hand baggage; at each looked briefly and drifted aimlessly away. Until he glanced at the tall Britisher with the bent neck. And the heavy man on his tail.

The Britisher was walking toward the tracks. He was not much of a man to look at; respectable, but unimposing, probably thirty-five years old, in a proper but somewhat shabby dark gray



suit, with a dispatch case swung by a musette strap to his shoulder, and in his right hand a small traveling bag. His head was drawn down slightly to the left, and as he passed, Bright had time to see a ragged white scar on his neck. High explosive, he guessed. He knew the type. A nice, decent fellow, hard working and probably devilishly poor.

Had the Englishman been alone Sergeant Bright would not have spared him a second glance, by no means a

second thought, for men with wound marks were all too common. But behind him some thirty paces, the other traveler approached the outgoing ticket gate. This one was a heavy, dark-skinned individual of medium height, slightly on the downhill side of forty-five, and carrying no hand baggage. Bright noticed him because of his haste. Ticket in hand, he had panted out of the waiting room some half minute behind the easy-going Britisher,

and stood gaping this way and that until he caught sight of the bent neck.

Bright set down his own luggage by the iron fence and turned partly around to light his cigarette. Covertly, across the flame of his match, he observed them.

"A queer pair of babies," he said behind his hands. Duclose, who still was amiably discussing Dutch art, squinted at the two sidewise, without turning his blond head.

The gateman had halted the Britisher. After examining the long blue ticket, he gesticulated toward the Toulouse express. The Britisher thanked him offhandedly. The man on his tail slacked his pace until the other had a twenty-foot start before he presented himself at the gate. The railway official waved his arm toward the same train.

"Somebody being trailed," Bright affirmed. "Question is, does he know it or not? Not, I'd judge. First thing he does know he'll be getting a nice short obituary in the *Dyly Milt*. If I wasn't up to my neck in work . . ." he broke off, frowning.

"I, too, should be pleased to sit in their little game." Duclose pronounced his words with a strict enunciation that strove to cover a faint trace of accent. "I do not admire the expression that second man wears. It is like the pigs in pork butchers' windows,



with German helmets on them."

"A Turk," Bright guessed.

He watched the two climb aboard a first-class carriage, the darker of them entering a compartment just to the rear of the Britisher.

"Not a Turk . . . no, a less civilized breed," Duclose corrected. "From the inner provinces up the hills. The Turk is less terrible than his neighbors paint him. This person is from behind Turkey. No doubt he calls himself Armenian and makes claims on Christianity."

The compartment doors slammed decisively, one after the other. Train officials tooted their whistles. Station men and porters replied with shrill cries of warning. And the Toulouse express pulled out to the tracks of the Southern Railway.

The two operators from the American bureau passed thoughtfully through the waiting room. In the glare of the paved courtyard before the station Duclose summoned a cabby by clapping his hands.

"The Prefet," he directed in French that was just as precise as his English, and held just as much trace of a foreign mother tongue. "The central poste de police."

Neither spoke until the cab had rattled vigorously across the uneven cobbles of the station yard and out past the first of the

old stone arches that are forever straddling Bordeaux streets. It was Duclose as usual who broke the silence. But he had forgotten the matter of Dutch painters.

"Not a Turk," he repeated. "More likely he is the devil out of a German opera . . . ugh! . . . I should dislike it if he decided to follow me!"

"The Britisher was a courier," Bright guessed. "Carried an official dispatch case any-

way. Just the type, too. I've seen a lot of 'em in Paris. Former officer . . . captain or lieutenant. Wounded . . ."

"Despicably. It was fortunate that his neck was long. But we were negligent. We should have warned him that he is being followed."

"And nosedived into a flock of international complications?" Bright objected. "No, any time an English Limey and a black-bird Turk get tangled up on a Frog train with a New Yorker like me and a Dutchman with a Paris accent from Detroit like you, well, it just gives the *Dyly Mile* boys something else to write about. No, sir, Corporal, I'm against anything international, and that includes crime. Now this case of ours. I bet next month's pay roll we're the first Americans ever to hear of this man St. Denis. But some poor dumb John has stuck his hobnails into it and the French police sob at G. H. Q. that les Américains



*"He shouted at me to halt—
sounded like an American"*

are involved. I'm getting tired of being jerked out of my soft Paris bed and sent down here."

The Hollander nodded.

"Yet, I am bold to remind you, you jerk me out of my soft Tours bed on the way."

"Sure. You're just a corporal. And a Dutch one at that."

IN THE office of Inspector Gibon of the Bordeaux civil police, who was commanding the St. Denis investigation, Bright offered cigarettes, which were accepted with a salute and a faint-hearted protest. Gibon was a dull, red-faced provincial, obviously addicted to light wines and heavy garlic sandwiches. It was his telegram, forwarded through official channels, that had brought Sergeant Bright unwillingly into the case. Gibon greeted Bright cordially. Duclose he looked at coldly.

"You are Boche?" he demanded.

Duclose smiled. "No." He smiled again. "No, thank you, I am here in an American rôle."

"He used to be Dutch," Bright said, "Holland Dutch."

"Ah." The inspector rubbed his shiny nose. It was evident he did not care for Hollanders any more than he did for Germans. He turned so that he faced only Bright. "I am desolated to require outside help. But your American soldiers . . ." he shrugged.

"Of course," Bright agreed. His manner was faintly sarcastic. "It must have been Americans started this war. Maybe the Kaiser's from Kentucky. I'd like to hear the beginning, Inspector."

"Very good. It is advisable to make all things clear. I have here the procès verbal. Monsieur St. Denis is a gentleman of importance, a Norman, the expert horse breeder. For seventeen years he has been victorious at the Bernay horse fair, at which passes the most money of any fair in France. It makes him famous . . ."

"It is a fair that has brought fame to others than a St. Denis," Corporal Duclose put in. "It is immortalized in a painting."

The inspector stared him down. "I have never heard of your painting. But as for Monsieur St. Denis, his reputation and his fortune expanded. So, when our glorious France must search for new horses in the war, it is St. Denis must procure them."

He puffed hard on the cigarette and ignoring Duclose, looked seriously at Sergeant Bright.

There was a stubborn light in Bright's eye.

"Well?" he inquired. "What next? I'll tell you right now, Inspector, that I don't fall easy for a lot of this bunk about Americans involved. There may be a few of our ex-honorable doughboys doing business in stolen automobile parts, but I doubt if they're trading any horses."

"I must tell you . . ."

"Everything," Bright bade.

"Certainment. Everything. Which leads me to explain that Monsieur St. Denis

has been for several years in the confidence of high officials of the army . . . I am disclosing this in most fearful secrecy as one policeman to another. This month he is ordered to bring more horses at once. Four hundred more, for our glorious army on the Rhine. Now, as you may know, there remain no horses in poor France, and Spain has too many, which is unfortunate. But Spain also has the new law . . . you have read it in the *Temps* . . . a law that no horses are to be transported into France. It is the German influence at work and very stupid. Last Wednesday, one week yesterday, St. Denis came to Bordeaux."

"From where?" Bright demanded.

"From his home near Domfront in the Departement of Orne. Oui, a long journey from here. This investigation would fall properly to Paris, were it not for the fact that the man was last seen here in Bordeaux. Also my district approaches the border, and there he is thought to have disappeared. Concerning the home I can give you no information. I confess I have never traveled north. They say one must drink cider in Normandy, and I refuse. It produces gout. As to monsieur, he came to Bordeaux to meet a gentleman of whom we know little except that he is American. Oh, mon Sergent, remain seated! I am positive of his citizenship. He is American. I shall explain my reasons for that knowledge in time. He came to the Hôtel Normandie, and St. Denis would not permit even Monsieur Rude, who is his secretary and a trustworthy young man, to remain with him in the conferences."

"And might not that signify, perhaps, that the secretary is not so trustworthy?" Corporal Duclose inquired.

"I have talked with him myself," the inspector said. "He is to be trusted. His face is honest as a kitchen clock. On Thursday St. Denis said to him: 'I am going to the mountains.'"

"Smuggling?" Bright put in.

"A highly respectable business in the Pyrenees," Duclose reminded him. "The only legitimate trade known ever to have existed up there."

"Highly profitable," Gibon admitted, "but I must correct you, Corporal, it is not legitimate. Still there are times . . . the glory of France, you comprehend. The poor army must have horses. But I am no judge. I tell the facts only. Monsieur St. Denis promised his secretary that he will notify him in three days at latest where to meet him with ten teamsters to take charge of the horses. He says . . . observe, m'sieurs, he held sus-

picious, 'If I do not return or notify you by six o'clock of Sunday evening, report to the police.'"

"And he did not return?" Bright asked quietly.

"Rude, being an obedient secretary, notified us. This is Thursday, as you are aware. He has not returned, and eight days have gone. The mountains have swallowed him. And les Américains are involved!"

He pounded the desk twice with his fat fist. Bright reddened, but offered no denial. Corporal Duclose, smiling slightly, scratched his blond head and carefully lighted a new cigarette.

"And may I ask the inspector where the extremely trustworthy M'sieur Rude is now?" he inquired.

"At his hotel. The Normandie. He will return here shortly."

"If he has a description of this hombre you claim is American, I'd like to talk to him," Bright decided. "Maybe I can convince him it was a Chink."

"As to the description . . . yes. We shall permit Rude to present it to you. However, I have made diligent search for the man."

"And found nothing?" Bright hazarded.

"You assume too much. An American habit. I have found something. I have found the place this American lives when in Bordeaux. Unfortunately he is not there now."

"Well, that's something," Bright agreed. "Anyone there give you a tip on where to hunt him?"

"Non," Gibon admitted, "non, the woman in whose house he stayed has departed. She was a foreigner, too. Her husband came for her the day before we inquired. He is a seaman and took her away on his own ship. There is no one else. The neighbors . . . yes, they remember that for two months a man came to visit, remaining a day or so, then vanishing. An American."

"How'd they know he was American?"

"This woman who is now gone had told them. She explained to them that he is a deserter from the American army, therefore he must be discreet."

"Mind if I look at the house?" Bright asked, and when Gibon

took up his umbrella, "Stick around, corporal. If that secretary comes in . . ."

"I will engage him in worthwhile conversation," Duclose promised.

The inspector led the way northeastward, directly into the dark, narrow, dirty streets of Spanish-town. Men lounged here and there, Spanish sailors, most of

them. Gibon turned at length into a particularly disreputable alley.

"How'd you happen to trail him here?" Bright demanded.

The inspector halted, and lowering his voice, said: "The good God takes advantage of the police, mon Sergeant. He gives each of us only two eyes. And anyone knows that is not enough for a detective. So we employ others. Then, when we have a description . . ."

"You call on your stool pigeons?"

Gibon shrugged heavily.

"Here we are," he announced, and paused before a tall, dusty roost on the left of the street. A uniformed gendarme, who had been sitting quietly in the dark entry, arose with a jerk.

"Not yet?" the inspector asked.

"Non, he has not returned."

The Frenchman led Bright up the cluttered stair to the second floor, and into a bare, soiled apartment lighted dimly by one inadequate window.

"Here your American lived," he said. "The old woman occupied the room behind. In there. You see, everything has been removed."

"Everything but the dirt," Bright admitted. He turned his flashlight about the walls. The plaster was broken. There was a small fireplace with a black iron front opposite the one window. To the right, and somewhat above the center of the fire arch, an odd figure some two inches high was marked on the dark metal in white chalk. It resembled the numeral 3, with the top bar missing, and was enclosed in a chalked circle.

"What's this?" Bright asked.

"A child's play," the inspector said, drawing nearer. "It means nothing."

Bright regarded the scrawl thoughtfully for a moment, then stooped down before the accumulation of ashes. "Non, mon Sergeant," the inspector said. "I searched, nothing there."

"Anyone else in the house see this fellow?"

"Probably. But not distinctly. The place is dark."

Bright returned to the narrow hearth.

"A funny looking mark. Looks like a broken 3."

"Slightly," the inspector admitted without enthusiasm.

Half an hour later, in the police office, Gibon suggested: "If you care to examine the belongings of St. Denis . . ."

Bright shook his head. "You've given it your expert once-over. No use for me. Find anything in it?"

"Nothing. Shirts and collars. Nothing important. Monsieur Rude explains that his employer carried little baggage on such journeys."

"How much money did he have when he left?"

Gibon rubbed his nose. "That will illuminate the matter," he admitted. "Rude has no way of telling exactly, but he believes that his master had somewhat over one hundred thousand francs. He wore a money belt always, and this time it was fat."

Sergeant Bright arose to his feet indignantly.

"A hundred thousand francs? And flew off into the mountains with some strange bird he didn't trust? Well, if he ever comes back, Inspector, will you have somebody examine his head? He sounds like the baby these psychiatric tests were made for! You'd better send for the secretary. I'll get a description from him."

"Very good," Gibon pronounced. He added: "I must report that your American police militaire have been most discourteous in this business. We notified them first. They claimed immediately that the stranger was not American."

"Good for them," Bright retorted. "They know their stuff. Nobody's an American till he's proved one. That's good law. And if he isn't American he don't interest our boys here or anywhere else. They got work enough right here in Spanish town without taking to mountain climbing."

Marcel Rude, confidential secretary to the missing St. Denis, was a pale, nervous young man with one arm (the right one) and an annoying cough. A wounded poilu, Bright knew without asking. He examined him slowly. The inspector had not been so far wrong in saying the secretary's face resembled a kitchen clock. He appeared not only honest, but inno-



"I'll tell you right now, Inspector, that I don't fall easy for a lot of this bunk about Americans involved"



He charged forward. At the same moment a bulky shadow leaped from the dark door to the cinders. Bright shouted "Halt!"

cent. Bright glanced at Duclose. The Hollander was reading a wall map. More than any other man Bright knew, Duclose could keep his eyes in one direction and actually look in another. The secretary began his story in French, which was the only tongue he owned. Bright halted him occasionally, ordering him to speak slowly.

"I have never seen the man before," Rude concluded. "On two other occasions m'sieur had come here to consult him. But I was not with him. Last week we were no sooner in our hotel when he arrived, this stranger. M'sieur dismissed me from the room. But I had opportunity to view the man. He was American."

"How do you know he was?"

"There could be no doubt. He was large, with light hair like Americans; he was ugly, and he spoke most miserable French, such as do all American soldiers."

"Not in uniform?"

"But no. He wore the civilian costume."

"I guess you're all wet on his home town," Bright muttered. "He wasn't American. He was a Belgique, maybe, or a Swiss. Yes, he was a Swiss. What'd he look like?"

"Ah, it was his eyes only that I remember plainly. And who

could forget them? I have explained to the inspector that they were peculiar. They did not match."

"Didn't match?" Bright stepped on the butt of his cigarette.

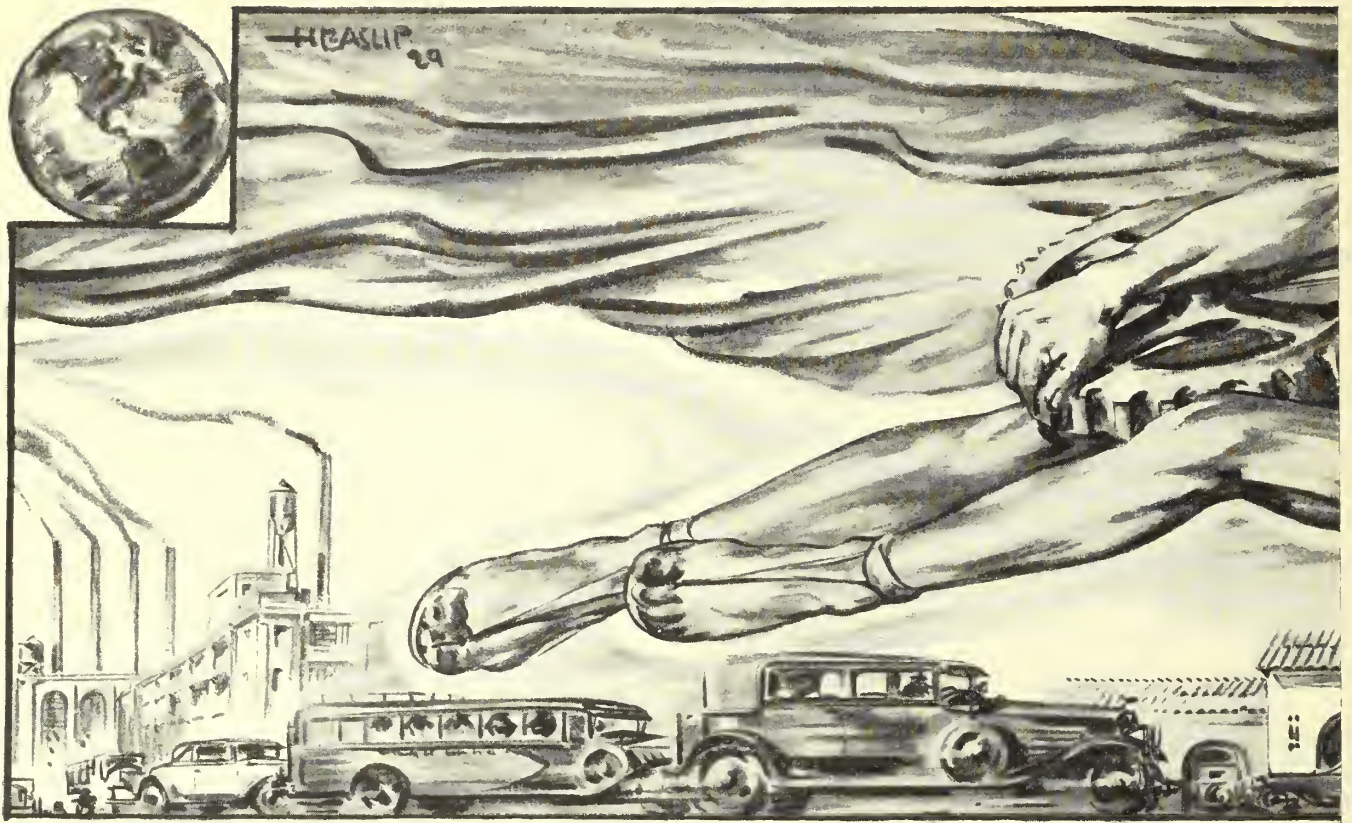
"The two eyes were not the same in color. One was brown and one gray, or perhaps one was blue . . . the most peculiar eyes, M'sieur."

Bright gave a show of satisfaction.

"I hand it to you," he said. "Nobody can say you haven't got an original idea. Eyes don't match. That's the first American description I've ever heard that didn't fit a general look-out for the whole A. E. F. Corporal, you and Rude wait for me here. I'll snoop around, Inspector."

He ran down lightly to the street. His interest in the fate of St. Denis had become suddenly more acute. A man with eyes that didn't match. Something to work on, there. Something to wire Paris, to send out to every country gendarme in France. It gave flavor to the job to search a man so sharply marked as that. But first he would examine St. Denis' room at the Hôtel Normandic.

He decided to do so alone; Rude would be in the way as would the French police. However, there was small likelihood of discovering anything of importance. Gibon (*Continued on page 60*)



MY NEIGHBOR has come safely through the ordeal of buying a new automobile. For a week, he admitted to me, he had spent his waking hours trying to decide on the car he should buy. His sleep was disturbed by dreams of cars of all sorts before the car of his dreams finally materialized.

Yet his plight in regard to a new car is nothing compared to that of a factory. For the week of worry he spent the six factories whose product he viewed had probably spent a total of at least six years in designing and perfecting a model for the purpose of inveigling him into buying.

New models are not just picked out of the air—they are the result of months, and oftentimes years, of planning and work. There is no other one angle quite so important in an automobile plant as the decision to bring out a new model, and the bringing out of that model. It can be the means of stimulating business for the factory or it can be the means of wrecking hopes for immediate profit. Automobile factories have at least one thing in common with all businesses—they exist for the primary purpose of earning dividends for their stockholders. There is only one way to earn these dividends, and that is by selling cars. Factories must be on their toes constantly to keep abreast of the times. Factory executives must forever have their ears to the ground in an endeavor to sense the public's desires. Millions of dollars may be made, or lost, on the decision as to the proper type of car to build, or as to new lines of engineering and body design to put into the current model to make it more attractive to the potential buyer.

I know of an instance where a factory decided that a light six was the car to complement its line of large cars. The car was designed and built and tried out for three years. Hundreds of thousands of dollars were spent on it. It was rumored in the industry that it would make its bow at the New York Show, where so many new models are introduced. The New York Show came and went, as did two succeeding shows. Nothing more was ever heard of this particular model. The factory executives had decided that the time was not ripe for the introduction of a new car of this type, and it still reposes in the factory morgue. The huge sums spent on it are charged to profit and loss. The factory in the meantime has brought out a more suitable model to take the place of the defunct one—and at a preliminary cost as great as the one which never saw the light of day in any salesroom.

Today there are few factories that pin their hopes of sales success on a large car alone. Instead, the factory product is represented by a subsidiary line of small cars to complement

YOUR 19

By William
Decoration by

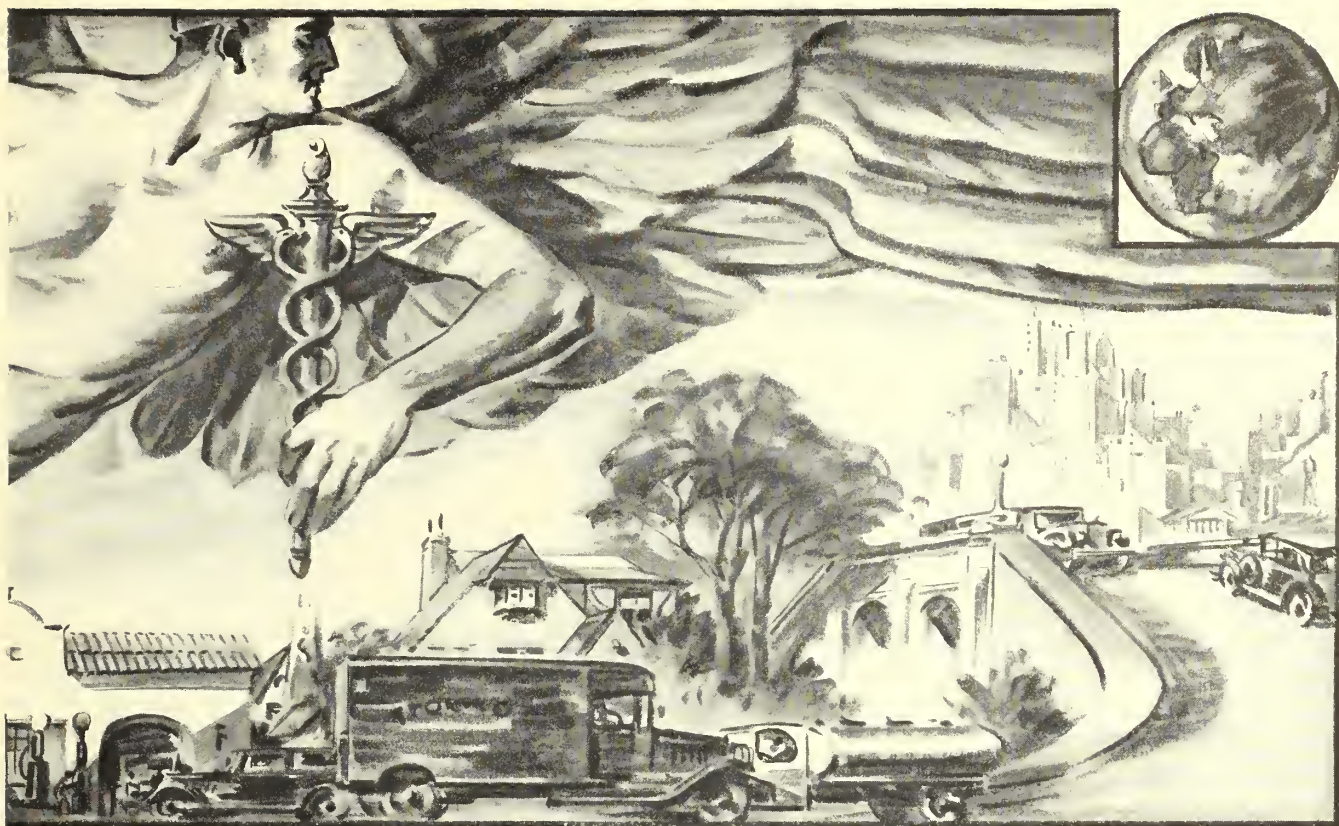
what was originally the only line of manufacture—the large model.

Since new models do not, like Topsy, just grow, it is of interest to peer beyond the shiny new car at the curb and vision the story of its birth.

Let's take the case of a factory which for years has been making a big car to sell at from \$3,000 to \$7,000. These models have a wheelbase of from 131 to 145 inches. Pressure is brought to bear by several of the large distributors, who sense the popular demand for a smaller car. The president and his board of directors then decide that the trend toward smaller cars must be hearkened to, and they agree tentatively on a car selling at approximately \$2,000. Once the decision is made the president, sales manager and other executives probably will talk the matter over informally at considerable length. They decide tentatively that the car shall be of 114 inches wheelbase. They decide that it shall be an eight instead of a six, which theretofore had been the only line made by the company. Right there they have bowed to two trends of the times—a short wheelbase that a woman can manipulate and park in a restricted space, and eight cylinders, which lend themselves to great flexibility, another demand of both women and men drivers.

Tentative drawings are made, showing the general appearance of the car as a whole. This is used only as a guide, and not as an absolute model.

The engineering staff has been sitting in on the general design of the car. In the days of discussion that follow, they are told what performance is desired. The president may say: "The trend is toward high compression motors, so we must have it. We must have speed upward of sixty-five miles an hour even in a car as small as this. We must have power at low-motor speeds as well as at high—power that will take the car up hills, through sand and mud." The president may go further and indicate that deceleration is as important as speed and acceleration, so that highly efficient brakes must be developed.



30 MODEL

Guy Wall
William Heaslip

Engineers can estimate the weight of the entire car before a single unit has been built. With these general details known the engineers also know that a motor of approximately sixty horse-power will be necessary to move the car at the speed desired.

Knowing as much of the requirements as they do, they get out their slide rules and pencils, and since automobile engineering is an exact science, they can indicate on paper a motor that will approximately fill the stated requirements. They will decide on the bore and stroke and will know the approximate speed of the car. They can, in fact, forecast fairly accurately the entire performance of the automobile.

I do not mean to imply that all this information is arrived at in the course of an afternoon or so—far from it. It may take weeks.

Since the developments of the motor will take considerably more time than any other units of the car, this is therefore the first problem attacked.

The draftsmen, having already made for the president a drawing that shows the general lines of the completed car, now appear on the scene again and translate to paper the ideas of the president and the engineering staff insofar as they relate to engine design.

Temporary wooden patterns are made from the drawings and prints. These wooden patterns must be highly accurate, and by the time they have been made a cost of from \$20,000 to \$50,000 will be incurred. From these patterns two or three experimental motors will be made, and the cost on them will be prodigious, since they will be practically hand-made. Perhaps \$75,000 will have to be charged off for the making of these motors. It is only production on a wholesale basis that brings the price down to

If he wishes sixty-five miles an hour and a wheelbase of 114 inches, he has stated part of the problem for the engineers. Gasoline and power economy demand that the car be as light in weight as is consistent with good practice.

the hands of the experimental department is put on a dynamometer and the proper connections made for water, gasoline, oil, etc. Part of the setup is a tachometer (an engine-revolution counter). The horse-power is calculated from the reading of the dynamometer scale, which gives the number of pounds pull.

This is a period not of anxiety necessarily, but of considerable suspense for the engineers. They know they have designed the motor for an output of sixty horse-power at three thousand revolutions a minute, and they are anxious to see how much work they will have to do on it to make it live up to its expectations.

No motor is perfect at once, and our motor is no exception. Thus begins a period of refinement. The engineers may decide that the intake manifold, which distributes the gas to the motor, is at fault. Motor power depends to a certain extent on the amount of gas distributed to the cylinder. If the gas is obstructed in its flow due to faulty manifold design it is shown in lack of power. Manifold designs differ on different motors. I recall one instance of where the horse-power on one motor was raised from 92 to 115 largely by a change in manifold design.

The carburetor engineer is on the job also and he may agree that a slight change in design will improve carburetion and thus motor performance.

We may decide that it is advisable to increase the compression ratio. Incidentally compression ratio is not anything vague at all; a six-to-one compression ratio, for instance, simply means that in the process of getting the gasoline ready for an explosion it is compressed to one-sixth of its original volume after it gets into the cylinder. We may have to change our cylinder-head to do this or we may accomplish the same end by redesigning our pistons. We may find that there is excessive vibration in the motor at certain speeds. This may be cured by increasing the size of our crankshaft or by installing a vibration dampener. This dampener has the effect of setting up a counter vibration which nullifies the periodic vibration of the crankshaft. We may even find it advisable to increase the bore of our cylinders to achieve more horse-power.

These and scores of minor matters are all engineering problems, easily capable of solution. Still, they take time—and money. But one by one they are solved and at the end of several months we have developed our motor to where it (Continued on page 58)

PURSUIT



WHEN John Wilkes Booth declined the invitation of Captain Williams of the Washington mounted police to have a drink that officer entered Doc Claggett's restaurant a few doors from Ford's Theater unaccompanied. He was there twenty-five minutes later when someone shouted that the President had been shot.

Williams dashed to the theater and heard that the assassin had escaped by the stage door. Taking charge of a policeman or two and some soldiers of the provost guard, the captain began to handle the crowd that was pouring from the playhouse. He cleared a path when a group of men, followed by a hysterical woman clinging to an army major in a bloody blouse, emerged bearing a window shutter on which lay the inert form of Abraham Lincoln. The President was carried into Mrs. Peterson's boarding house across the street.

A moment later the news came that the home of Secretary of State Seward had been invaded by a frenzied giant who slashed

There was a shot. Booth gave a little spring

his way through a ring of attendants, wounding four, and delivered at the bed-ridden Secretary a knife-thrust that would have been fatal had not the steel frame binding his broken jaw deflected the blade. And like the man who had shot the President, this demon had thrown off those who tried to seize him, leaped upon a horse and vanished into the moonless night.

It looked like a conspiracy to exterminate the personnel of the Government. Captain Williams received orders to gather up his men and guard the Kirkwood House, where the Vice-President was asleep. The orders came from the Peterson house, where the fierce and instantaneous energy of Secretary of War Stanton radiated from a room adjoining that in which the President was dying.

Stanton was drastic. He placed the capital under martial law. He roused regiments from their slumbers and sent them galloping hither and thither—to guard the exits to the city, to guard the



By Marquis James

*Illustration by
Rico Tomaso*

in Charles County, Maryland. Sergeant Cobb asked if he did not know that no one was allowed to pass the barriers after nine at night and the man said that that was news to him. He said he had waited purposely to have the moon, which was about to rise, to ride by. Cobb let the man go.

Ten minutes later a young fellow presented himself to the sergeant, and giving the name of Smith, was passed also.

A little later John Fletcher, a liveryman, turned up. He described a young man and his horse and asked if they had passed. The description suited Smith, and Fletcher was told that such a man had passed. The liveryman asked permission to pursue him. The man's name was not Smith, he said, but Herold, and the horse that he had hired was overdue at the stable. Sergeant Cobb offered to pass Fletcher on condition that he not return until daylight, but Fletcher declined and rode back to town to find a policeman.

This was not a difficult thing to do. By the time Fletcher reached town every policeman in Washington was on duty and the hunt for the President's assailant was on. Between tip-toeing in and out of the next room to gaze into the face of his unconscious chieftain, orders flew from the firm lips of the Secretary of War, whose eyes were wet. Some hurly-burly in their execution was natural. Persons were snatched before the three colonels with such rigor that they were frightened half out of their wits. Actors and theater attaches who were morally certain that the assassin was John Wilkes Booth qualified their assertions in the face of awful warnings against telling anything but the absolute truth, and the identification of the President's assailant was momentarily clouded. A sheer guess as to the man who had struck down Mr. Seward fixed upon a Confederate desperado named Boyle.

About one o'clock in the morning Lieutenant John F. Toffey was on his way to report for duty at a military hospital about a mile from the Navy Yard Bridge when he noticed a riderless horse. It was quivering in every nerve and sweat was pouring from it in a stream.

The horse was taken before the three colonels, who found that it was blind in one eye. The liveryman, Fletcher, identified the animal as belonging to John Wilkes Booth. He said it had been ridden lately by friends of Booth named George Atzerodt and David Herold. Fletcher also told of the pursuit of Herold on the hired horse and of his colloquy with Sergeant Cobb.

One squad of men was already searching Booth's room at the National Hotel. Others now descended upon every livery stable in town.

The hotel squad brought in a gimlet and a letter signed "Sam" that they had found in Booth's trunk. The letter was dated Hookstown, Maryland, March 27, 1865. It explained the writer's failure to keep an ap-

pointment with Booth in Washington, saying that he was no longer a party to Booth's "enterprise" and had promised his parents to seek employment. The writer warned Booth against rashness, and censured him for his previous conduct in that line. Booth was advised to "go slow . . . See how it will be taken in R—d [Richmond]". The letter contained a reference to "Mike."

From the liverymen the three colonels learned that Booth had hired such-and-such horses the afternoon before, and also of his horse deals during the winter. These revelations brought in the name of John Surratt.

At three a.m. Mrs. Surratt's house in H Street was surrounded by detectives. The boarder and friend of the family, Louis Wiechmann, answered the bell and was told by the officers that they were searching for John Wilkes Booth and John Surratt. The detectives followed Wiechmann upstairs, saying that Booth

forward and fell on his back. Baker was on him in an instant

residences of officials, to scour the town for the conspirators. Ford's Theater was seized and every person in its employ arrested. Three colonels were rolled from their beds to interrogate those who were brought in from the theater and elsewhere.

But before the first of Stanton's soldiers was bugled from his sleep a man riding rapidly was halted by the regular sentry at the Navy Yard Bridge on the eastern edge of the city. The sergeant of the guard, Silas T. Cobb, was making his round of inspection.

"Who are you, sir?" asked Cobb.

"My name is Booth," said the horseman.

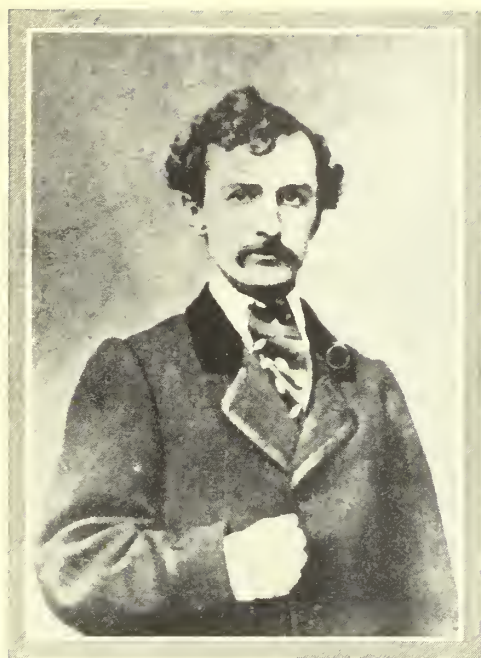
"Where are you from?"

"From the city," said the horseman.

"Where are you going?"

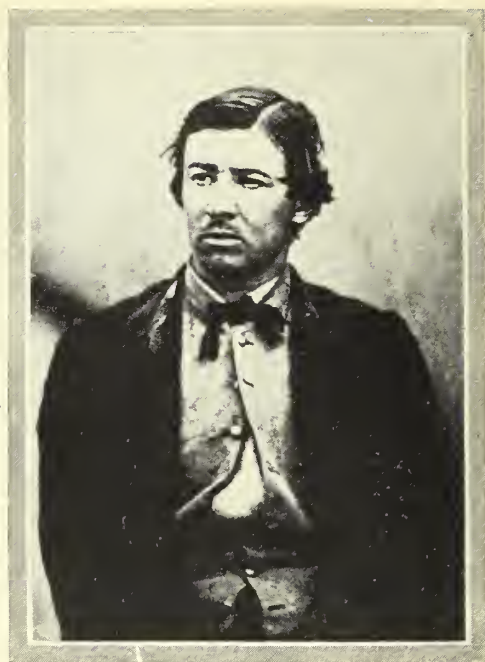
"I am going home."

In response to further questions Booth said he lived on a farm



A late portrait of Booth. Ten days elapsed between the assassination of Lincoln and the capture of the assassin, who, with his fellow-conspirator Herold, took refuge at last in a Virginia barn, where one detachment of the army of pursuers caught up with them

Davy Herold, photographed after his capture. He was manacled and dragged from the barn in which he and Booth had hidden, Booth crying out, "Before my Maker he is innocent of any crime!" Booth himself was shot as he staggered from the barn, which had been set on fire, and died nearly four hours later



had shot the President and that Surratt had stabbed the Secretary of State. Wiechmann said it was impossible about Surratt, as he was in Canada. The party trooped back downstairs, and as Mrs. Surratt came from her room, which was on the first floor, Wiechmann told her what the detectives had said about Booth.

"My God, Mr. Wiechmann!" the woman exclaimed. "You don't tell me so!"

Mrs. Surratt assured the officers of her son's presence in Canada and exhibited a letter that she had received from him the day before. The detectives departed on Wiechmann's promise to report at headquarters at eight o'clock.

Wiechmann was there earlier than that and he was taken into custody. A party of detectives carried him to Surrattsville. The roads were alive with troops. By sunup a brigade of infantry, a thousand cavalry and two hundred detectives had been thrown into Maryland.

From the liverymen the authorities had learned of Wiechmann's two trips with Mrs. Surratt to the tavern at Surrattsville—the last one on the day of the President's murder. Lloyd, the tenant of the Surratt property, was questioned. Lloyd was a former Washington policeman and knew one of the detectives. The hour was a little early for the inn-keeper, who seldom felt well mornings, but he told the same story of Mrs. Surratt's visits that Wiechmann had told. This account confined itself to Mrs. Surratt's legal business in the village and made no mention of the Booth parcel or of Booth's message to have the guns ready on the night that the murder was committed. Although reminded by his former associates on the force of the immense rewards that would be forthcoming for information leading to the capture of Booth, the ex-policeman stuck to his story. Specifically, he denied that Booth or any traveler had called at the inn on the preceding night. Everything had been normal, including the fact that Lloyd had gone to bed drunk. No other evidence was obtained in Surrattsville to cast doubt upon this story.

The next day was Easter Sunday. The hat and overcoat of Mr. Seward's assailant had been found.

Wiechmann continued to urge the impossibility of the guilt of his roommate, John Surratt. He said the garments looked like Atzerodt's and accompanied the detectives to Baltimore in an effort to find Atzerodt. They did not find him, and the detectives began to grow suspicious of the good intentions of their willing helper, Mr. Wiechmann. He was extremely nervous and the hat and overcoat story must have seemed rather curious on its face, as the best available descriptions of Atzerodt indicated that this apparel was intended for a man about twice his size. The officers concluded that Wiechmann was misleading them to protect someone. Their surmises turned to the house in H Street.

On Monday Michael O'Laughlin surrendered to the authorities in Baltimore and Sam Arnold was arrested in Old Point Comfort, Virginia, where he was working. They had been traced by Arnold's letter that was found in Booth's trunk.

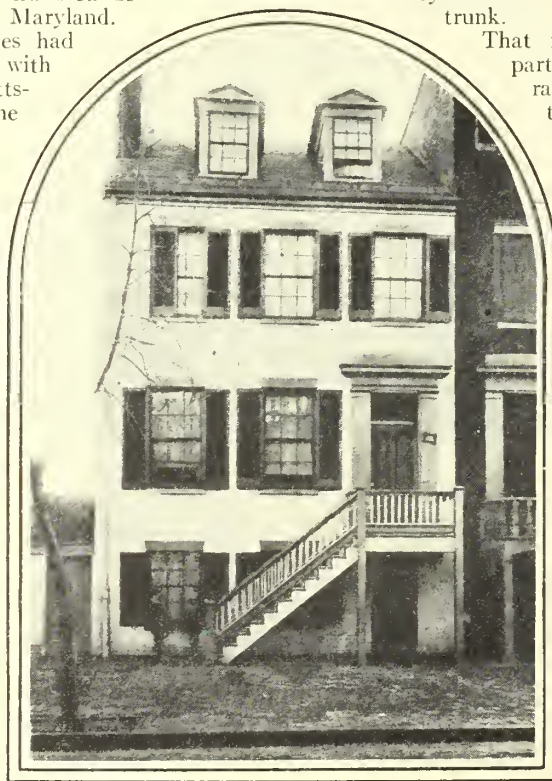
That night at half past eleven o'clock a party of army officers arrived at the Surratt house and Major W. H. Smith rang the bell. A woman of middle age responded.

"Are you the mother of John H. Surratt, Jr.?" asked Major Smith. "I am, sir," said Mrs. Surratt. "I have come to arrest you and all in your house," the officer announced.

Mrs. Surratt did not say a word and the officers stepped inside. In the house were the landlady, her daughter Miss Anna, her sister, who was visiting in Washington, and one boarder, Miss Fitzpatrick. The other boarders had left. Major Smith sent for a carriage. While they were waiting for it the bell rang.

Captain Wermerskirch opened the door and a large man presented himself. He was unshaven and dirty and his clothing was torn and covered with mud. Over his matted hair, in place of a hat, was drawn the sleeve of an undershirt. On his shoulder he carried a pick. The man saw the officers and the little group of bonneted women in the parlor.

"I guess I am mistaken," he said, and started to walk out. An officer barred the way. "Whom do you wish to see?" he asked.



The Surratt home on H Street, Washington, where Lewis Payne chose the unfortunate hour of midnight to come and dig a gutter



Six days after the murder of Lincoln, and four before the capture of Booth, George Atzerodt was pulled from a bed in the home of a cousin in Maryland and imprisoned in the hold of a navy ironclad in the Potomac

Lewis Payne, youngest of the conspirators, photographed while manacled in the hold of the vessel in which Atzerodt and his hospitable cousin were later incarcerated. The company also included O'Laughlin, Arnold and Ned Spangler, a scene shifter at Ford's Theatre



The man said he had come to see Mrs. Surratt. He was asked what he wished to see Mrs. Surratt for.

"To dig a gutter" said the man with the pick, just a bit nervously.

He was reminded that it was a strange hour to dig a gutter. The man said that he had not come to work but to find out at what hour to come in the morning. The officers asked him other questions. His first replies were plausible. He was a poor man, with no home, who slept where he could lay his head, and made his living with his pick. But in a few minutes he had contradicted himself and Major Smith asked Mrs. Surratt to step to the door.

"This man says he has come to work for you. Did you ever see him before?" asked the army officer, still grimly suspicious.

Mrs. Surratt was near-sighted. In the dim light of the hallway she peered at the unkempt figure, and raising her hand, replied:

"Before God, sir, I never saw him before."

The carriage had come. Mrs. Surratt asked for a moment in which to pray. When the widow arose from her knees the women and the rough-looking stranger were taken before the three colonels, who were presided over now by a general.

The four women looked at their fellow-prisoner and each declared that he was unknown to her. One of the officers ventured an opinion that he was John Surratt, and Miss Anna wept so bitterly that her mother was obliged to comfort her. Finally the stranger was ordered to remove the shirt-sleeve from his head and Miss Fitzpatrick exclaimed that he was Mr. Payne!

Mr. Payne, however, meant nothing to the inquisitors. On their long list of suspects and of possible and probable suspects this name did not appear. The women were taken to the Carroll Prison and the officers went to work to fit the mysterious Payne into their scheme of things. They had astounding success. In the small hours of the morning he was identified by a Negro house-boy as the iron-armed savage that had strewn a trail of blood through the residence of the Secretary of State.

Lewis Payne was taken aboard a navy ironclad that was anchored

in the middle of the Potomac and chained in the hold. Double irons were then put on his hands and feet. His head was enclosed in a bag with a small hole in it to admit breathing air. There he was joined by O'Laughlin, Arnold and Ned Spangler, a scene shifter at Ford's. They were likewise bagged and ironed, except that they were not chained down. Three days later—the sixth day after the murder—George Atzerodt was pulled from a bed at the home of a cousin in Maryland and he and the cousin were added to the hooded company that was detained in the bowels of the ironclad.

Nor were these all of the arrests. It is doubtful if any one man knew how many arrests had been made up to this time, but the number was over a hundred and fresh detentions took place almost every hour. But the star quarry were still at large.

Maryland was the logical place to look for them, but the discoverable traces were faint. The best evidence amounted to this: Following the church service at Bryantown on Easter morning, thirty-six hours after the murder, Dr. George A. Mudd told an army lieutenant that his cousin, Dr. Samuel Mudd, had set a broken leg for a man early the morning before, which in the light of subsequent disclosures looked suspicious. The injured man was accompanied by a younger companion. Dr. Samuel Mudd had requested that his cousin communicate this to the authorities.

This clue was strengthened by Atzerodt, who told of the abduction plot, and of the preliminary travels of Booth through southern Maryland along the route of the old underground to Richmond. From Atzerodt, or from some of the many residents of Maryland who were questioned, it was learned that Booth had met Dr. Samuel Mudd on these travels, and through him had purchased the one-eyed horse.

Lloyd, the Surrattsville tavern keeper, was arrested and subjected to strong pressure. The sot broke down and confessed that sometime after midnight on the night of the murder Booth and Herold had been at the tavern. Booth sat on his horse outside. Herold roused Lloyd, who admitted that he had retired (Continued on page 48)



Sergeant Boston Corbett, 16th New York Cavalry, who shot Booth in violation of his colonel's orders not to fire without command



*Illustrations by
Kenneth Camp*

PARADE of the

By Peter

Part Two

SHORTLY before retreat the adjutant returned to camp, followed by a light motor truck containing six typewriters, a quantity of office supplies, three flat-topped desks and three stout camp chairs. He turned the automobile back to the colonel with thanks, and proceeded at once to organize his office.

First he sat down at a typewriter and wrote Regimental Order No. 1 appointing himself adjutant. Colonel Markley entered in time to be presented with the original of this order for his signature, and when he had signed it with a furious flourish, Bird signed it as adjutant, with his grade, under the word Official. He then sealed it with the regimental seal.

"What do you want with all those carbon copies?" the colonel demanded, as Bird affixed the regimental seal to each copy.

"One copy to each battery commander—that's six—one to the commanding officer of headquarters company, one to the supply officer, one to brigade headquarters and one to divisional headquarters. Then everybody will know who your adjutant is, sir, and be able to name him when they have business with him."

Markley was taken aback at this exposition of his own military ignorance, so he decided to parade the few crumbs of information he had been absorbing lately. "Did you buy those typewriters?" he demanded, and when Bird replied in the affirmative, Markley reminded him that while the retail price of that sort of type-

writer was one hundred dollars, the price fixed by Regulations for typewriters for army use could not go above sixty-five dollars.

"They are my typewriters and I am loaning them to the regiment. When this regiment accumulates a regimental fund I shall expect to be reimbursed for this outlay at army prices. I will absorb the loss from my pay," the adjutant answered. "By the way, sir, I also purchased a cook-stove, dishes, knives, forks, spoons and complete kitchen equipment for the officers' mess. I see we already rate a decent mess hall. I guaranteed that account until such time as we accumulate a regimental fund. I shall send out a memorandum to all officers to the effect that beginning tomorrow evening meals will be served in the officers' mess hall."

"How are you going to get this regimental fund?" the colonel demanded.

"We'll start it by pulling off a foot-ball game—our share of the gate receipts, you understand. Then we'll have boxing matches and the profit from headquarters' share of the regimental canteen. There will also be a small operating profit on the mess and—oh, we'll manage it, sir."

"I hope you do," the colonel replied grimly, slightly mollified at Bird's tactful use of the pronoun of kings. Already he was



The brigade was hours passing, but still the two generals stood and watched the long parade, taking their salutes, giving their hail and farewell to these men who had kept the faith

WOODEN SOLDIERS

B. Kyne

ink, pens, paper and pencils and carbon paper, the sight of which embarrassed him. "Hum-m-m!" he soliloquized. "Trying to curry favor with me, I see. Wants to be teacher's pet. I can't accept any courtesies from that fellow," and back he went to the adjutant's office.

"Look here," he growled, "when I want a desk and a chair I can get them myself, understand?"

"I understand that thoroughly, sir. What the colonel does not understand is that rank is entitled to its privileges, and one of these privileges is the obligation, on the part of his officers, to be nice to the colonel, to have for him a sort of filial respect and veneration which will manifest itself in courtesies performed in appreciation of courtesies extended and to be extended. I have observed that nothing pleases a colonel more than some little act which indicates that he is regarded as the daddy of his regiment."

The pleasant grin that accompanied this speech left Markley without a leg to stand on, figuratively speaking. "Oh," he said ungraciously, "so that's the way of it, eh? Well, I'm not so sure you aren't right. That was very thoughtful of you," and to

hide his confusion the old man withdrew abruptly from the room.

A stranger—a reserve captain of field artillery—entered, walked up to the adjutant's desk, snapped into it and said:

"Sir, Captain Randolph Keniston reports to the adjutant on assignment to this regiment." He laid his orders on the desk.

The adjutant looked up and a small smile played around the corners of his grim mouth. "Welcome to the —th, Keniston," he greeted the new arrival. "Sorry to have to bust up your furlough but we needed you in a hurry down here. We had to have a good, capable man and it struck me, in training camp, that you had the makings of a whizbang in you. So I recommended you."

Keniston stared at the row of ribbons. He was speechless with amazement and some chagrin in the sudden knowledge that this man, whose pretensions to a commission he had thought so little of should now be his superior officer. "How the devil did you get here?" he demanded finally.

"Oh, those training camp brass hats finally decided I wasn't as dumb as I acted, so they gave me a chance to make good. See those rectangular boxes over in that corner. They contain the service records of all the men in this regiment. Skim through the service records of Headquarters Company and find a couple of clerks for us—also one stenographer. If you can't find them there go through the records of the batteries until you find them. Then write a memorandum to the battery commanders to the

effect that these men are detailed to special duty at regimental headquarters. Sign that memorandum yourself. Your title is personnel adjutant. Meanwhile I'll get out a formal order assigning you to your job. There's your desk. Here, wait a minute. Before you start work run into the colonel's tent and make your duty call. His name's Markley—Noble D. Markley. He may have some instructions for you."

When Keniston returned he was very red of face. "That man is far from Noble, Bird," he blurted.

"You will refrain from criticizing the commanding officer of this regiment, Captain Keniston, and you will address me hereafter by my proper title," the adjutant informed him casually.

"Yes, sir," Captain Keniston mumbled. "Colonel Markley directed me to report to you for assignment. He said something about you running the whole show anyhow and I was wondering if you, an old enlisted man, were quite up to that job. It's an order of some magnitude, isn't it?"

The younger man's sneer was quite obvious.

Bird looked at and through him. "You're in the army now, Captain Keniston, and hereafter you will refrain from caustic comment on the capabilities of the official mouth-piece of the commanding officer of this regiment. You will also remember to remove your campaign hat when you enter my office in the future, unless you should happen to be wearing side-arms, in which case, of course, it will not be incumbent upon you to uncover. As a customary thing, soldiers usually uncover to this," and he touched lightly the star-bangled blue ribbon on his left breast. "However, I do not insist on that and merely mention the matter as part of your education in the customs and etiquette of the service. There are some things one may not learn about the service in ninety days."

"So you had me detailed here?" Keniston cried angrily. "Why?"

"You will address me in the third person, Captain Keniston, and you will not again question my reasons for anything I do. However, I will answer your question this time. You were detailed here because I needed a capable assistant."

"You never liked me since I declined to help you with your math in training camp," Keniston charged.

"Address me in the third person," Bird urged gently. "That is another custom of the service, Captain Keniston."

"That adjutant saw his opportunity to get even—"

"The captain will refrain from questioning the adjutant's motives and will not again advert to this subject. Get on the job, sir."

Within the hour the headquarters personnel had been selected and a sergeant major had been appointed. Meanwhile lumber ordered by Bird in San Diego had arrived together with hammers, hatchets, saws, a brace and a case of bits, some nails and screws, some planes, a spirit level and a square, some paint and paint brushes. Keniston, under his instructions, had located half a dozen carpenters, who immediately fell upon the lumber and commenced the construction of benches, chairs and tables, while a sign-painter from A Battery dutifully painted on small pieces of board, of a uniform size, the name of every officer in the regiment and a large sign that read: Adjutant's Office, —th Field Artillery. While this work was going forward Bird inspected the battery streets and had the tents straightened up and placed in perfect alignment. With a detail of enlisted men he had the row of officers' tents similarly aligned. By that time Keniston had located a former cornet player in F Battery and this individual Bird appointed sergeant bugler, gave him a bugle and the score of all the calls in the service and bade him make himself familiar with them. When the officers' mess equipment arrived Keniston was set to the task of finding cooks and waiters among the enlisted personnel and a plumber to connect the range.

"You are the mess officer," Bird informed Keniston just after retreat. "Tomorrow you will organize the officers' mess. You will also keep the mess accounts, and organize a regimental canteen."

"How do you start to do that?" the puzzled Keniston asked. "In civil life I was a mechanical engineer, not a grocer."

"You will appoint some snappy young lieutenant as canteen officer and put the buck up to him, Captain. If you can find one who was a grocer in civil life, so much the better for all concerned. He will know how and what to buy. And hereafter, Captain Keniston, when I give you an order never ask for details unless you're

absolutely stumped. If you do you may embarrass me, because not infrequently one has to invent one's details and at that you're as good an inventor as I am. Besides, in the army one tells the person he has selected to do a particular job that he wants it done, but he never insults the other's intelligence by telling him how to do it. Remember that."

Keniston gave the adjutant a queer look and departed to locate the best material for a canteen officer. That night Bird got out drill schedules and a schedule of calls and had them sent to every officer in the regiment. Also he got out an order instructing all battery commanders to detail four men from each battery as students at the divisional cooks and bakers school and at eight o'clock went to a mess hall to which all of the officer personnel had been ordered previously to repair. Here he lectured on military usage, etiquette and customs of the service, discipline and sanitation and after the lecture held an informal reception and got acquainted with his brother officers. The colonel was not present, as was his right, and neither were two of the majors, as was not their right, so the adjutant had them on the carpet right after breakfast next morning and read them a homily on the importance of obeying regimental orders in the future. His words were well selected, courteous, firm—and cold as steel. One of the majors—a fat, blustery fellow named Winters—informed the adjutant that he ranked him; hence the adjutant might address his remarks to his inferiors, as Major Winters had no mind to listen to him further.

"The colonel is addressing you, through the lips of his adjutant, sir," Bird reminded him quietly. "One more insolent and insubordinate word from you, Major Winters, and you'll be facing a general court-martial. In my official capacity as adjutant nobody in this regiment ranks me except Colonel Markley. That will be all, gentlemen. Orderly, go to Lieutenant Colonel Henshaw's quarters and say to him that the adjutant would be pleased to receive him immediately."

The chop-fallen majors departed.

The lieutenant colonel waited an hour before reporting. "Sir," said the adjutant, "you received a written order from this office this morning directing you to report to the adjutant at eight o'clock. It is now ten. What explanation have you to offer in extenuation of your flagrant disobedience?"

"Who was your office boy before you joined the army," the lieutenant colonel demanded. "To hell with you and your high and mighty airs. When you want to see me you come to my tent."

"Captain Keniston, you heard what the lieutenant colonel said, did you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Make a written memorandum instantly of the exact words



*They knew their old man
would never sleep or eat
or drink while his men
stood in the rain, hungry
and thirsty and worn*



He disposed of the glass of cognac and smiled a swordfish smile. "How long has it been, Colonel, since you looked into Regulations?"

uttered by the lieutenant colonel in reply to my query. I will also make one myself. Lieutenant Colonel Henshaw, proceed to your quarters under arrest and charges for gross insolence and insubordination, tardy compliance with a legal order and flagrant violation of a legal order will be preferred against you forthwith. That will be all."

The lieutenant colonel never knew just how he managed to make his exit but he always had a suspicion that it was undignified. He hastened to Colonel Markley's tent and laid the case before him, whereupon that officer, in a great fury, rushed into his adjutant's office, berated him unmercifully, released the lieutenant colonel from arrest and instructed Bird to refrain from filing charges against him. Immediately the adjutant called his

stenographer and dictated the charge and specifications against the lieutenant colonel, which being done, he proceeded to dictate charges for conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman against his colonel, "in that said Colonel Noble D. Markley did, on the day and hour aforesaid, enter the office of the regimental adjutant and then and there, in a loud, threatening, violent and abusive tone of voice, in the presence of said regimental adjutant's military inferiors, inform said adjutant that he, the said adjutant, was a damned fool, that he was an ass, that he was a political wire-puller, that he was raising hell in the regiment and that there had been neither peace nor comfort since his arrival in the regiment, and did thereupon instruct said adjutant to prepare an order relieving himself of his (Continued on page 73)

A LIGHT JOB *in the* OPEN AIR

SAMUEL
GREEN-
WOOD

at nine-
teen had
been working for six
months as an ap-
prentice in a woolen
mill in Leeds, England, when Kitchener
sent forth his call for volunteers in
1914. Being patriotic, healthy, single,
and imbued with youth's spirit of ad-
venture, Greenwood hastened to
take the King's shilling and in no
time at all found himself a pri-
vate in the Royal Army Medi-
cal Corps. Before Christmas
he was carrying wounded on
stretchers in France.

Early in 1915 he devel-
oped a nasty cough, and
shortly thereafter became
a patient in the hospital
where he worked. The
simple cold developed
into double pneu-
monia and it was weeks be-
fore he was able to return
to duty. Before he had fully
regained his strength he was
again a casualty—but not
from bombs or bullets. The
disposition of the British army
mule is exactly as mean and
treacherous as that of its American
cousin. Greenwood failed to dodge
a pair of fractious heels, and when
they carried him back to his hospital
cot his injury was diagnosed as a fracture
of the skull. His hearing since has been
defective. Patched up by the medicos,
the end of 1915 found him in the Dar-
danelles, where he served for more than
a year, but never feeling really fit. Early
in 1917 he was transferred to Bombay,
India. In his weakened condition he fell
an easy victim to malaria. He also suf-
fered from constant pains in the chest.
In July of 1917 he was invalided home
and given an honorable discharge with a fifty percent pension.

His disability did not permit him to return to the woolen mills,
so he found employment in a fish shop. Six months in the damp
and odoriferous atmosphere of the fish emporium brought no
improvement in his health, so he sought and found work as a
boiler fireman. He stuck to that job for fifteen months, during
which time he married. His health steadily declined, and when
he collapsed with a shovel in his hand he was sent to a sanatorium.
Discharged after twelve weeks, he again sought work, but the
army by then had been demobilized. Against the competition
of well men his quest was fruitless. For sixteen weeks he vainly
hunted work, then, discouraged, went back to the sanatorium for
eight months. Again he was discharged and was fortunate
enough to find work once more as a boiler fireman. At the end
of three months he collapsed at his work for the second time.
That was in December of 1923. Meantime two children had been
born. Greenwood left his family to spend fourteen months in
the Midshore Memorial Home.

Then he went back with his family for nine months, during
which time he had a few months' work as a teamster. But his
strength was not equal to the tasks involved. On November 10,
1926, he was sent to the observation hospital of the British

By Samuel Taylor Moore



*This English manor house, Preston Hall,
at Aylesford, Kent, is the nucleus of the
settlement village maintained by the
British Legion where tuberculous veterans
are successfully restored to a self-sustain-
ing economic basis*

Legion Village in
Aylesford, Kent,
some thirty miles
southeast of London.
Two more children
had meantime been
born to him, one of
whom died in in-
fancy. Of the surviving three one had
been placed in a tuberculosis sanatorium,
whether congenitally affected or in-
fected because of cramped living con-
ditions is unknown.

The story can be duplicated in
its major details many thou-
sands of times here in the
States and abroad—a stream
of patients from sanatoria
to unsuitable jobs and,
strength failing, back to
sanatoria, over and over
again. In England the
British Legion appar-
ently has found a so-
lution to the problem.

Of the tens of thou-
sands of World War
sufferers from tubercu-
losis I daresay that at
some time or other every
man has listened to the
same expert medical advice,
usually given at a rallying
point in the patient's fight for
a return to health, "Find a light
job in the open air and you'll be
all right." The assumption is, of
course, that the light job will pay a
living wage and prove congenial to the
worker, and that the worker will be satis-
factory to his employer—a trio of con-
ditions permitting the dismissal of all
financial worries from the mind.

Occupational therapy is the medical
term for the prescription—the curative
powers of a contented mind based on
economic independence. It is the sound-
est advice imaginable; indeed in the
whole controversial world of medical

science there is probably no point on which doctors are in greater
accord. The trouble is that only in an infinitesimal number of
cases is the advice practicable. Try to classify the vocations you
personally know of that meet the three implied conditions. It is
much the same as though your own physician prescribed a year
of rest abroad as your only chance for health—assuming the
same wolf pack is parked on your doormat that howls about the
writer's threshold.

Despite the much longer period in which the British were en-
gaged in the World War, the numbers of tuberculous veterans
there are substantially fewer than here in the United States. It
is estimated that of the 65,000 T.B.'s in Great Britain at the
close of the war only 35,000 survive today.

Early in its rehabilitation program for tuberculous patients
British medical authorities made plans for continuing occupa-
tional therapy after the disease was arrested, so that "elements
of uncertainty and competition cease to harass the patient."
They did not depend on the patriotic generosity of established
business institutions, knowing that large numbers of patients
were temperamentally unsuited to a complete readjustment from
their pre-war vocations and that the patience of private enter-
prise was limited and could hardly be expected to function as



The post office and general store, British Legion Village. The value of the entire property is in the neighborhood of half a million dollars

an experimental laboratory to the peril of commercial survival.

Experimental schemes were many, ranging from occupational therapy as a part of sanatorium treatment, which is common in our own tuberculosis hospitals, to such experiments as the Factory-in-the-Fields in Leeds and the Spero Firewood Factory in London—working institutions on a co-operative basis. The settlement idea, however, appears to be the ideal plan inasmuch as patients enjoy a degree of medical supervision while to all intents and purposes living the lives of normal civilians. Thus the British Legion Village is of surpassing interest because it is the first of the British experiments to reach the self-sustaining stage, and that after less than four years of operation, taking over a similar experiment that had failed.

The nucleus of the settlement village is the manor house of a typical English country estate, Preston Hall, built by a brother of Lord Brassey some seventy-five years ago, and in its heyday employing seventy gardeners to keep the five-hundred-acre landscape in tip-top condition. Preston Hall is an architectural delight, sitting serenely on the sloping brow of a hill commanding an eye-filling view of the rolling Kent downs to the verdure clad chalk cliffs on the far side of the winding Medway River. Cattle and sheep graze over verdant pastures dotted with hayricks and fenced with hedges—an idyllic pastoral panorama.

At the outbreak of the World War the present Lord Brassey turned over the estate to the King as a hospital for war wounded. After the war it was purchased with government aid by a group of prominent and patriotic Britishers as the nucleus of an experiment in an industrial settlement for consumptives—in other words, for occupational therapy. Industrial Settlements, Incorporated, struggled along for six years, at the end of

which time the harassed directors were only too glad to shift the responsibility to the British Legion. It had been a failure from the self-sustaining viewpoint and was somewhat demoralized in operation, but the knowledge gained was chargeable to pioneering expense. The difficulties of adapting miners and ordinary

laborers to shop work, the unsuitability of such departments as chicken farming and dairying were definitely established, but each failure was a guide-post.

And the financial deficit was not so great as might have been expected for the reason that English laws on games of chance are not so strict as in America. When finances became too low the directors authorized the sale of Golden Ballots, which here in the States would be called a lottery and forbidden by law.

When the British Legion took over the settlement in April, 1925, it advanced the sum of \$125,000 from its benevolent funds to carry on. The sum represented about sixty percent of the assessed valuation of the property, which was fixed roughly at \$200,000. The present valuation is near \$500,000, although \$50,000 represents a grant from the Ministry of Health and the British Legion has increased its original investment to \$220,000. The manor house was altered to accommodate more patients, for it serves as a hospital where all incoming patients are detained for observation as well as an administrative headquarters. One-fourth of the land was sublet to a farmer and thirty-three bungalows for settlers were retained. Since being taken over by the Legion sixty additional cottages for settlers have been created. Of the established industries only the appliance and joiners' shops (a woodworking department) were retained. Most of that equipment has since been replaced, however, and last August fire destroyed the shops. They were being rebuilt at the time of my visit. (Continued on page 52)



Angora rabbit wool commands a high price in any market. Rabbit raising is one of the most successful activities conducted by the inhabitants of British Legion Village

EDITORIAL

For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth, to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion.

Commerce and Security



LESS than a third of the annual ocean freight bill of the United States is paid to Americans. The close of 1928 brought no evidence that this generation will see our country brought to the front rank of maritime powers. So far, 1929 has changed the outlook to no very appreciable degree. Congressional legislation of last year intended to promote shipbuilding has brought little increase in the number of keels laid down in American shipyards.

Consequently, when the next conference on limitation of armaments is convened, other maritime nations will speak of us almost contemptuously as having "no long lines of communication to protect," and therefore "entitled to fewer cruisers adaptable to convoy purposes." Believing in the maxim of our own Admiral Mahan that "the only justification of a navy is a merchant marine," diplomats and experts from other powers will belittle our needs, as they did at Geneva a year ago, and grant us virtually nothing as a basis for compromise.

During the last year Congress passed the Jones Bill, designed primarily to encourage shipbuilding and thereby to alleviate the greatest advantage of foreign owners over their American competitors. Thus was advertised one of our greatest needs. Some months later, the steamer *Vestris* was sunk with appalling and probably needless loss of life. The conviction was brought home to many Americans that an American ship, built according to American standards of safety, would not have foundered under the same conditions of natural hazard. Shortly after that a British steamship company invaded the New York-Havana run with the speedy liner *Caronia*. The run had been built up by American enterprise with American capital. Competition with such a vessel as the *Caronia* was impossible unless as good a ship or a better could be made available. So the United States Shipping Board made a loan of the *President Roosevelt*, one of our finest passenger-carriers, to the company which had built up the Havana trade. Great was the controversy, and loud the protests of Britishers at what they, with convenient forgetfulness of their own past masterfulness in such emergencies, called "unfair competition."

With all this advertising, however, America remains apparently apathetic to the reiteration by far-seeing men and patriotic organizations like The American Legion of the connection between a vital, energetic merchant marine and national security.

Since the earliest days of the republic, this connection has been recognized by American leaders.

In 1790 George Washington reminded us that "we should not overlook the tendency of war to abridge the means and thereby at least enhance the price of transporting productions to their proper markets." A few years later Thomas Jefferson predicted that "the marketing of our productions will be at the mercy of any nation which has possessed itself exclusively of the means of carrying them." As Secretary of Commerce, Herbert Hoover said that we need more ships for oceanic trade "if we would expand our exports on sound lines, and we must have them as an auxiliary to our national defense."

Other nations have translated these thoughts into action. Sir Walter Raleigh, who was father of the British export trade if not the father of the British Empire, said in the sixteenth century, "Whosoever commands the sea commands the riches of the world and consequently the world itself."

Queen Elizabeth recognized the wisdom of her favorite, and since her day the British have never permitted their merchant marine to fall below the first rank. Today, British ships are the most numerous on the seven seas. Where there have been no opportunities for expansion, the British have made them.

Yet Americans seem deplorably unaware of their opportunities. Having passed the Jones Bill, which offers Government loans and insurance up to seventy-five percent of the cost of constructing a ship in an American yard, and at an interest rate of less than three percent, Congress and the people seem content to sit back and "watch us grow."

But we cannot grow until capital shows a greater willingness to invest in American shipping and until merchants find more American shipping suitable for their exports and exhibit a keener disposition to use it.

For passengers, American ships are the safest on the ocean. We do not, like European shipbuilders, pare down the margin of safety to build up capacity. When we took over the *Leviathan* from Germany extensive alterations had to be made to lower the center of gravity. American ships are not equipped with "stabilization tanks" which alleviate rolling at the expense of a more valid stability. But passengers have not yet demonstrated enough appreciation of these facts to warrant construction of another *Leviathan*, or of another *American Legion*, queen of our South American transport.

Our sea-going commerce is about equal to that of Great Britain—approximately ten billions of dollars a year in value of cargoes, approximately \$600,000,000 a year in charges for freight. Yet we have only 235 deep-sea freighters of reasonable speed while Great



1919-1929: MARCHING ON

Britain has 1,280. Styles in ships change almost as rapidly as do styles in overcoats; the obsolete merchant vessel has no better chance to win a cargo away from a modern vessel than has the ancient U. S. S. *Constitution* to sink the *New Mexico*. Yet since the World War we have built but fourteen new ships of any capacity or speed, while Great Britain has built six hundred and even Germany has built sixty-three.

There is a direct relationship between modernity in ship construction and ability to secure freights and passengers. Early in the nineteenth century our famous Black Ball line of clippers startled the world. By 1830 we carried ninety percent of our own commerce in our own bottoms. But the British caught up with us in construction and inventiveness. Early in the twentieth century we carried less than ten percent of our own freight. We built a few good modern ships along with many merely standardized ships during the World War, and so our percentage jumped. In 1920 we carried nearly half of our own freight. Last year,

with almost no new ships at sea, we were carrying but thirty-two percent of our own freight.

During the World War we spent three billions on new ships, of which the majority were virtually obsolete when they were launched. If we could have retained our own ocean-going freight charges for our own ships, they would have repaid us twice over since the war for that great sacrifice of money.

Under the Jones Bill there are many projects to build new and ultra-modern vessels for our export and import trade. There is one plan to create a fleet of six liners, capable of four-day voyages to European ports. Each would carry passengers and aircraft for ship-to-shore work in times of peace, and each would be so designed as to become another *Saratoga*, carrying one hundred or more airplanes, in time of war. If adequate capital can be provided, and if Americans can be persuaded to give such projects the cargoes they deserve, we may once more become "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean."

The FIRST LADY

By A.B.



Mrs. Boyce Ficklen, Jr.,
National President of The
American Legion Auxiliary

WHEN The American Legion Auxiliary adjourned after its latest convention, at San Antonio, last October, it had elected to the highest office within its gift not one woman, but two.

There was first the lady of grace and charm, mother of two sturdy boys, whose soft voice indicated generations of that culture which has traditionally suffused the South; who smiled as she defended the established Mason-Dixon habit of inquiring, upon the introduction of a new feminine name into a conversation, "Let's see, now; who was she?"; whose bookshelves displayed *The Manual of Biblical History* and *Thus Spake Zarathustra* in a proximity

which even Mr. Mencken would consider an alarming symptom of anti-conventional boldness. This was Mrs. Boyce Ficklen, Jr.

Then there was the crisp executive, speaking in authoritative manner of quotas and finances, of administrative details and plans for future expansion, of lieutenants in the field and "sound business conditions." And, by a lucky chance, this too was Mrs. Boyce Ficklen, Jr.

Perhaps it would be better to adopt the system sanctioned in part by Lucy Stone and the creator of Hedda Gabler. Possibly it is Lucy Reese Dillard who dubiously murmurs that the duties of a national presidency have forced her to give up bridge, golf—every relaxation except dancing . . . "and they can't make me stop *that*." And it is Mrs. Boyce Ficklen, Jr., (she was Lucy Reese Dillard before her marriage) who has applied to women's club work the efficient methods which have made her husband the outstanding banker in a Georgia town whose history goes back to 1780.

Occasionally the two personalities overlap in a most human manner.

"I'm lucky. People are so kind. Always there's someone to help me along, to lend a hand in the job that must be done."

The words are those of Mrs. Boyce Ficklen, Jr., National President of The American Legion Auxiliary; but the tone and the self-effacing smile that accompanies it—these belong to the girl who could give a recital of Georgia's Revolutionary families and their descendants as glibly as the official genealogist of the state D. A. R.

One hears her and, with all the deference due gray-brown eyes, black hair and a firm feminine mouth, one proceeds respectfully to doubt. Surely "people," no matter how obliging, were not responsible for this woman's election, without any shade of opposition, to the chieftainship of the Legion's energetic and decorative helpmate. "People" may be "kind"; but amiability alone cannot account for the unbroken record of success which has characterized all of Mrs. Ficklen's undertakings for the Auxiliary.

In August, 1921, Jerome A. Wooten Post of the Legion, at Washington, Georgia, set about forming its sister unit. Mrs. Ficklen's brother, a student at Cornell, had volunteered for service in the first week after America's declaration of war; with the Seventeenth Engineers he had been among the first ten thousand to land in France. So Mrs. Ficklen became a charter member of the Washington unit of the Auxiliary.

She was made its vice-president immediately. In the following year she became president, and two years later was elected head of the Georgia Department.

This was the beginning of the work which brought Lucy Dillard Ficklen to national attention. Becoming Executive Committeewoman from Georgia in 1924, she retained that office until her election to leadership of the Auxiliary—a term which has been equaled in duration by only one member of this committee, and has never been exceeded. From 1925 to 1927 she served on the National Finance Committee, assuming its chairmanship during the latter year. Relieved from that duty, she was made head of the National Legislative Committee, and terminated that difficult task only upon her elevation to the higher office.

Her service in these positions proved the Georgia woman's worth. While charged with the handling and direction of the Auxiliary's funds, her watchfulness and care were constant. When she retired from that place, the organization was on a sound



The Auxiliary chieftain as four-months-old Lucy Reese Dillard of Washington, Georgia, first town of that name in America

of WASHINGTON

Bernd

business basis, all its bills had been paid, and it had a cash balance in the bank.

Similar shrewd attention to financial matters had marked her service in departmental capacities. It has been whispered about Georgia that the Department President's husband had footed the official bills during her first term of office there; this report Mrs. Ficklen has never denied. Her leadership brought about an increase in number of units and in number of members; and when she retired, the feminine half of the department was on a firmer basis than it had ever reached.

Georgia's joy in her work was marked. In 1926 members induced her again to assume control of the state organization. The Legion itself showed its gratitude by putting on a state-wide Appreciation Week for Lucy Dillard Ficklen, a six-day period during which membership drives were staged and Legion betterment plans undertaken throughout the department. The idea spread quickly; since its inauguration various other States have concentrated on Appreciation Weeks.

During her second term as Georgia President, Mrs. Ficklen started a monthly publicity service to members, the *G-A-L-A News*—the initials, of course, standing for Georgia American Legion Auxiliary. Again she gave her attention chiefly to the building up of membership; and the end of her term found the organization with three thousand names upon its rolls.

Since then, thanks largely to the impetus which Mrs. Ficklen had imparted, the departmental Auxiliary has continued to grow in numbers and influence. Today it easily bears its share of the work of the largest dues-paying woman's organization in the world. The national Auxiliary numbers 305,000 members among its fifty-two departments and the unassociated units in Paris, Italy, Greece and Canada. It grows at the rate of 25,000 names a year.

Mrs. Ficklen finds that the Auxiliary, because it is closely allied and identified with a masculine group, has a particular advantage over all other feminine societies.

"I have heard criticism of the name 'Auxiliary,'" she says. "Such objection seems to me unfounded. I think that we enjoy an especial advantage in being an offshoot of the Legion. We are able to get a man's point of view on many of the problems that confront us; and in that way we may avoid—and do avoid—the mistakes which so many women's associations make.

"On more than one occasion we have gone into conference with the heads of the Legion over bothersome matters. (And is it unmannerly of me to say that once in a while Legion officials have also consulted us?) We have found that the adjustments of outlook and policy which these councils bring about make for a saner, broader program of work. It seems to me that our title of 'Auxiliary' constitutes our justification for existence. It is not—will you pardon me for sounding a bit poetic?—a fetter which binds our members, but a golden tie that unites them."

Under Mrs. Ficklen's leadership the Auxiliary will continue the undertakings which have enlivened its work in the past.

"In addition to our care of the children of World War veterans," she said in her first message to the women under her leader-



Coming up in the world: Lucy Reese Dillard as a Georgia lady of two (above) and again as a prospective debutante of four



ship, "we must center our efforts this year on an enlarged educational and vocational training program, in order to be sure that the children of the men who gave their lives will not be denied their rightful opportunities because of their fathers' sacrifice.

"We must press even more earnestly and urgently for legislation for a universal draft law and for a naval program adequate for our country's defense; and we must again secure the necessary measures and appropriations in Congress for hospital construction and the various increasing rehabilitation needs.

"By convention action we have agreed to separate our national defense work from that of Americanism, since both need a special committee's attention and direction. It is my purpose to direct our full strength into support of our contention that adequate national defense is the wisest peace insurance, and in this effort every unit will be asked to give its best. These are some of the tasks ahead."

This rather firm and determined message was given to Auxiliary members in the official bulletin of the organization, a monthly sheet which is sufficiently feminine to substitute for the usual break-line, "Continued on page 12," the startlingly courteous "Turn to page 12, please."

Under recent amendment to the Federal vocational training bill, the age limit for commercial education (*Continued on page 70*)

SALUTING AS A FINE ART

An Ex-Buck Figures It All Out for the Next War

By Wallgren

WHY should a second looey receive the same salute as a general? Most officers, not including the second looeyes, would very gladly dispense with the ceremony altogether when not on duty. But we have been thinking it over, and have come to the conclusion that salutes should be graded according to rank, each rank receiving its own exclusive salute, making apparent at once the rank of the salutee from the salute of the saluter.

For instance—



For second looeyes



For first looeyes

Hi, Skipper!



For captains



For majors



For lieut. colonels



For colonels



For generals



Immediately after executing any of the above salutes, this about-face position should be assumed to facilitate an appropriate return. Otherwise the saluter gets no kick out of it.

❧ A PERSONAL VIEW ❧

by
Frederick Palmer

IS THIS MONTHLY strictly a man's magazine? Do the women of the family leave it to lie on the table for a month without opening it? Don't even the members of the Auxiliary find anything in it worth reading? In a heated discussion a Legion member said that they do and a non-Legion member that they do not. The women ought to know. This is an S. O. S. to them. I hope for an answer.

Women, I Ask You

FATHER LEFT HIM lots of money. He has traveled about Europe collecting second class medals. Not one was won for valor. He was never near the front. He can strut even when seated. How he became a tin colonel in the late war he and friend politician know best. He never misses a chance to get under the spotlight in uniform and swell his breast to make his decorations gleam. Every grin at his expense is the manna of admiration to him. He will never know that he is a public joke who makes people lose respect for all medals, including those won in blood, sweat and true service.

Colonel "Show-Off"

"LET US HAVE more movie and less talkie!" as John McCutcheon says. Give us the man who is there at the end of the march and at your elbow over the top; the woman who is there in trouble instead of just sending flowers when it is over; the policeman who honestly patrols his beat instead of dropping an eyelid on malfeasance to get a pull for promotion; citizens and officials who are hefty in work if not in gab.

Give Us Real People

A REAL PERSON Miss Maxwell, dean of trained nurses, who died recently. Better than medals the memory of her by veterans of the fever-ridden Chickamauga camp in the Spanish War. The age limit prevented active service in France when she so wanted to go. But she was the master teacher in training young women as nurses. She put her stamp upon them, and they are proud of it.

A Great Woman

IT WOULD BE the march past of an army if Miss Antoinette Drayton were to review all her pupils. After fifty years' service she still has her happy smile and is regularly doing her day's work teaching in the primary department of the Providence, R. I., public schools. Until last year she had missed only one day through illness and had one tardy mark, which was owing to a snowstorm.

Another Real Person

ANOTHER REAL PERSON, Dan Sowers. He has a gift for his job. He made it as Legion Director of Americanism, a job founded in the heart of the American boy. After last season's showing of 120,000 boys under seventeen playing in the Junior series the Major Leagues are again supplying funds for the coming season in promoting the healthy exercise of the American game which takes boys out of city streets. May all Legion posts lend their support, the number of nines increase and the nation join them in a salute to Dan. When you meet him you know how he loves and understands boys and why boys love him.

Sowers To Bat

ANOTHER REAL PERSON, John McCloy, U. S. Navy, member of S. Rankin Drew Post. He is out of uniform after thirty years' service enjoying his holiday on retired pay. He won the Congressional Medal of Honor in the Boxer Rebellion and again at Vera Cruz and topped off with the Navy Cross for mine work in the North Sea—an unbeaten record. No talkie necessary in the McCloy movie.

He Has Earned It

SINCE THE TREATY five years ago one hundred millions of dollars worth of liquor have been exported from Canada to the United States. Mabel Wilbrandt's claim of two million a month is affirmed by government reports. Speakeasies, to trap the young, are proved to be selling wood alcohol. Does it occur to people who drink that they are breaking the law? And to those who thought that Prohibition ended alcoholic consumption that our schools ought to keep on teaching its effects on the young?

Facts, Wets And Drys

TENS OF THOUSANDS of new officials take the oath every year. The greatest oath, except in case of death of the man who holds the office, is taken only once in four years, on March 4th. Then the next President raises his hand to pledge his support to the Constitution of the United States as he stands before the people who have chosen him for the greatest elective office.

Greatest Of Oaths

The ceremony is impressively simple, as simple as when the first President took the helm of a debt-ridden young nation of three million people forged out of eight years of war; and simple it should remain even after we have three hundred million and no school boy is expected to learn the names of all the Presidents. When troubles are thick and heavy upon him a President may reflect back to the day when he took that simple (Continued on page 73)

LEGIONNAIRES

By
LEIGHTON
H. BLOOD

THIS story was told partly over a luncheon table in the Grand Hotel in Oran, Algeria, partly in a taxi to the recruit depot of the French Foreign Legion in the same city, partly aboard a liner about to sail for France. I had it from the man's own lips. Later, at Sidi Bel Abbès, the main recruit depot of the Legion, I saw his official record—the record of Herr Hauptmann Karl Fogel-Wolf, late of the Prussian Army, and just then being discharged as a soldier second class of the Légion Etrangère.

The records of the Légion Etrangère carry him as Charles Fogel. They also note that he spent seven and a half years in the Legion. Two and a half years of this time was for desertion at the front with rifle and ammunition—he was at first condemned to death. I will give the story just as he told it to me. If anyone doubts the narrative it can easily be verified in the records of our own State Department, for it was thanks to the intervention of United States Consul R. B. Jackson, in Syria, and Colonel Bentley Mott, military attaché in Paris, that Fogel-Wolf did not face a firing squad.

Before the war a captain in the Imperial German Army was a mighty important personage. Fogel-Wolf entered the German Army as a lieutenant in 1908. I met him at the end of his seven and a half years of service in the French Foreign Legion as a buck private.

"I am leaving for Switzerland tonight to meet my sister and other members of my family," he told me. "There I shall find out whether it is all right for me to return to Germany. I may go to the United States."

The conversation was carried on in English, French and, at times, German, for at the start, over lunch in the hotel, the third member of the party was an officer of the Foreign Legion—and a former liaison officer with an A.E.F. division. It was through him that I had met Fogel-Wolf, who appeared at my hotel dressed in excellent taste, and whom I took at first to be a French officer.

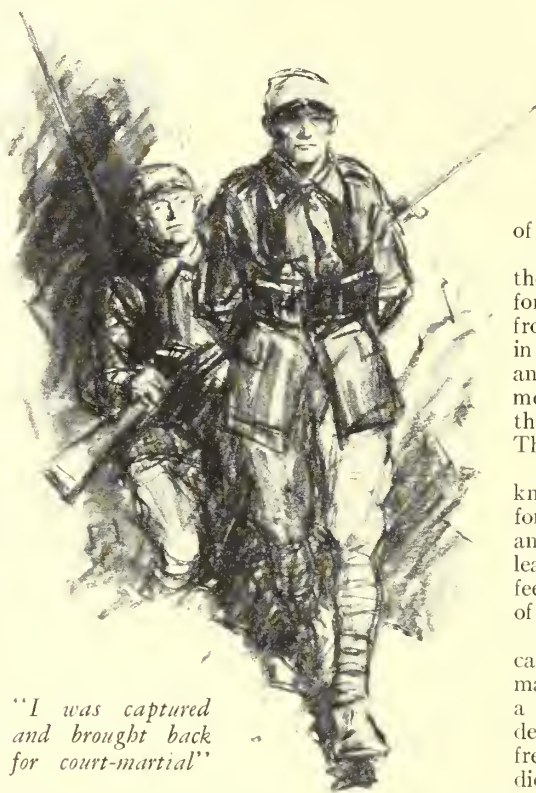
"In 1914," he began, "I was machine-gun captain of the 160th Infantry, the regiment I was commissioned in. Later I served as machine-gun officer in the 170th and 172d Regiments. I was in the first battles in Belgium, going into action first with my guns on August 5, 1914. On August 28th I was wounded, but I recovered and returned to the front."

"I served on many fronts—France, Poland, Rumania. When America entered the war I refused to fight on the American front—my mother is an American. I was placed in prison and court-martialed. I won my case—I was sent to Rumania, and I was there when it ended."

"I returned to Germany. Things were different. I saw my family. I was no longer an officer. Do you know Germany?"

I told him I had spent some time there in 1924. Where had I visited? Heidelberg, Frankfurt, Cologne, Berlin.

"Ah! I know them all well—Heidelberg like the inside of my pocket!" he exclaimed. "And Berlin? The Adlon and the Bristol were the same? I hope that I see them all again. And the new



*"I was captured
and brought back
for court-martial"*

army?" he hesitated, for his voice had taken on the touch and tone that it must have had in the days he was wearing the shoulder knots of a captain in the Imperial Army. "Did you see the new army at all?" I told him that I had.

Were they as good as the soldiers of 1914-1918? He was all eagerness.

The conversation lagged a bit, until the French captain spoke up and informed Fogel-Wolf that I was returning from the front of the Fourth Regiment, in the Mtouga sector in the High Atlas, and that perhaps Fogel-Wolf could tell me something about the Syrian front and the Legion there. Fogel-Wolf hesitated. Then:

"I was in prison there. Condemned. I know that it will be all right to tell you, for the captain is a high type of officer, and he wants you to hear me, who am leaving the Legion with no very good feelings toward it. I shall be glad to tell of Syria."

"In Syria I was in a company whose captain I did not like. The other German-born soldiers knew that I had been a German officer. I decided I would desert to the Arabs. I talked about it freely. I was only a simple soldier, but I did not care. I told my sergeants that I would desert. Everyone knew I intended to desert at the first good opportunity."

"It is the most serious of offences in the French Foreign Legion to desert with your gun and ammunition. The reason for this is that the Arabs will use the rifles and ammunition of deserters against their fellow Légionnaires. When I deserted I took my gun and plenty of ammunition."

"I was captured and brought back for court-martial. Here I have a copy of the charges—you see they also charge me with taking away the ammunition and the rifle. I was placed in prison. Oh, yes, I knew the penalty—but I did not like the captain. I smuggled out word to the American consul, Mr. Jackson, for my mother was an American. I also wrote the American military attaché in Paris. They appealed for me to the French Minister of War. In the end I was given two years and a half. I had to make up that time before getting my discharge."

There was no suggestion in his recital



*"I have been pretty
lucky. I was
wounded slightly
once"*

Illustrations by Raymond Sisley

that he, a former officer of an enemy army, had thought it improper to appeal to our State and War Departments to get him out of a mess that he had placed himself in while fully realizing the penalty. It was quite with the attitude that he was still Hauptmann Fogel-Wolf.

I saw Fogel-Wolf to the receiving depot at Oran, later to the office of the American consular agent where money was awaiting him, and then to the ship. He was returning first class—again an officer and a gentleman, no longer a mutinous Légionnaire. We had a farewell beer and he was off. The next morning I received a radio from him. It read “Regards. Wolf.” Still the gentleman.

The day after Fogel-Wolf left Algeria I visited the Villa de Convalescence of the Legion in Oran. It has its own gardens, raises its own poultry and pigs. There are recreation grounds and a library. A score or more Légionnaires were being cared for—men out of hospital but not yet fit to rejoin their units. Those up and around were playing croquet or doing light work in the flower gardens.

In one of the squad rooms I found a young soldier who announced, in French, that he spoke English. He turned out to be Frank Roelants, late of Washington and New York, one-time member of the New York National Guard, and he was convalescing from an illness acquired in the Riff and Tash-Taza campaigns. I came to know this young soldier well, for several days later I had a light attack of the flu, and he came to my hotel daily and acted as orderly. I shall give his story as he told it to me. The records back it up.

“I was born in Antwerp, but my father and mother went to the States when I was six months old. We went to Washington to live. My father did very well. He was baker in several of the hotels there. He made enough to open a bakery which I guess is still running. Later he sold out at a good price. He taught me baking, which is my trade now.

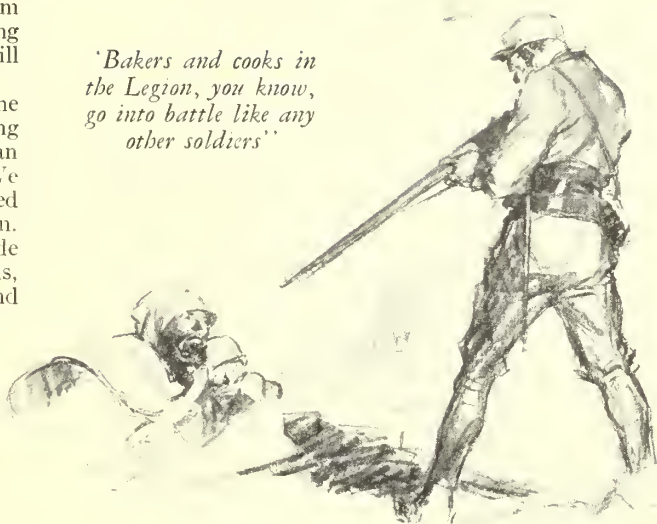
“When the war broke out I was only a kid. I tried to enlist but I looked too young. Nobody would take me. I ran away to New York but I was still out of luck. I got a job there as a baker, and later I got into the National Guard. After the war I went back to Washington and helped my father in his bakery. Then my mother died. My father wanted her to be buried in Antwerp, so he sold the bakery and took her body home.

“I had always wanted to see what Belgium was like, for I had heard my father and mother talk about it so much. But I did not like it after I got there. The Belgians called me an American, which I feel I am, although my father was never naturalized and I came away before I was twenty-one—and I do not speak good Flemish, although I do speak French. So I got a job with the British Graves Registration. I wanted to see still more of the world. I had heard of the Foreign Legion and knew it meant five years of hard life, but I wanted the experience. I joined up with my eyes open.

“I have been through two campaigns in Morocco. First I was in a mounted company and later with a line outfit. Some of the time I was company baker. Bakers and cooks in the Legion, you know, go into battle like any other soldiers. I have been pretty lucky. I was wounded slightly once. I got a bad case of dysentery so they sent me to the hospital and later to the villa here. When I leave the villa I’ll be sent to Sidi Bel Abbès for reassignment.

“You hear a lot of them kick if they think they can get sympathy. I’m only twenty-three now. When I joined the Legion I knew what it was. I

‘Bakers and cooks in the Legion, you know, go into battle like any other soldiers’



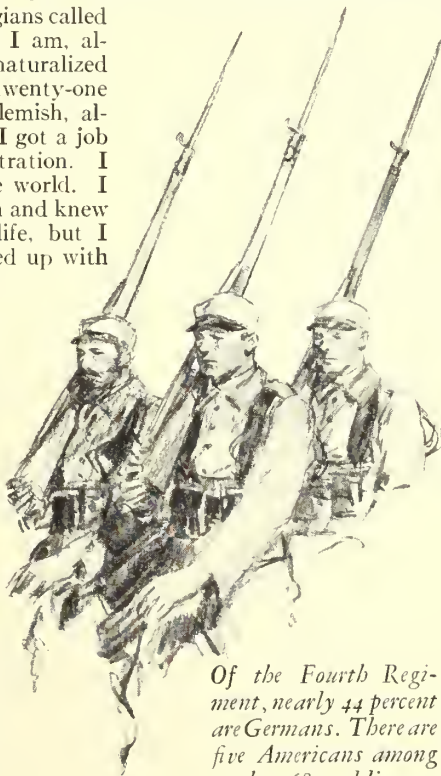
won’t be discharged till 1930. I’ve stuck it out and had no trouble. All you have to do is keep your nose clean and do your stuff. When I’m discharged I’ll have five years of experience that I couldn’t have got anywhere else. I can speak half a dozen languages; if I’d stayed a baker in civil life I would only be able to speak two. When I’m discharged I’ll still be a young man, and if I use my head I’ll get somewhere. I’m heading back to America as soon as this is over. All I hope is that the quota laws won’t keep me out, because my father was never naturalized. If I get in I’ll probably end up in the army again. I sure know how to soldier now.”

The American education shows in Légionnaire Roelants. I sent him out for a book to read to see what his taste would be. He brought back a copy of Frank Norris’s “McTeague”, saying he didn’t think I wanted trash and hoped that would be O.K. But he would not read the Paris editions of American papers that I had. “They make me homesick”, he said.

The Légion Étrangère, as everyone knows, is made up of almost every race and color under the sun—prince and peasant, poet and priest, all soldiering side by side. But of the entire personnel sixty percent are today Germans. Some are Fogel-Wolfs—former officers or high-ranking non-coms. Others were kids too young to have been in the World War and unable to find employment in Germany. Nearly all make good.

In the Fourth Regiment, based at Marrakech, with which I am most familiar, the personnel was as follows: Total enlisted strength, 2,682; percentage of Germans, 43.60, which is the lowest German strength in any of the Legion regiments; personnel divided by nationality: Algerians, 7; Americans, 5; Armenians, 4; Austrians, 83; Belgians, 236; Bulgarians, 15; Canadians, 2; Cubans, 1; Czecho-Slovaks, 78; Danes, 5; Dutch, 16; English, 9; Egyptians, 10; Estonians, 2; Finns, 1; French, 305; Germans, 1,176; Greeks, 7; Hungarians, 35; Indo-Chinese, 3; Italians, 106; Lithuanian, 1; Luxembourg-geois, 24; Moroccans, 5; Mexicans, 2; Madagascan, 1; Peruvian, 1; Polish, 147; Portuguese, 4; Rumanians, 20; Russians, 77; Spanish, 44; Swedes, 3; Swiss, 163; Syrians, 23; Tripolitan, 1; Tunisians, 13; Turks, 31; Jugo Slavs, 4.

It should be understood, however, that once a man enters the Legion he is a Légionnaire. He is not known as a German, an American, a Swiss or by whatever nationality he claims on his enlistment. Although a French citizen by law is not allowed to join the Legion, many do, stating that they are Swiss or Belgians in order to give an ostensible reason for knowing the French language. After they are in they can announce that they are French, and on (Continued on page 46)



Of the Fourth Regiment, nearly 44 percent are Germans. There are five Americans among the 2,682 soldiers



KEEPING

THE ultimate dream of the aerial age will be realized when you can buy a vest-pocket dirigible, a contraption which will carry a single passenger at slow speed or fast here and there over the housetops, emancipating him from stop and go signals and traffic policemen. They talk about harnessing the atom, neutralizing gravity and doing other fantastic things which would usher in the age of the one-passenger dirigible kept in the family garage. Meanwhile at Akron, Ohio, ten members of Akron Post of The American Legion know just how it would feel to go poking single-handedly about in the sky in an airship at varied speed. They have taken rides in the Pilgrim, a Baby Zepp, operated by the Good-year Zeppelin Company, a craft that may rank in history as the grandfather of the future airship flivvers.

When Akron Post began its 1929 membership campaign, it offered to give a free thirty-minute ride in the Baby Zepp to each member who obtained ten new members. Ten men won the prize trips and enough others tried for it to increase the post's membership by two hundred. Legionnaires A. E. Bosley, O. L. Dally, G. M. Wilhite, E. H. Read and G. T. Adams were in the first group to make the flights.

Minnesota Sets the Pace

THE spirit of a horse that won a famous race twenty-four years ago triumphed over snowdrifts and zero weather in Minnesota in January, and the Minnesota departments of The American Legion and The American Legion Auxiliary jumped away in the lead as the 1929 membership derby began on January 2d. On that day the Minnesota departments of the Legion and the Auxiliary had enrolled jointly 56.14 percent of the 1929 joint quota assigned to them. The Auxiliary had enrolled 72.96 percent of its quota, and the Legion 30.32 percent.

But Minnesota wasn't way out in front as the race got under way. Other departments were close behind, and Michigan was right at Minnesota's heels, with a percentage of 54.03.

Minnesota is running on the name and fame of "Agile," the winner of the Kentucky Derby of 1905. Michigan's horse is "Sir Huron," who won the Kentucky Derby in 1906. Fifty-two other departments bear the names of winners of Kentucky Derbies of other years, and as the race started in January every department was busy lining up its posts and districts for the steady day-by-day membership gains which will keep them in the race and give them a chance for first place when the final gong clangs on May 18th, the day of the annual derby in Louisville. National Headquarters of the Legion and the Auxiliary have offered \$450

in prizes, including \$200 for the State winning the derby.

The biggest incentive to win the race, however, will be the honor that the winning State will hold during the 1929 national convention of the Legion and the Auxiliary at Louisville next autumn. All Kentucky knows by heart the names of the winners of the Kentucky Derby in each of the fifty-four years the race has been held, and all Kentucky is watching the Legion's Kentucky Derby. Kentucky, incidentally, is running in the race as "Meridian," winner of the derby in 1911.

When the race began, Wyoming, Mississippi, Virginia, Connecticut, Iowa, Alabama, North Carolina and Vermont were well up toward Minnesota and Michigan, the leaders.

Now for May 18th

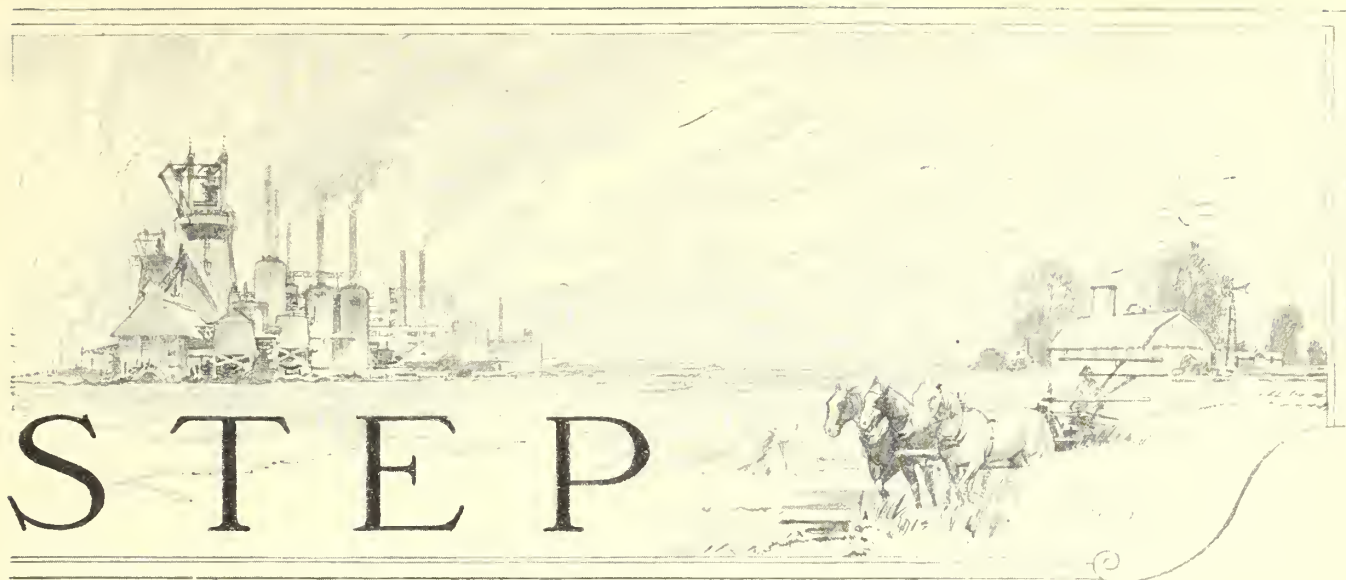
WHEN the National Executive Committee met at Indianapolis in January it fixed September 30th and October 1st, 2d and 3d as the dates for the Legion's eleventh national convention at Louisville. The next meeting of the committee will be held in May immediately preceding the fifty-fifth annual Kentucky Derby at Louisville. On May 18th, therefore, when the Legion's Kentucky Derby ends, most of the national executive committeemen will be at Churchill Downs at Louisville. On that day, too, three-quarters of a million Legionnaires will be as much interested in learning the winner of the Legion race as in learning the winner of the 1929 derby at Louisville.

At the National Executive Committee meeting in January it was announced that the five National Vice Commanders of The American Legion will each have his own stable composed of a group of States running in the Kentucky Derby. Each National Vice Commander will be assisted by the chairman of the Auxiliary membership committee for the area assigned to him. National Vice Commander George W. Malone of Nevada is in charge of ten States in the western area, with Mrs. Alyce Gill of California. National Vice Commander Walton D. Hood of Texas, and Miss Hazel B. Nielsen of North Da-

kota are guiding the group of seven States in the northwestern area. The central area of nine States is directed by National Vice Commander Lawrence E. McGann of Illinois and Mrs. Bessie B. Smith, also of Illinois. National Vice Commander Miller C. Foster of South Carolina is looking after fourteen States, all in the South, and Mrs. R. W. Waldrop of Alabama is in charge of this group for the Auxiliary. National Vice Commander E. L. White of Connecticut and Miss Adelaide L. Fitzgerald of Massachusetts are in charge of the eastern area.



A 30-minute ride in a Baby Zepp is Akron (Ohio) Post's prize for member getters. Here is Legionnaire G. M. Wilhite going up



National Vice Commander Foster in January proclaimed that the South wants to win the Kentucky Derby because it regards the annual race at Churchill Downs as distinctively its own. "New England, the Middle West and the other areas will have to show speed to beat Kentucky and Alabama and the rest of my horses," said Mr. Foster.

Educator and Chaplain

AT THE meeting of the National Executive Committee in January, Rabbi Lee J. Levinger of Columbus, Ohio, was elected National Chaplain of The American Legion, succeeding Rabbi Herman J. Beck of Pottsville, Pennsylvania, who had resigned. National Commander Paul V. McNutt informed the committee that sixteen rabbis, now holding the office of Department or Post Chaplain, had been indorsed by departments as eminently qualified for the office of National Chaplain. In accepting his resignation, National Commander McNutt had announced that Rabbi Beck's successor would be of the same faith. George E. Denny, National Executive Committeeman from Ohio, in nominating Rabbi Levinger, described his service as a chaplain in the A. E. F. and as Chaplain of the Delaware Department of The American Legion for two years. Rabbi Levinger is now a member of the faculty of Ohio State University at Columbus, Ohio.

North Pole to Mattoon

IT IS nine months until next Christmas, but in Mattoon, Illinois, today when there is a humming of an airplane motor in the skies the children gaze aloft and wonder whether Santa Claus is going by. For the boys and girls of Mattoon know now that Santa Claus is a quite modern gentleman who cruises out of the North Pole in an airplane between Christmas days to get new supplies for his polar toy factories.

The children in Mattoon learned that Santa Claus had gone aeronautical at last Christmas time. Santa Claus did not come to Mattoon last December in his old-fashioned sleigh drawn by prancing reindeer. Instead, the old gentleman literally dropped out of the sky. There was no jingling of sleigh bells. Instead, there was the buzzing of an airplane motor high above Mattoon. Then down came a parachute. And there, hanging to the bar suspended from the parachute, was Santa Claus himself. He was dressed just the same as always. He was wearing the same whiskers. He was his jolly old self—even in this radio and aircraft age.

Lawrence Riddle Post of The American Legion had been in

touch with the old man and had advance word of his arrival by airplane and parachute. The post had invited all the boys and girls of the town to come to the baseball park and the lawn in front of the high school building to welcome him. In addition to the children, it seemed that all Mattoon had come out in its automobiles to help welcome Santa Claus. The Mattoon Legionnaires had a hard job keeping the crowds back so that Santa would have plenty of space to land.

Santa's plane circled over the housetops for some time. That was as scheduled. But when the plane sought altitude and the parachute was let go, Santa didn't come straight down into the ball park. The wind was strong and his parachute landed a half mile from the park. But that made no difference. There were children to greet him where he did land and he was driven to the ball park in an automobile by the Legionnaires. Then he headed a parade to the high school ground. There Lawrence Riddle Post held its Christmas party, with Santa Claus presiding.

"We've invited Santa to come next Christmas the same way," says Post Adjutant Charles H. Fletcher, one of his sponsors last December.

Visible History

REAR Admiral Lloyd H. Chandler, Legionnaire of John Winthrop Post of Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania, has won his post's gratitude by presenting to it a World War memento which has become the nucleus of a post war museum. To his post Admiral Chandler gave his "Log of the Unknown Soldier," the record he kept when, as officer commanding the Atlantic Fleet Train, he carried out the duty of transporting the body of America's Unknown Soldier from France to Washington, D. C.

"The first entry in the book," reports Post Adjutant James Cohen, "records the sailing of the Flagship *Olympia* from Narragansett Bay on October 3, 1921. Next is recorded the presence of a detachment from the *Olympia* at the ceremonies in Westminster Abbey when General Pershing placed the Medal of Honor upon the Tomb of England's Unknown Soldier.

The book tells in full detail of the reception of the body of the Unknown Soldier aboard the *Olympia* at Le Havre and includes descriptions of all the events and ceremonies that followed, up to the ceremony of burial in Arlington Cemetery. Numerous photographs, copies of official orders and copies of addresses are included."

Post Adjutant Cohen adds that the post museum also includes a large shell recovered from the wreck of the battleship *Maine*, presented to the post by Marvin E. Reynolds, who had cherished the memento since his Spanish War days. Other



Drum Major Gerhard (age 5) of San Diego (California) Post's drum corps, who is counting the days until the parade in Louisville

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citizens have donated to the post souvenirs of memorable events, and the museum has become a community institution

When It's Chow Time in Ajo

IF YOU drive 130 miles south by west across the desert after leaving Tucson, Arizona, you'll come to the town of Ajo, and you had better stop in Ajo to eat something, because if you don't stop you'll have to drive 162 miles farther west to reach Yuma, the next eating place. When you stop hungrily on Ajo's plaza, you'll see two welcome signs. One sign, over a shrubbery-surrounded building, marks the clubhouse of Art Taylor Post of The American Legion. The other sign hangs on an equally-attractive building across the plaza from the clubhouse and it reads: "American Legion Cafe."

You had better put on the nosebag right then—unless you want to turn northward and drive 121 miles to reach Phoenix, Arizona's capital, or drop southward thirty-seven miles to the Mexican border where you can not only eat but do a little lawful drinking. You'll gather that Ajo is a bit out of the way. You wouldn't go any farther, of course, especially since Ajo's American Legion Cafe is compellingly attractive, both outside and inside. And when you go inside, you'll find out that the cafe—restaurant, if you will—is really owned by Art Taylor Post. You'll want to know more and here is what you would find out, as Forrest E. Doucette, director of The American Legion News Service of Arizona, tells it:

"Ajo, the seat of the country's largest copper mine, was

founded by General John C. Greenway, empire-builder, athlete, mining man and Legionnaire, and General Greenway until his death was Art Taylor Post's guiding force. General Greenway, in this town of 3,000, saw to it that Art Taylor Post got its beautiful little clubhouse and helped the post establish a public playground and recreation center on the plaza. Then he conceived the idea that the post could best serve its town by providing a really good restaurant.

Home cooking becomes monotonous; and besides the town needed a center for banquets and for entertaining visitors.

"Through General Greenway's efforts, the post obtained upon long-term lease a large cafe which contained more than \$7,000 worth of fixtures. It remodeled this building and opened the doors to everybody. It is said that for a while everyone in town stopped eating at home. The post operated the restaurant itself for a time, then leased it to a concessionaire to be operated under Legion supervision. This arrangement has produced funds for the playground and other activities."



Art Taylor Post's clubhouse in Ajo, Arizona, a town which hasn't a neighbor nearer than a hundred miles. The cannon points across the plaza to The American Legion Cafe, possibly the only Legion-owned public restaurant in the country

How Many?

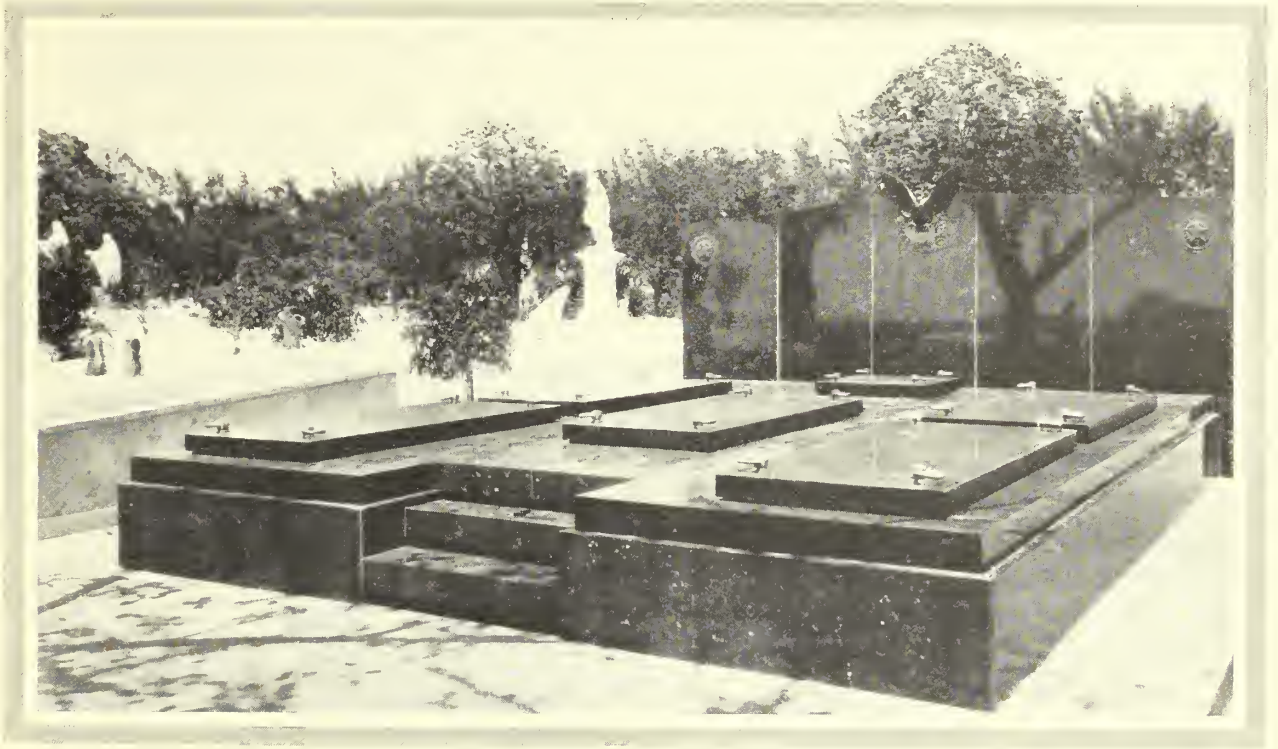
FORTY-SECOND Street and Broadway in New York City,

in the heart of New York's theatrical district, is said to be the busiest spot in the whole United States. As a national center it is almost as familiar to everybody as the White House or the Capitol in Washington. If a census were taken of all Legionnaires passing the corner in the course of a year, it would include not only New York's thousands but thousands from all the other States. That fact was recognized when a new motion picture theater was completed recently at the corner. In the

The gumbo road leading to the cemetery at Fort Pierre, South Dakota, was an elongated quagmire until Stanley Post provided it with a thick gravel surface. Eight Legionnaires with motor trucks and 150 with shovels did the job in a single day. The Auxiliary supplied chow for the workers



KEEPING STEP



Havana (Cuba) Post maintains this beautiful black marble mausoleum, with crypts for 150 bodies, for the permanent or temporary interment of American veterans who die in Cuba. Cuban burials customarily are in rented graves from which bodies, in time, are subject to removal

Paramount Theater, in a lounging room for men, two windows have been dedicated to The American Legion. In these windows the theater managers are placing small war trophies contributed by Legion posts and bearing labels giving post names.

"Any small fragment of shell, a bullet, a piece of a tank, an instrument taken from an enemy plane or any small object of similar nature will be welcomed," writes Legionnaire H. W. Jones, assistant manager of the theater.

Permanent Roll Call

THERE is no guesswork about it when the Greenville County (Kentucky) Council puts on a membership campaign, for the council has established a card index of all the World War service men in its county.

"The index covers 1,025 men who entered the service from the county," writes Hugh Lewis, Alternate National Executive Committeeman. "It includes also records of service men who have become residents of the county since the war. The index is divided into sections showing Legion members, eligibles living in the county, service men who have moved from the county and men who have died. Seventeen different colored tabs are used on the cards to indicate the post to which a man belongs or the post to which he should belong if he is not a member. As the index gives the present addresses of men who have moved away from the county, it is referred to constantly by our twelve posts and individual Legionnaires.

"Greenville Post offers each year a trophy to the post in the county enrolling the highest percentage of eligible mem-

bership. Incidentally, Dan Sowers, director of the National Americanism Commission, is one of Greenville Post's members."

Old Timers and New

WHEN Elkins Oliphant Post of Trenton, New Jersey, held an all-star boxing show, the customers traveled back to the days of General Grant. They saw Jack Hagen and John "Spider" Kelly, veterans of the prize ring of forty years ago, stage a three-round bout. Many present-day boxing notables greeted the old timers inside the ropes. The photograph on this page shows: First row, Mickey Walker, middleweight champion of the world; Mr. Hagen, Mr. Kelly, Joe Humphries, world-famous announcer, who acted as master of ceremonies; second row, John J. Moss, fight promoter; Herbert H. Blizzard, Commander of the New Jersey Department; Colonel Norman Schwartzkopf, head of the New Jersey State Police; Arthur Ballard, Commander of Elkins Oliphant Post; Jimmy Braddock, boxer; George J. Perlman, chairman, boxing committee.



Jack Hagen and John "Spider" Kelly, veterans of the prize ring of forty years ago, staged a bout at the boxing show of Elkins Oliphant Post of Trenton, New Jersey

Twenty-eight Gabriels

NINE months after it had been organized, Campbell Drum and Bugle Corps of Thomas W. Cole Post of Sanford, Maine, counted among its achievements the fact that it had paraded in all the towns in its county and had helped the Legion posts in York Village and North Berwick come back to life when it seemed that these posts were about to give up their charters.

"Nothing like drums and bugles to stir things up," comments Legionnaire Melville

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A. Brown of Sanford. "The twenty-eight men of our corps, wearing uniforms of Palm Beach cloth made in the mills of our town, expect to get a lot more experience playing in neighboring towns this summer as a preliminary to the trip the corps will make to the Legion's national convention in Louisville."

Camp American Legion

FOUR years ago the legislature of the State of Wisconsin appropriated \$50,000 for the purchase of a large tract of land in the northern reaches of the State upon which the Wisconsin Department of The American Legion undertook to conduct a camp for convalescent service men. Camp American Legion came into being with fourteen sleeping cabins, built of logs, many community buildings and plenty of tent sites, in the midst of thousands of acres of land and lakes. Hundreds of disabled men and their families have found health-giving rest and recreation at the Tomahawk Lake camp, whose fame is now known in every American Legion post in Wisconsin. When the snow leaves the ground this spring, Camp American Legion will begin its 1929 season, welcoming scores of men just out of hospitals and men who have been fighting at home for the strength that would keep them out of hospitals.

This spring, the pleasures of summer camp life will be opened to the Legionnaires of Wisconsin generally, as well as to the disabled men. Department Adjutant Austin A. Petersen announces that a new American Legion Rest Camp will be established near the rehabilitation camp, and Wisconsin posts will be permitted to lease lots as cottage sites. As a beginning, forty cottage sites have been laid out. Posts will pay \$50 for the leasing privilege and an annual rental fee.

Hundreds of Legionnaire motor tourists from other States have been impressed by the beauty and comfort of Wisconsin's convalescent camp and have applauded the state spirit which made the Legion camp possible. Before the camp was opened under American Legion auspices, it was conducted as a privately owned camp for girls, and two hundred girls each paid \$60 a week for the privilege of staying in it.

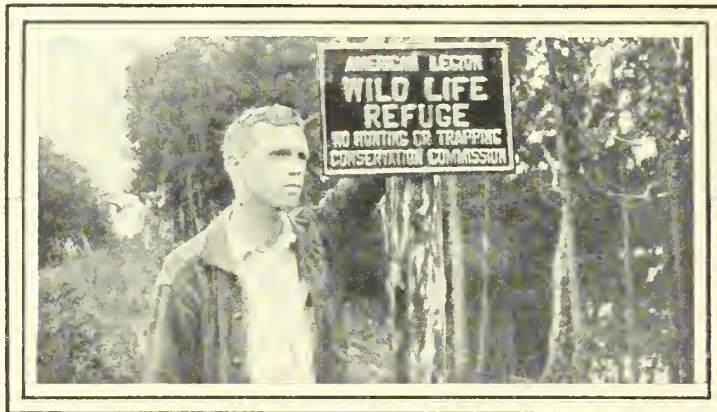
Why Wisconsin Won

ITS success in conducting Camp American Legion was only one of the many accomplishments which won for the Wisconsin Department in 1928 the trophy offered each year by Past National Commander James A. Drain to the department presenting the best composite record of community betterment. When the judges awarded the Drain trophy, they recognized also the establishment of the 3,500-acre American Legion Forest Preserve and Wild Life Refuge which adjoins the Wis-

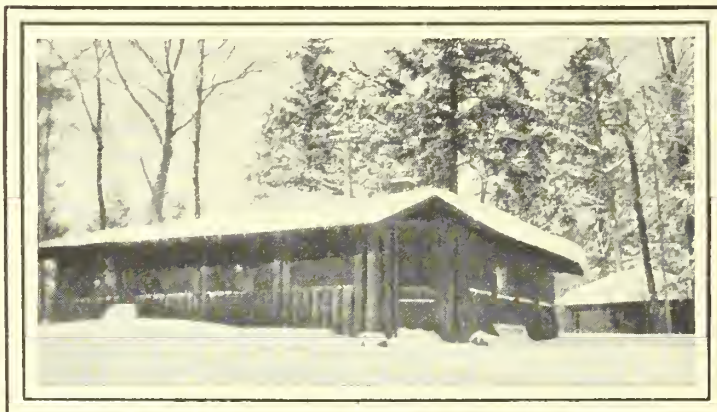
consin Department's camp at Tomahawk Lake. The Wisconsin Legionnaires last year cut a twelve-foot boundary lane on all sides of their game preserve, erected wire boundary fences upon the stretches of the preserve that ran through virgin timber, planted 18,000 Norway pine trees in barren sections and erected 118 metal signs bearing warnings that hunting and trapping are not permitted in the preserve.

Other activities that helped win the Drain Trophy for Wisconsin included the department's child safety program, the tree-planting efforts of its posts and the establishment of town forests, a vigorous state-wide get-out-the-vote campaign and unusually successful activities for the promotion of aviation.

In the child safety campaign, more than 1,100 metal signs were erected beside important roads urging motorists to drive carefully to protect children. Pamphlets were used to promote careful driving and Legion speakers talked to school children on safety. Thousands of children took part in a safety poster contest in which many prizes were awarded. Wisconsin posts generally carried out the Legion's national program of marking roofs for the guidance of aviators and taking the lead in the establishment of airports. Alonzo Cudworth Post of Milwaukee gave the whole State a new understanding of the flying age when it conducted an airplane tour of more than a dozen cities.



More than a hundred metal signs, erected by the Wisconsin Department, mark the limits of the 3,500-acre American Legion Forest Preserve and Wild Life Refuge in Northern Wisconsin. Adjoining the preserve is Camp American Legion in which hundreds of disabled service men and their families enjoy summer outings. The snow-covered log cabin is camp headquarters and there are fourteen other log bungalows in the camp



Green Memorials

AMERICA will never be as treeless as the Gobi Desert if other American Legion posts catch the vision which inspired Roy W. Kelly Post of Ashland. Wisconsin, to begin a tree-planting campaign, not as a spectacular means of getting passing publicity but as a year-after-year effort to beautify the principal road running through its town.

Roy W. Kelly Post four years ago decided to do what it could to make

State Trunk Highway No. 13, running the full length of Wisconsin, a memorial highway. At first the post considered planting elms along a stretch of five miles of the highway.

"We started a campaign with the slogan, 'A Dollar Plants an Elm'," relates Legionnaire G. Arthur Johnson, district attorney of Ashland County. "We did not make personal solicitations of money but merely established places where citizens might leave their contributions. The contributions exceeded our expectations. The first spring, we had five hundred trees planted. The day our trees arrived for planting, scores of people turned out to help members of our post dig the holes for the planting. W. E. Dillon, highway commissioner, had agreed to plant the trees expertly if we got the holes dug. He also agreed to see that the trees were properly cared for, an important consideration in the early growth of a transplanted tree. Ninety percent of the trees grew sturdily, and survived a drouth. We planted five hundred more trees the second season.

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"At the end of three years we had lined the highway with trees between Ashland and Mellen, a distance of thirty miles. Last season we planted additional trees and in 1929 we expect to have every mile of the highway in our county lined by our elms. On Memorial Day we expect to dedicate the highway as a memorial. The posts at Glidden and Butternut, in our county, are partners with the Ashland post in the enterprise. The post is now working to have the highway paved for its whole length in the State, with memorial trees along the entire route."

Overlooking a City

WHEN Eddy-Glover Post of New Britain, Connecticut, joined with all the citizens of its community in the dedication of a beautiful memorial shaft on a hilltop last September, the event had significance for the whole country. It signified that the spirit with which an American city watched its sons go forth to battle in 1917 and 1918 had not changed after ten years. It demonstrated, too, the patriotic solidarity of a city which is one of the most cosmopolitan in the United States. And the architectural character of the memorial itself set new standards of appropriateness and beauty in a country in which thousands of communities have erected or are planning to erect permanent memorials to those who served in the World War.

"The business life of the city was suspended while 100,000 persons gathered on the brow of the topmost hill in New Britain for the dedication," reports Legionnaire Howard Preston Quadland. "The shaft, erected at a cost of \$165,000, expressed our city's deep sentiment; and 100,000 persons bowed their heads as taps echoed through the surrounding hills at the close of the ceremony, after Commander N. C. Avery of Eddy-Glover Post had read the names of all New Britain's war dead. As each name was read, a Legionnaire placed a wreath upon a bronze plaque dedicated to the departed hero.

"The memorial, designed by H. Van Buren Magonigle, notable American architect, consists of a circular parapet on the inside of which are mounted tablets of bronze in commemoration of the service men who gave their lives. In the center rises a tapering shaft of granite one hundred feet high, surmounted by a pair of mighty eagles emblematic of Freedom.

"The memorial stands on the shore of a lake. It is illuminated at night and is visible within a radius of ten miles."

Insurance Rights

WATSON B. MILLER, chairman of the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee, has broadcast a warning that May 20, 1929, is the final date on which suit may be filed against the Government to obtain payment of certain insurance claims. These claims are those based on policies which lapsed for non-payment of premiums at a time when, the claimants contend, the holders of the policies were totally and permanently disabled. A bulletin giving full information on this subject may be obtained from the National Rehabilitation Committee, The American Legion, Bond Building, Washington, D. C.

The National Rehabilitation Committee has also called at-

tention to the fact that, through ignorance of amendments to the law applying to government insurance or through neglect, many service men holding government policies have failed to designate new beneficiaries for their policies. During the war and for several years after the war the law required that beneficiaries be within a close degree of relationship to the holders of the policies. The law, however, was amended to permit a holder of a policy to name any beneficiary he wishes. The amended law permits a veteran to designate his estate, a trust company or other agency as the beneficiary of his policy. Holders of adjusted compensation certificates are also permitted to change beneficiaries.

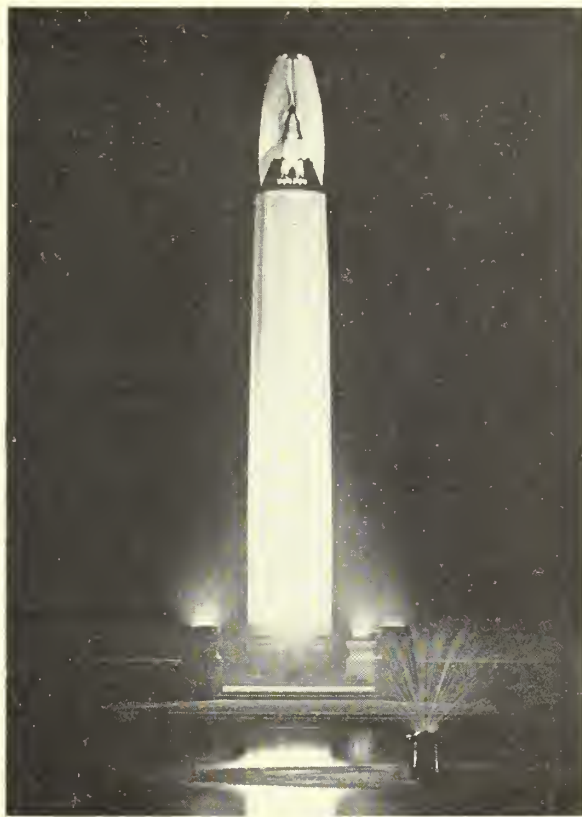
"We are encountering many cases in which insurance policy holders died and it developed that beneficiaries were still the same as designated during the war, although policyholders had married since the war or acquired other obligations which should have impelled them to change beneficiaries," reports Mr. Miller. "A typical case is that of a man who during the war had named a brother or sister as his beneficiary. Marrying after the war, he neglected to have his wife named as his beneficiary. Upon his death, the Government is legally bound to make payment to the brother or sister originally named in spite of the strong implication that the service man would have wished payment made to his widow. The widow would be without rights."

By Midnight Sunlight

KETCHIKAN (Alaska) Post will keep up its campaign to have Congress pass a bill which will permit boxing in the Territory of Alaska. It is carrying on its battle for boxing in Washington after getting the bill through both houses of the territorial assembly, according to J. A. Talbot, Post Finance Officer and a member of the post boxing committee. Mr. Talbot points out that Alaska cannot decide for herself the question of legalizing boxing. The campaign for legalization began two years ago when Juneau Post tried to get the territorial legislature to pass a boxing bill but failed.

"Boxing in Alaska must stand in athletics as football does in the States," Mr. Talbot argues. "Football supports baseball, basketball and track and gym sports in most schools down where most of us came from. Here we have no football, and baseball hardly pays its way. Basketball manages to survive only because those interested in it subsidize it. Track sports are conducted absolutely at a loss and must be paid for by contributions or benefit dances. It must be remembered that all communities in Alaska are small and far apart. Inter-city baseball contests are practically impossible because of the big expense of transporting teams. Ketchikan allows herself the luxury of an outside game only once in a season, as a rule, the expense being upward of \$700.

"If boxing is authorized it will be simple to put on a series of bouts to provide necessary funds for all other sports. The bill we are advocating is a re-draft of the Wisconsin boxing law. It would establish a territorial athletic commission of four members and a secretary to have control over all sparring and boxing exhibitions. It would require licensing of all participants and grant permits only to bona fide benevolent, patriotic, fraternal or religious organizations holding a local charter from a



One hundred thousand citizens of New Britain, Connecticut, joined with Eddy-Glover Post in the dedication of this memorial shaft. It stands on a hilltop overlooking the city

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parent organization. Gambling would be prohibited and bouts would be ten rounds with no decision. Referees would be permitted to fine an offender more than one time up to the limit of his purse for violations of rules. Referees would also have to approve the physical condition of boxers."

An Idea and a Lot of Help

AMERICA is so new that its towns, for the most part, are not ornamented with parks and squares recalling stirring times and keeping alive the memory of our national heroes. But in Sikestown, Missouri, citizens for a long time to come will see in a park and a monument reminders of the town's World War days. A year ago, though, the park did not exist.

For ten years the members of Henry Meldrum Post in Sikestown had been passing daily a grassy plot of ground at the intersection of two state highways in their town. The plot stood just as it had stood on the day when it became the property of the Missouri-Pacific Railroad by the will of a citizen which specified it could only be used as a park. Last March Post Historian E. T. Wheatley enlisted his post in the project of making the plot of ground a World War memorial park.

The railroad was glad to join the post in its plans, and four civic organizations also agreed enthusiastically to help. The State Highway Department volunteered its help, too.

"Sikestown is twenty miles from the Mississippi River and many of the materials we needed were not available locally,"

relates Mr. Wheatley. "The State Highway Department hauled a three-ton granite boulder 125 miles. This we set in Legion Square, placing upon it a dedicatory tablet. The railroad hauled many tons of gravel 150 miles for use in laying out walks in the square. A farmer presented to us a cypress pole sixty-eight feet high, for use as a flagstaff. The Bell Telephone and Missouri Utilities crews erected the pole for us. Numerous individual citizens and business concerns of the town did other things that enabled us to make the square into a real beauty spot."

Pioneer Posts

THE fact that March 7, 1929, is The American Legion's tenth birthday anniversary has especial significance to George Washington Post of Washington, D. C. March 7, 1919, was the day on which the Paris caucus was held, an event recognized as the formal birth of the Legion. George Washington Post claims the title of being the Legion's first and therefore oldest post, and it bases its claim on the fact that its temporary charter was issued in New York and dated May 10, 1919. This charter was signed by Henry D. Lindsley, chairman of the National Executive Committee, and Eric Fisher Wood, secretary of the committee. It is labeled "Post Charter No. 1."

Now, the Step Keeper rises to inquire, does any other post possess a temporary charter bearing an earlier date? George Washington Post's permanent charter, also designated "Post Charter No. 1," was issued in Indianapolis on February 10, 1921.

Wheeling (West Virginia) Post missed being the Legion's first post by only a few days, its temporary charter being dated May 28, 1919. Until it learned of the date of George Washington Post's charter, Wheeling Post had considered itself the daddy of all other posts, according to Post Adjutant Gene M. Kline. Bruce B. Williams Post of Commerce, Texas, had also considered itself as the first post, but its charter is dated July 1, 1919.

There is still another question to be settled. What post may claim to have had the earliest existence as an independent body before the Legion itself was born on March 7, 1919? Wheeling

Post dates its unofficial existence to March 6, 1919, when a mass meeting of service men was held in Wheeling and steps toward organization were taken. Bernard C. McGee, Adjutant of George Washington Post, reports, however, that the men who rank as founders of his post held an organization meeting in Washington on February 5, 1919.

Proud

HENRY WESTBROOK, leader of our drum and bugle corps, is the best drummer in western Kansas," bulletins Ray L. Welch, Adjutant of Casper J. Middlekauff Post of Hays, Kansas. "He had an advantage over most other Legion drummers who had to start from zero in learning how to beat a drum, because his

father was a drummer in the Civil War and was a mighty good instructor."

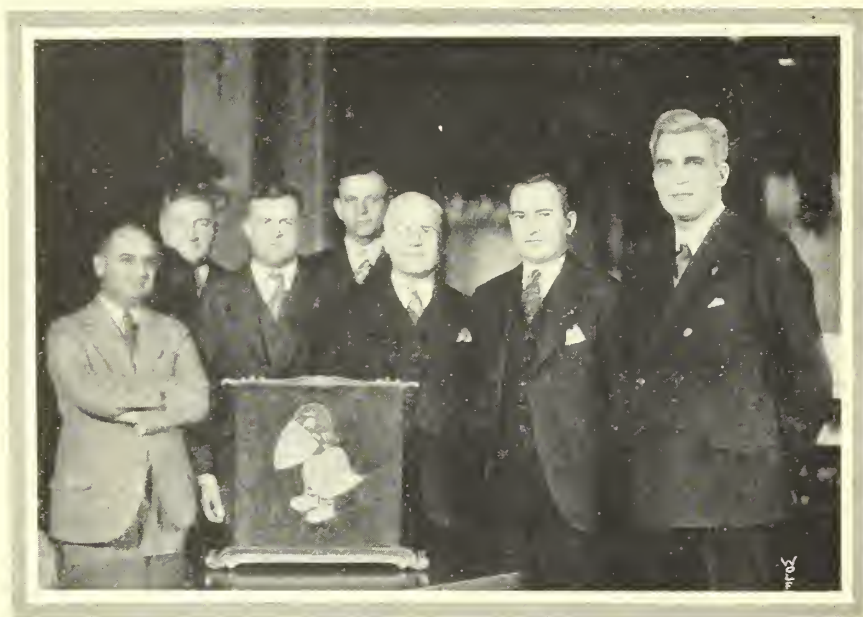
Mr. Welch adds that his post is proud of its town's historic fame as the home of Buffalo Bill and Wild Bill Hickok, the center of buffalo hunts and Indian battles and a strategic point in the building of the Union Pacific Railroad.

Three Miles of Celluloid History

OF THE many Legion posts which have started making collections of motion picture film as a modern way of keeping up post historical archives, Benjamin Franklin Post of Philadelphia possibly holds the present film mileage record.

"We have between two and three miles of Legion film, pictures showing our own post activities and events at national conventions," reports Fabian Levy, the post's cameraman, an investment broker. "Included in our collection are what I believe to be the only colored reels ever taken of Legion activities, pictures covering the band contest at the San Antonio convention. You can imagine what a film that is—with the fast-stepping bandmen garbed in uniforms of the most brilliant colors."

Mr. Levy is one of the pioneers of the small size motion picture camera. He started making his (Continued on page 56)



The what-is-it is the Kansas Department's Jayhawk, reputed to be able to lick one thousand times its weight in Oklahoma wildcats in any Legion membership contest. The photo was taken at a meeting of Capitol Post in Topeka, attended by National Commander Paul V. McNutt and Frank E. Samuel, Assistant National Adjutant, a Kansan. Left to right: Mr. Samuel, Ralph T. O'Neil, Past Department Commander; Ernest A. Ryan, Department Adjutant; Lester McCoy, Past Department Commander; Ben S. Paulen, retiring Governor of Kansas; Harry Colmery, Commander of Capitol Post, and National Commander McNutt

Bursts and Duds

IT ALWAYS HAPPENS

"Do you think it possible to meet all one's friends at one time?" asked Flora. "Certainly," replied Dora. "Just go out in your oldest frock and hat with a run in both stockings and your nose unpowdered and get into a fight with a taxi driver. You'll meet them all."

OBSTACLE RACE

An applicant for citizenship was up before a Federal judge being questioned. He was letter perfect on the fact that Washington was the Father of His Country, Lincoln was the Great Emancipator and J. Henry Blickenspalter was the representative from his district. As a final test the judge ordered:

"Now recite the first stanza of 'The Star-Spangled Banner.'"

The applicant started off optimistically:

"Oh, say can you see by the dawn's early light

What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?

The—er—um—er—" Judge, how does the next line start?"

"The," began His Honor, "er—um—er—well, I rather think you'll do as a citizen. Application granted."

CONGRATULATIONS

"Hello, old man. Have you heard I'm to be married to that girl I introduced you to?"

"Oh, are you? Well, better luck next time."

SERIAL

A somewhat dizzy appearing female client was paying her second visit to Madame Om-Niscience, the celebrated seeress, but did not appear quite satisfied as to the revelations of the stars.

"Yesterday," she expostulated, "you told me I'd marry a dark-haired man. Today you say I'll marry a blond."

"Yes, dearie," agreed the mystic. "And I ain't through yet, neither."

A LA MODE

An immigrant offender, accused of a liquor law violation, was up before the judge.

"First offense, eh?" inquired the bench, consulting the papers in the case. "Speak English?"

For a moment the defendant struggled with the intricacies of the unfamiliar language. Then his face brightened.

"No, Judge," he replied. "Speakeasy."

ROUGHLY SPEAKING

Tragedy had developed in the motion picture studio, and the whole scene had to be redone at tremendous expense. The property man, who had been away at the time, came running up.

"What's the trouble?" he demanded. "The director seems to be in a rage."

"The star forgot this was a talking movie," the camera man answered, "and instead of asking the leading woman to be his wife, he told her to go sit on a tack."

"WISH YOU WERE HERE"

"And remember," counseled the wife of the explorer who was leaving for three years at the South Pole, "don't forget to write me every week."

EVERYONE ELSE DOES

"Teacher," asked little Robert—there is always one of these pests in every class—"do angels have wings?"

"Yes, dear," replied the Sunday school teacher, who didn't know any more about it than he did.

"Then why hasn't one of them flew the Atlantic?"

HE'S ON BROADWAY NOW

"Young man," the village constable shouted, "yer liable fer ridin' a bicycle on the sidewalk! Yer liable!"

"Liable fer what?" inquired the village half-wit. "Liable fer to fall off?"

THE OLD ALIBI

The baseball player had somewhat contemptuously taken up golf,



and the game was proving too much for him. After a highly unsuccessful morning, he had at last reached the ninth hole.

He took a tremendous swing at the ball and missed by a mile.

"That stroke counts, you know, Bill," someone reminded him.

"Hell!" snorted the ball player. "I didn't strike at it—I just stepped out of the way to keep it from hittin' me."

WELL FIXED

"All that I am," declaimed the politician who was running for public office, "I owe to my mother."

"Gee!" exclaimed a voice from the back of the hall. "Doesn't it feel great to be out of debt?"

BEYOND CRITICISM

"I want to find the mail orderly," said the officer.

"You will, sir," the recruit assured him. "They've got it all put up in neat sacks."

PROOF OF SOBRIETY

A couple of roommates had celebrated not wisely but too well, and the next day was one of those mornings. At last, after much cogitation, certain vague details began to recur to the aching mind of one.

"Well," he said, with an attempt at cheerfulness, "I guess you and I were the only sober persons at Jimmy Dale's party last night."

The other raised a throbbing head.

"We weren't at Jimmy Dale's party last night," he corrected. "His party's tomorrow night."

THE DIVIDED SPIRIT

Desperation prevailed in the office



of the *Daily Tab*. Strong men bowed their heads in grief and weak men were out of the picture altogether. It was obvious that stark tragedy was in the air.

"My Gawd, Bill!" groaned the managing editor. "Nothing scandalous has happened for twenty-four hours! What'll we ever do for the front page?"

"Aw, don't get discouraged, Steve," the city editor comforted. "Something'll happen. I've still got faith in human nature."

THE COMEBACK

A masher had tried out his arts once too often, and the policewoman in plain clothes whom he had tried to impress with his charms arrested him. He sought vainly for some remark that would put her in her place and at last found it.

"Officer," he sadly protested, "you are no gentleman."

ADD ABSENT MINDED

A certain movie star with longer eye lashes than brains had been divorced three times and swore by all that was holy that he would never tackle matrimony again. Women were a snare and a delusion, all right for morons, of course, but something else again for a man of intelligence who knew enough to take them or let them alone.

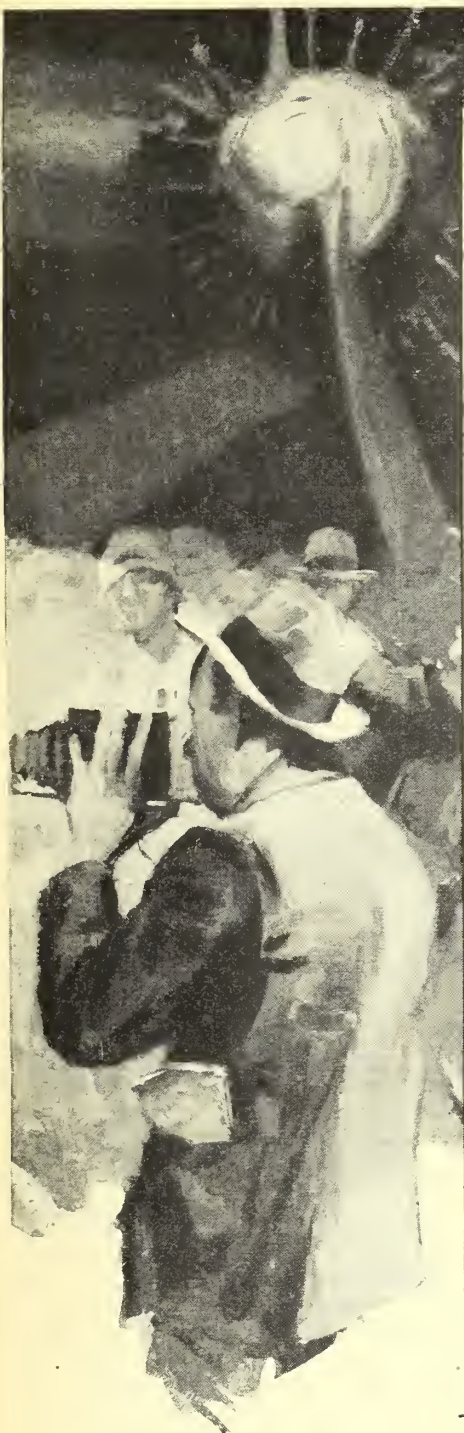
Until one day he met his first wife on the street.

"I can tell this one is different," he muttered to himself, and straightway hurried her off to the license bureau.



Chester

MILD *enough for anybody*



What a cigarette meant there

*Down from a
starless sky . . . and after hours of
utter strain, a moment of utter relax-
ation. Safety after peril . . . rest after
struggle . . . companionship after
lonely vigil . . . no wonder the solace
of a friendly cigarette has a place of
its own in men's hearts.*

What a cigarette means *here*

*Up from the
sun-drenched earth—drowsily nour-
ished under smiling skies, the tender
leaves of tobacco ripen into gold or bronze.
From what soil and rain and summer
sun prepare, we select the prize lots.
Aroma and fragrance from Turkey; from
old Virginia and the Carolinas, rare mild-
ness; mellow "body" from Kentucky.
We "age" it and blend it . . . and from
earth's choicest tobaccos we give you
Chesterfield.*

And about six million smokers tell us it's
more than worth all the trouble we take!

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.



*Harvesting a fine stand
of "bright" tobacco
and hauling by sledge
to the curing barn.*

field

.... and yet **THEY SATISFY**

THEN AND NOW

*Where Are the Mascots Now?—Signal Corps
Picture Puzzle Solved—Non-nautical Paddle Wheel
Used by Gobs—Too Much Air for Airplanes—Outfit Notices*

THANKS to you and your Then and Now department," protests Tom E. Francis of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, formerly 2d lieutenant, Transportation Corps. "Christmas Day with the Francis family nearly ended in a row. After the excitement attending the first view of the Christmas tree and the opening of packages by all hands I settled down to some heavy reading with a copy of the January issue of the Monthly.

"The first thing that caught my attention, as I turned to Then and Now, was a picture of the mascot of the 15th Cavalry, A. E. F., submitted by former cavalryman John Faulkner of New York City. This Belgian lad, according to the accompanying article, returned with his outfit to the States in June, 1919. Unless my recollection is all wrong this lad, whose first name is Charlie, was a passenger with me and five other officers on the *El Sol*, a freighter, which docked in Brooklyn early in April, 1919.

"I took several snapshots of Charlie aboard the *El Sol* and I am sure I still have them—somewhere. I spent three hours of a perfectly good Christmas Day searching among my overseas mementoes for the pictures but without success. In the meantime, my wife and two kiddies were threatening revolt if I didn't come down out of the attic and take them for a ride over to Aunt Helen's.

"The chap who came back with us on the *El Sol* was a dead ringer for the mascot of the 15th Cavalry. I understood Charlie had been adopted by a soldier whose home was in Minneapolis or St. Paul, and he was in charge of a Captain Page who was bound for San Francisco. Charlie was a victim of mal de mer most of the way back but he was dead game and always showed up for meals, even if they didn't 'take.'

"Two days out of Brooklyn our ship answered an S. O. S. from the transport *Scranton* whose rudder post was broken. In attempting to run a hauser from the *Scranton* to the *El Sol*, so that we could tow her into Brooklyn, her small boat capsized and three sailors were drowned. Incidentally, about a year ago I saw a movie of the sinking of the *El Sol* in New York Harbor.

"I'm going to keep up my search for my pictures of Charlie—some day other than a holiday when the family demands upon my time are not so great—and if successful I'll send one to you. Like Faulkner, I have always been curious to know how Charlie is faring."

There is a possibility, of course, that the 15th Cavalry mascot and the lad about whom Francis writes are not the same boy. If not, maybe someone can tell us about Charlie.

GEORGES LE DANTEC, who is pictured on this page with ex-Sergeant H. A. Wenige of Evacuation Hospital No. 10, is another lad adopted as a mascot by an A. E. F. outfit. Wenige, who is a Past Commander of Lawrence Capehart Post of Jeffersonville, Indiana, tells us this:

"While a lot of guys in the A. E. F. had vest pocket and folding editions of cameras, which were taken away from them. I boldly carried a cheese-box Brownie 2A Kodak all over France with me and took beaucoup pictures. In fact at Cler-

mont-sur-Meuse, I took a picture of an M. P. looney. The picture which I am enclosing shows the writer with Georges Le Dantec, a pocket edition of an A. E. F. soldier. Georges was first picked up by Sergeant A. W. Robertson and me, both of Evacuation Hospital No. 10, on the road between Rimau-court and Andelot. He became a member of our outfit and stayed with us until we were ordered to Froidos for the Meuse-Argonne Offensive. We were compelled to leave him behind.

"Shortly after the Armistice I found Georges again in Bar-le-Duc and took him back to the outfit. Our company tailor, a little son of Italy, made him the uniform he has on and I fitted him out with cap, shoes, stockings, underwear, a strap watch, etc., and he was again an American soldier in good standing.

"If there was a doughboy in the A. E. F. who could go through the manual of arms better than Georges I never happened to see him. While small for his age, he was as smart as they make them—learned English rapidly and in a short time was typing letters on my old Corona."



A second boy mascot, Georges le Dantec, who served in that capacity with Evacuation Hospital No. 10, pictured with Sergeant H. A. Wenige

WHEN we started back to the States," Wenige continues, "I intended to take Georges with me but somehow he thought I was going to turn him over to the French authorities, so he hid out on me and I had to leave him. After getting home, a nurse, Miss Cleary, wrote that Georges had attempted suicide and had shot himself in the leg. He was in a hospital for a long time, but she lost track of him.

"Sometime along in 1922 or 1923 I read an item in the New York *Herald-Tribune* about a Georges Le Dantec who had come over here as a stowaway and who had been sent back to England from where he had shipped. I tried to get in touch with the authorities but didn't get any response. I am sure Georges came over here to look me up. He must be a young man now, about 22 or 23 years of age.

"When we first found him he told us his father had been killed in a battle and his mother and sister had been killed at Chateau-Thierry. I learned after getting home that he had run away from home and joined some

Yank outfit and had fallen off a motorcycle at Andelot the day we picked him up.

"I think every man of Evacuation Hospital No. 10 will remember Georges and I hope that someone may be able to give information by which I can trace him."

This report of a second boy mascot causes us to believe that there were many of these lads who attached themselves to outfits and enjoyed the regular meals and pampering they received. We recall that one of the companies in our regiment adopted a German lad while in the Occupation Army. Unfortunately, this lad was also a runaway who had told plausible falsehoods, and was shipped back to his parents.

SCORE one in our efforts to assist the Army Pictorial Service, U. S. Signal Corps, in its enormous task of identifying the individual soldiers in the thousands of pictures which it took during the war. We refer, of course, to the Signal Corps picture which appeared in Then and Now in the December

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Monthly. The only information we could offer was that the men were of the 153d Infantry Brigade, 77th Division, and that the picture was taken at Nordausques, France, on May 20, 1918.

As stated when we presented the Signal Corps picture in December it's a hard job after ten years to identify men in uniform from photographs, and this picture ran true to form. Notwithstanding the fact that we knew from the Signal Corps' report that these men were of the 77th Division, Legionnaire J. F. Martin, a member of 14th New York Infantry Post, of Brooklyn, New York, assured us that the caption was wrong and that these men had been in the 99th Aero Squadron, although he couldn't recall the name of any of them.

Then A. L. Bloss of Erie, Pennsylvania, came along with a report that the men were former members of Company A, 112th Infantry, 28th Division, and that the picture was taken in Waterdal, near St. Omer, France, and he identified two of them by name.

We were beginning to doubt the Signal Corps' records and to think that possibly these men weren't of the 77th Division at all, until ex-First Lieutenant Talbot M. Brewer, 306th Machine Gun Battalion, and now of Ossining-on-Hudson, New York, wrote and identified positively by name four of the men as members of Company C of his outfit. And from Past Department Commander Walter F. Thorp of Westerly, Rhode Island, we received assurance that these men were of Company M, 306th Infantry, and one of them was G. Stong.

Then a letter from John T. Coggins of Plainfield, New Jersey, who had belonged to Machine Gun Company, 306th Infantry, offering no definite identification of the individuals but stating that the 153d Brigade had been located in the vicinity of Nordausques. And to add to the confusion, Past Commander Harold B. Silverburgh of Judson L. Weinand Post of Brooklyn reported that he and William B. White recognized the soldier seated near the center of the picture as the late Sergeant Judson L. Weinand of Company B, 305th Machine Gun Battalion.

THERE we were—with six identifications on our hands and each of them different, although four stayed within the limits of the 77th Division and within the limits of the 153d Infantry Brigade. The investigation then took a turn for the better and, incidentally, proved that at least part of the caption furnished by the Signal Corps was incorrect.

To Legionnaire H. J. Whitehead of Saranac Lake, New York, goes the credit for submitting first the identifications which have since been proved correct. He returned the picture with each of the seven soldiers identified as follows: Standing, from left to right, Fred Zerst, Bill Frey, Wechsler and Harry Bowman. Seated, in the same order, Walter Gartner, Louis Lowenstein and the man on the chair next to the old Frenchman, Joe De Rinaldi. And he stated that the men were part of the detachment of 302d Train Headquarters and M. P.—which last statement blows up that part of the caption with reference to the 153d Infantry Brigade, although the outfit was part of the 77th Division.

A letter from Past President Emma R. Campbell of the Auxiliary Unit of Daniel M. O'Connell Post of Rockaway Beach, New York, told us that the boy with a smile, standing in the center of the picture, was her brother, John M. Frey—thereby changing the "Bill" which Whitehead offered as this man's Christian name to "John." Frey was with the 302d Ammunition Train Headquarters and is now in business in New York City. Mrs. Campbell added that this same picture had appeared in the *New York Telegram* in 1918.

FURTHER confirmation came the next day from former First Lieutenant W. R. Weisiger, Medical Corps, and now of Richmond, Virginia, who identified Sergeant Irving Wechsler, Medical Department, and Giuseppe (the Italian for "Joe") De Rinaldi, a private in the Medical Department. He added that De Rinaldi was a barber and Wechsler a druggist and both hailed from New York City, and that the others were motorcycle riders, etc., of the headquarters detachment.

And Dr. J. L. Davis of Syracuse, New York, former Dental Officer of the outfit, confirms the identification of Frederick Zerst, who was his dental assistant, and De Rinaldi, who was the detachment's barber. He states also that Walter Gartner acted as chauffeur to the colonel who was Train Commander, and to Major Herrick of the M. P.'s. Dr. Davis says that the building in the background belonged to the old Frenchman in the picture—that it was sort of a chicken house or similar outbuilding and was used as the dental infirmary. Also that he had extracted several teeth for the old man.

When we acknowledged Whitehead's first letter about the picture, he came back with this:



Here we have another of the "whoosit" pictures taken by the Photographic Section of the U. S. Signal Corps during the war. Says the Signal Corps record: "This old wagon wheel makes a solid revolving base for the Hotchkiss anti-aircraft gun. Squad of Battery E, Sixth Field Artillery, Menil-la-Tour, France."

Who are these soldiers and where are they now?

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"As you are still up in the air about the identifications and I am so het up about the contradictions regarding that particular photo in December's Monthly, I must needs get this off my chest right away.

"First, you can bet your bottom franc that my identification is correct in every detail, i. e., the names of the men and the outfit of the 77th Division. We agree that the picture was taken in Nordausques, where the M. P.'s were quartered from the latter part of April through May, 1918.

"Second, I was the statistician of that outfit, remember each one of the fellows (as there were only about twenty-five in all attached to M. P. Hq.) and recall distinctly the day the photo was taken. Our headquarters was in the house next door to the one pictured and in order to get the old Frenchman in the picture, the photographer took the crew over to that house. Somebody had to stay to answer the phone, etc., so I did not get into the picture.

"Frey is now employed in the Brooklyn Branch of the Aeolian Company, Lowenstein lives in Brooklyn, and Gartner, I believe, in Jamaica, New York. Bowman died about two years after he arrived home, from a heart attack.

"I can positively assure you that some of the other men who offered identifications are honestly mistaken and in accepting the facts as stated herein and in my previous letter I can guarantee you to be free from all suits for libel, slander, mayhem or what have you."

And that seems to take care of that problem. Since the Gang did such a bang-up job with our first attempt in helping the Army Pictorial Service, U. S. Signal Corps, we're going to give them another try. Cast your eyes on the picture on the preceding page—only three men to identify this time and we know that they were members of a squad of Battery E, Sixth Field Artillery, First Division, and that the picture was taken at Menilla-Tour, France, which was a short distance north of well-known Toul, hub city of the St. Mihiel salient's southern line.

THERE'S the old gag, too often true, about the first-class carpenter who was appointed company cook, and the former chef who was made company mechanic. H. W. Cohick of McElhattan, Pennsylvania, who sent the small snapshot which decorates this page, tells us that his wartime outfit, the 314th Telegraph Battalion, suffered similarly as a unit as a result of such emergency assignments when the A. E. F. was being organized.

With the picture of the dog-cart, which was snapped near Bellegarde, France, during the late summer of 1918, Cohick sent also a mimeographed history of the 413th Telegraph Battalion, Signal Corps, from which we gleaned the following facts:

In October, 1917, upon cabled request of General Pershing, the War Department ordered the immediate organization of four telegraph battalions, which were needed to operate the railroads of the A. E. F. By the middle of November, more than a hundred members of

the Signal Enlisted Reserve Corps, composed almost entirely of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company's personnel, were called into active service and assigned to the 413th Telegraph Battalion. On the last day of January, 1918, the battalion found itself in Angers, France.

Here was an organization of experienced telegraph operators. The men soon found, however, that instead of operating telegraph keys, they were to construct telegraph lines, and the experienced operators, by the rigors of war, became pole-setters and linemen. Inexperienced and unaccustomed as they were to this construction work, the men fell to and established records of which they were proud.

Company D, for instance, with only twenty men on detail, set 128 eight-meter poles in six hours' time on the Tours-Nevers-St. Nazaire line. At Angers, the time required for completing installations in the new yards of the P. & O. railroad was estimated by the director of the French P. T. & T. at eight weeks. The 413th completed the job in just one week. Record after record was broken.

And there we have an insight into the job of another branch of the service about which the Then and Now Gang had heard nothing heretofore. Any other outlying units of the A. E. F. ready to step forward and make report?

OUR roster of active members of the Then and Now Gang includes quite a few Post Commanders and Adjutants and Historians, and now we've bagged the Americanism Chairman of the Department of Wisconsin, O. C.

"Scoop" Hulett of Burlington, Wisconsin. "Scoop" sent us the gob picture which is shown on this page and tells us that he enlisted L. E. R. (whatever that means—we were a doughboy), and went to radio school for a while. Then he changed his rating to fireman, hoping to go to sea; got transferred to the Public Works regiment instead and fought the balance of the war there—all of this at Great Lakes, Illinois. Most of the time in the regiment he says he rated chief of section and for a time acted as company commander, but his real rating was fireman. Here's his yarn:

"The snapshot I enclose was taken in the fall of 1918 in front of the Eleventh Regiment Headquarters, Camp Paul Jones, Great Lakes Naval Training Station, Great Lakes, Illinois. It shows the Navy's way of settling grudges. I do not remember which boy won the bout; possibly some of the readers can supply this information.

"It was a big day in the regiment. The Fourth Liberty Loan was being floated at the time and some of the 'gold braiders,' wise in the way of gobs, devised a clever plan to get the gang to loosen up. They passed the word to the company commanders that if they had any grudges to settle to bring their men up to headquarters. Then they had a ring built.

"At noon orders came for each company commander to drill his men over to headquarters. The



Rather tough on the dog, but this was one means of transportation near Bellegarde, France, snapped by H. W. Cohick of the 413th Telegraph Battalion



When men at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station had grudges to settle, they were paired off in the squared circle as pictured above. So reports O. C. Hulett of Burlington, Wisconsin

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boys were not deaf mutes, but they talked with their hands while settling their arguments.

"The fights over, a 'gold braid' climbed into the ring and after him came an old-fashioned 'paddle wheel' such as you see at county fairs and carnivals. Now I have no photographic evidence, but there ought to be enough of the old Eleventh Regiment to back me up in my statement that Uncle Sam broke the law against the use of paddle wheels all to . . . smithereens . . . that afternoon. Paddles sold for four bits and every time they sold 100 paddles the wheel spun and some lucky gob got a \$50 Liberty Bond! I don't know how many bonds they peddled but the regiment was cleaned so clean that there was not even a craps game going until payday!

"The incongruity of the thing did not strike me at the time and I was too busy handing my money up into the ring, or I would have tried to take a picture. One boy won \$150 worth of Liberty Bonds for \$1.50 that day. When he hit it the third time they pulled him up into the ring, showed him to the crowd and then refused to sell him any more paddles."

IF FLORIDA members of the Then and Now Gang object to Legionnaire Chester B. Wohler's introduction to his account of the picture shown on this page, they can retaliate by submitting to the Company Clerk wartime stories in which reference might be made subtly to certain reported earth quiverings on the West Coast. You see Chester B. Wohler, ex-second lieutenant, Air Service, is a resident of San Diego, California. Listen to his story:

"The hurricane in Florida recalls to the mind of this aviator a little experience he had down at Gerstner Field, Lake Charles, Louisiana. Perhaps some of the readers of your column were there and will enjoy seeing the picture I enclose.

"It will bring to their memories a certain Tuesday morning—August 6, 1918. We got up at the usual hour and started flying, only to have to call off the work because of a rainstorm which was blowing in from the Gulf. And how it did rain—as it can rain in Louisiana. About noon the wind started blowing rather briskly and by two o'clock roofs started to come off.

"About this time several other fellows and I were watching the blow, over toward the row of hangars, when there came a sudden blast and the huge doors on the three hangars across from our barracks came off with a bang and some of the ships were blown out and piled up.

"Then things started to happen right and left. A piece of a hangar, about twenty feet square, flew over and landed on the roof of our barracks and buildings began to topple like card-board houses. We all rushed to our bunks, packed our belongings in our bedding rolls, stacked them, put on our raincoats and were ready to leave if our barracks went. We didn't dare leave it until we had to as the air outside was full of flying timbers. Somehow our barracks stood so we stuck with it.

"Toward evening the wind calmed and it stopped raining—and what a mess the field was. I was flying instructor there on T. M. Scouts stage and perhaps some of my class will remember how we worked as a wrecking crew on the hangars, salvaging what we could of the ships. Shortly thereafter I was ordered to Rockwell Field at San Diego as a combat flying instructor and was I glad to get back to God's country? I don't know how they finally came out with the wrecked Gerstner Field.

"So ended my war."

Wohler's contribution is from a branch of the service from which we have heard little, although there should be plenty of interesting incidents in the Air Service to report. Suppose more of the ex-ffers line up and tell their true-story experiences.

THE most important order of business in these monthly meetings of the Then and Now Gang has been somewhat neglected here of late. We call the March meeting to order and remind the members of a duty which has heretofore been promptly and effectively met. So we'll lay aside the reminiscences of the happier days of service and turn our attention to those comrades who failed to return from the war.

There are mothers and fathers and wives and other relatives of these absent comrades who are still awaiting some definite information regarding the last moments of their heroes. War Department telegrams were brief and (Continued on page 77)



Not satisfied with whipping airplanes about when they were aloft, an extra gust of wind of tornado proportions swooped down on Gerstner Field, Lake Charles, Louisiana, on August 6, 1918, and left it in the above-pictured condition. Ex-flying instructor Chester B. Wohler of San Diego, who weathered the storm, supplied the print

The perfect boss



SOME men never seem to have any trouble in keeping stenographers. They're pipe smokers, too, but they've discovered Sir Walter Raleigh, the mildest, mellowest smoke that ever came out of the South. Stoke that strong old briar with Sir Walter Raleigh, men, and not even the sniffiest steno will object to it. By the way, we line the tin with gold foil to keep Sir Walter fresh and fragrant to the last pipeful.

LIMITED OFFER (for the United States only)

If your favorite tobacconist does not carry Sir Walter Raleigh, send us his name and address. In return for this courtesy, we'll be delighted to send you without charge a full-size tin of this *milder* pipe mixture.

Dept. 200, Brown and Williamson
Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky



SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Who discovered how good a pipe can be

It's



milder

Legionnaires

(Continued from page 31)

production of their papers have their names and nationality changed on the roster.

One afternoon I had just returned to Marrakech from the Mtouga sector and was enjoying an apéritif on the terrace of the café frequented by the enlisted men when a soldier said to me, "The sergeant wants to see you." He pointed to a group of non-coms who were strangers to me. I approached the group and asked which sergeant wanted to see me.

"I do," said one in good old U. S. A., and held out a horny hand. "I heard there was an American here, and I want to give you the old mitt. I've just got in and they told me you'd just come down from the third battalion. I'm stable sergeant of the second." He was smiling at me, as if I should at once recall him. But he looked to me like any other French sergeant.

"I'm Seeler, late corporal E Troop, Sixth Cavalry. I've seen you at American army posts. Welcome to our city."

Then I remembered him, and we had a real chin-chin.

"I've been in the Legion for six years now," Seeler said. "I got my stripes right away—that is, before my twenty-one months were done and the first pay increase came along. They found I knew horses and mules and since then I've been stable sergeant in various outfits. This is no harder than I found life in our Army and I draw about a thousand francs a month now, which is better than I'd be getting in the States as a stable sergeant, everything considered. I'm getting a month's leave and have two offers for jobs to use up that month. I'm sticking out this thing for the fifteen years and then they'll retire me. I'll get good retirement pay, for I'll be better than a stable sergeant then. After that I'll get me a business here in Morocco and settle down.

"This life here is about like the Mexican border only we go out and fight and there isn't any border. Any guy can get by in this outfit and get his stripes if he does his job, learns French and is a soldier. All I ever got to be in our Army was a corporal, but I did learn how to be a soldier, so when I came here I knew what was expected of me.

"You've been with the third battalion, so you have a pretty good idea what the worst is. You can bet I've seen worse outfits in the American Army under campaign conditions, and lots more fatigue being done. This Legion isn't like the movies and the books any more than the American Army is like the movies. It's just a bunch of fighting men who look after each other and do their stuff. And like any army, if they don't strut their stuff they get hell."

Having just come from the Mtouga, back of beyond, I quite agreed with Sergeant Seeler, Légionnaire, ex-corporal, U. S. A. If you are a good soldier you get along. That is true of all armies,

and the Légion Etrangère, more than twenty thousand strong, has no Leavenworth. Their small prison in Sidi Bel Abbes, as I write this, has fewer than fifty inmates. And a look over them shows that they are, in many cases, the types that spend most of their days in prisons, in the army or out.

Having visited the United States Disciplinary Barracks at Fort Leavenworth and written some articles about it in *The American Legion Weekly*, I am interested in military prisons. I made careful inquiry both in Morocco and Algeria as to the type of prisoner that commits military offenses in the Légion Etrangère. In all cases I have met with the same reply: "It is the former soldier of the Bat' d'Af."

In France, as in most European countries, military service is compulsory. Many try to dodge it, especially members of the criminal element—the apaches. When the police arrest such a man for a crime and it is found that he has not done his military service, on the expiration of his sentence he is turned over to the military authorities. They, in turn, induct him for his military term, and off he goes with a draft of other criminals of the Bat' d'Af to Tunisia or Morocco, there to do his service where he cannot contaminate the young soldier who is not a criminal. The officer personnel, as at Leavenworth, is carefully picked.

I saw a draft of more than a hundred for the Bat' d'Af arrive at Oran. They were, in many cases, of the hardened criminal type. A draft of sixty recruits for the Légion Etrangère came on the same boat. Placed side by side, the Bat' d'Af group could be easily picked out as they stood next to the embryo Légionnaires.

Many graduates of the Bat' d'Af, after returning to France, join the Légion Etrangère. Some make fine soldiers. The others fill the guard houses. Once in the Legion the former member of the Bat' d'Af is, as a rule, quickly spotted, for tattooing is their favorite pastime while serving their military time.

So much for the hard eggs.

The story I am about to tell took a lot of urging before I had permission to let it out. A prince, even if he has no principality, is a touchy person. And my buddy in the *Fourth Regiment* was a real honest-to-goodness prince. That may sound like the old McCoy, but being shipmates with a prince is an old story in the Legion. This one is real, and his real name will be used.

How I came to win the prince's confidence may be of interest. My first day in the Legion this man came up to me and asked me, in excellent English, if I were an American. I told him that I was. He told me that he was a Georgian—Georgia, Asia Minor, not Georgia, U. S. A., of course.

Before I went to the Mtouga I got to know him very well. I had been trying

to place him. Then one night, over coffee, I remembered. He had been telling me how good the American Red Cross in Constantinople had been to the Georgians. He had then been the head of the Georgian colony there—in other words, president of his country. But he had no country, and was more or less in the hands of the Turks save for Admiral Bristol and the American destroyers. I said to him: "You are Prince Charlekoff?"

I have seen a lot of men change color in my life, but never one like Charlekoff. He blushed as only a man of forty-three can at times. He hung his head. He would not speak. Finally, after I began to feel I had made a faux pas unforgivable, he spoke. The conversation on that little terrace in Marrakech was as follows:

"How—how do you know me? My God, no one in this regiment knows that I am the prince! How do you?"

"It is simple," I told him. "I have seen your picture in American papers. I have been trying for days to remember who you were. Princes cannot hide forever."

Later I got his consent to tell his story to the members of The American Legion. It was with the understanding that it would perhaps impress upon the Legion the fact that Georgia is now under the rule of the Bolsheviks and that the prince is now a soldier. Here, then, goes the story of the Prince of Georgia, soldier of the Légion Etrangère:

"Before the war I was a colonel in the Russian cavalry. All princes of Georgia went into the Russian Army, even though they did not like Russia especially. It was the thing to do. In these days you read and hear about many princes—Russian and otherwise—who were not princes before. Two American cinema stars have married what the papers call Georgian princes. I know both boys. They are no more princes than this glass. True, they are of good birth. Their father was a general, but that would not make you or me a prince.

"When the war started I went to the front as a lieutenant colonel. That is one thing about being a prince. You are also a high-ranking officer after your first years. I was wounded twice, the second time just before the revolution. After the revolution I remained quiet in my home with my mother and sister, who are still in Georgia. It was my country. I would not flee.

"After a while the Cheka, the Soviet secret police, sent for me. I went. They told me that I was to be held for being a counter-revolutionist. I said nothing. For two years I was in a Cheka prison. I will say no more—except that it was terrible.

"At the end of the two years they called me before the Soviet committee for Georgia. They told me again of the charge, and then, rather shamefaced, said it had been investigated. They asked me if I would leave Georgia if released. I told them that I would. They told me that they could let me go on the next (Continued on page 48)

CASEY JONES tells

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)



Casey Jones, President of Curtiss Flying Service, is one of America's foremost pilots. As chief pilot and operating manager of the Curtiss Flying Service, "The oldest flying organization in the world," he has done much to make aviation safe and practical. This photograph of Casey Jones and Jim Henry was taken at Curtiss Field, N. Y., just before Casey hopped off for California.

"We flyers vote for cool heads and COOL SHAVES"

Jim Henry—famous Mennen Salesman—is interviewing some famous users of Mennen Shaving Cream. His reports will be published frequently in this magazine.

JIM HENRY: "Before you take off, Casey, I want to ask a question. What do you think of our new idea of Menthol-iced Shaving Cream?"

CASEY JONES: "Say, a flying field is certainly a good place to ask that question! A flyer is a crank on shaving and shaving cream. And there's a good reason for it. Out in all kinds of weather—flying every day—sometimes in an open cockpit where the wind hits you full in the face. Every morning my face feels grateful for the cooling, soothing feeling that I get from Mennen Menthol-iced and my whiskers come off without a yank. Mennen Menthol-iced gives me the coolest, smoothest shave I've ever had. I'm for it . . . every day."

Mennen Menthol-iced— The Young Man's Shave!

Modern—refreshing—unique—that's the new Mennen Menthol-iced.

Young men are using it—men who appreciate cooler, cleaner, smoother shaves. Jim Henry has talked with hundreds of men asking what they think of Menthol-

iced. Here are some of the answers:

An executive—"Mennen Menthol-iced certainly makes a difference in my shave! I can sense it in the smooth way my blade works; I can see it in the mirror; I can feel the difference through a whole business day."

A well known artist—"Particularly good for blue Mondays. I like the invigorating after-effect on my skin."

A famous doctor—"The soothing menthol relaxes the facial nerves and protects the skin. I recommend it highly."

Mennen Menthol-iced Shaving Cream is the newest member of the Mennen line—a modern team-mate for the regular Mennen Shaving Cream. Both Mennen creams have *dermutation*—a three-way shaving improvement—exclusively Mennen's. 1—it softens the beard, 2—it lubricates the razor blade, 3—it invigorates the skin. . . The proof is in a trial! Send the coupon.

Also Mennen Skin Balm—the touch of luxury to a perfect shave, and Mennen Talcum for Men—the man's powder that does not show. Great after a bath!

MENNEN MENTHOL-ICED SHAVING CREAM



Jim Henry's treat—14 COOL shaves.

JIM HENRY, The Mennen Company, Dept. B-1, Newark, N. J. All right, Jim! If Mennen Menthol-iced is as good as you and Casey Jones say it is, send me a FREE tube. And a trial tube of Skin Balm, too.

Name.....

Address.....



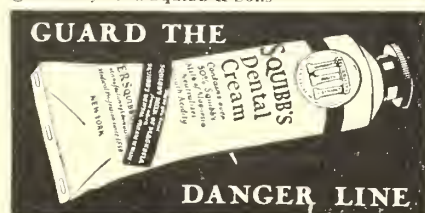
ON DRESS PARADE

*Your teeth are always on
dress parade when you use
Squibb's Dental Cream
morning and night*

You had good, healthy teeth when you joined the service. Keep them that way. Watch the treacherous acids that form at The Danger Line, and cause decay and irritation. Squibb's Dental Cream fights these acids by depositing tiny particles of Milk of Magnesia right where they are needed. Destroying acids bubble away when Squibb's gets after them. It contains over 50% of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia.

*The next time you lay in stores, re-
member to ask for Squibb's Dental
Cream.*

© 1929 by E. R. Squibb & Sons



Legionnaires

(Continued from page 47)

boat to Constantinople if I could prove to them that I was not counter-revolutionary. I replied, 'I am not and have not been a counter-revolutionist simply because I have not had men and money. If, later, I have both, I shall be counter to you.' 'What assurance have we that you tell the truth?' asked the chairman of the committee. 'Only the word of Prince Charlekoff,' I replied.

"The next day I was taken to a ship. A gold cigarette case and a gold card and match case, which had been taken from me when I was arrested two years before, were handed back—I had never expected to see them again. The captain of the Bolshevik guard that took me to the ship was a former sergeant in my own cavalry regiment. He was most polite, under the circumstances, and did not illtreat me. When I departed he stood at salute and cried 'Mon Prince!'

"Then came Constantinople. There I was elected president of the Georgians. Soon after I came some five thousand Georgians were released from Soviet prisons. I had to take care of them. The American Red Cross and Admiral Mark Bristol helped me. Unlike the Russians, my Georgians wanted baths and tooth-brushes first. That surprised

the Americans. We never had any trouble with my countrymen, although there was much trouble in Turkey with the Russians.

"From Constantinople I went to France. Then I went broke. There were just two things to do. Become a gigolo and live on the wealthy tourists and marry someone who wanted to be a princess, or else be a soldier. I have always been a soldier, so I went to the French War Office and joined the Legion.

"I am an old man now. I am starting my career all over again—at the bottom. It is hard, especially after being a high officer and held in high respect. But one man can live only so many years. If I die now what is that? Perhaps ten years short of my span. And it is much better to die as a soldier than as a gigolo or the husband of one who seeks a title. Do you not say the same?"

I said the same and many more of them. Charlekoff speaks and reads and writes English as well as any of us. As this is being written he is first lieutenant of the Second Battalion, Fourth Regiment, stationed in Marrakech. No one in his regiment knows, even today, who he is, outside of the fact that he is Charlekoff, a Georgian gentleman.

Pursuit

(Continued from page 17)

thoroughly drunk. Herold bought a bottle of whisky and carried off a carbine from among the weapons that John Surratt had stored at the inn following the collapse of the kidnapping plot. Herold also carried off the parcel that Mrs. Surratt had left at the inn on that afternoon before. The parcel contained a pair of field glasses. While Herold was busy Booth sat on his horse drinking whisky. As they rode away Booth tossed down the empty bottle exclaiming, "I have murdered the President," and Herold said, "I fixed Seward."

The confession unnerved Lloyd. When he had finished he broke down, crying, "I am to be shot! That vile woman has ruined me!" He was taken to Washington and locked up in the Carroll Prison.

On the same day, Friday, April 21st, Dr. Samuel Mudd was arrested and taken to Bryantown, five miles from his home, where he answered questions freely and told this story:

At four o'clock in the morning after the murder he was awakened by a young man who asked for medical attention for his companion, who was on a horse in the yard. The man on the horse wore a thick beard. Dr. Mudd and the young man, who said his name was Tyson, carried the injured man into the Mudd parlor, where it was discovered that the small bone of the left leg was broken. The flesh about the wound was much lacerated, apparently from hard riding.

Dr. Mudd set the limb and accepted a fee of twenty-five dollars. Tyson did all of the talking. He said his companion's name was Tyler. Dr. Mudd made no further inquiries. Discretion is a part of a doctor's profession, and in southern Maryland in wartime it was a part of everyone's profession. Dr. Mudd granted the injured man's request for a little rest and the young man carried him upstairs. Dr. Mudd went back to sleep.

The young man had breakfast with the family and talked a great deal. He gave the Mudds the impression of a harum-scarum boy who was trying to show off. A servant carried food to the patient upstairs. In the afternoon Mrs. Mudd took a tray containing some dainties to the sick-room. The patient declined the refreshments and asked for whisky. A little put out by the lack of cordiality, Mrs. Mudd returned to the kitchen to superintend the preparations for Easter. She left the kitchen to see the young man helping the sick man down the stairs. It was awkward work and the invalid's whiskers became skewed around so that Mrs. Mudd could see that they were false. The injured man's face was so drawn by pain, however, that Mrs. Mudd felt compassion for him and said that they were welcome to remain for a while. The young man thanked her and made some flip answer about having a lady-love nearby and that they should go there.

An hour later Dr. Mudd returned from Bryantown with the news of the President's assassination and the arrival of troops in search of the assassin. Mrs. Mudd told of the departure of the two men and of the false whiskers. "Those men were suspicious characters," the doctor said to his wife. "I shall go back to Bryantown and tell the officers." It was suppertime and Mrs. Mudd persuaded the doctor to wait until morning and inform the officers when the Mudds went to church, which was done.

Dr. Mudd admitted his previous meetings with Booth. He had seen him three times. But Dr. Mudd seemed so willing to assist the authorities that they gave him twenty-four hours in which to prepare to submit to arrest. The doctor went home, arranged his affairs and returned alone to Bryantown, from whence he was removed to the Carroll Prison. At the prison Dr. Mudd examined photographs of Booth and of Herold and said that it was possible that the injured man was Booth. Doubt on this score was removed, however, when the boot that the surgeon had cut from the broken leg was found in Mudd's house. It bore the lettering "J. Wilkes —." Dr. Mudd's composure was a little shaken when the boot was handed to him to identify. He said he had not examined the boot previously and had meant to give it to the authorities but had forgotten to do so.

Thus Booth's flight into Maryland became an established fact. Was he still there? This was the question that troubled the authorities.

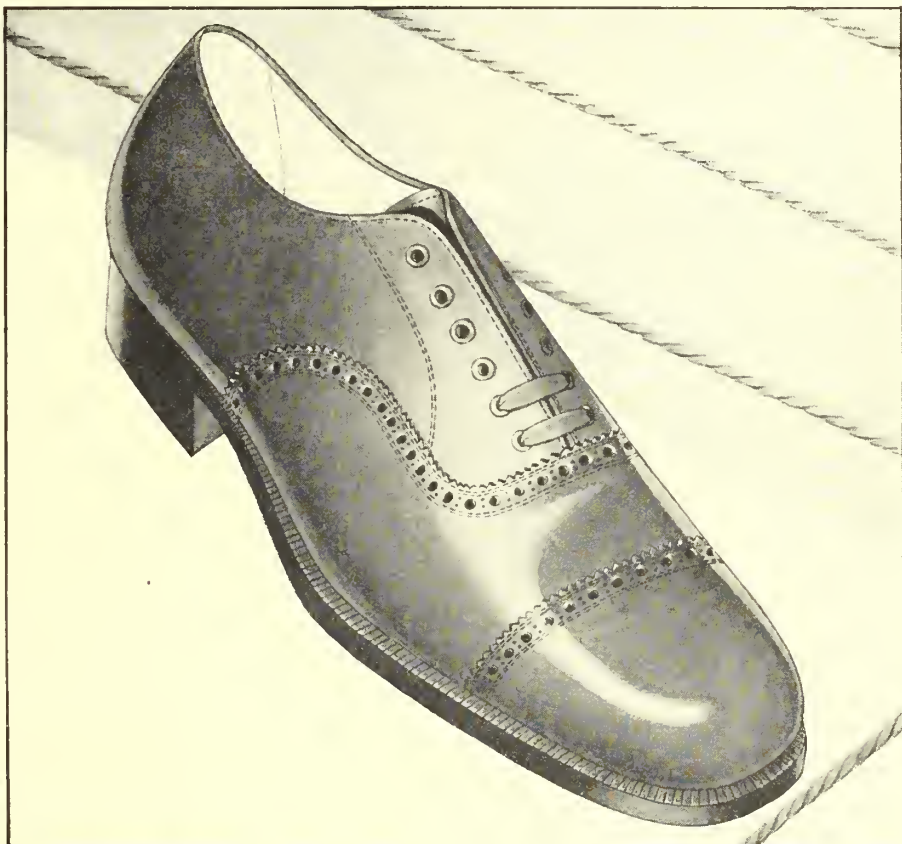
The question had troubled Captain William Williams of the mounted police as early as Wednesday, April 19th, two days before the disclosures of Dr. Mudd and the confession of Lloyd. Captain Williams was in Port Tobacco, Maryland, on the Potomac forty miles below the capital, where the Richmond underground crossed the river into Virginia. It was here that it was thought Booth would attempt to cross, if he had not already crossed. Sixteen hundred cavalry had swept the surrounding swamps and countryside. They were ordered to dismount and sweep again.

Captain Williams was in the barroom of Brawner's Hotel in Port Tobacco when a tall man entered. He had a weatherbeaten look and a lean, hard face. Williams knew the tall man. His name was Thomas A. Jones and he had been the chief agent of the Maryland end of the underground.

Looking at Jones as he spoke, Captain Williams said that he was authorized to announce that \$300,000 would be paid for information as to the whereabouts of Booth. Mr. Jones was conversing at the bar. For an instant his steady eye caught the glance of the policeman and presently he sauntered from the room.

For two more days the troops and detectives continued their fruitless search about Port Tobacco. Then on what seemed to be a hot scent they began to draw off into St. Mary's County, adjoining. Thomas A. Jones was one of the first to be aware of this maneuver. He stole from (Continued on page 50)

WALK-OVER SHOES



17,000 rabid fight fans saw this rip-snorting battle at Madison Square Garden. In this mighty well-dressed crowd, many pairs of Walk-Overs were seen, and admired.

Fit for a fight or the "Follies"—just right for the office too—the "Warwick" is that way because of its lines—conservative, yet deftly lightened by smart stitching and perforations. Has traditional Walk-Over quality built right into it. Comes in black or tan. Its price is \$10. Geo. E. Keith Company, Campello, Brockton, Mass.



An amazing prescription for quick relief from Constipation . . .

POISONS



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A delicious mint-flavored tablet—Feen-a-mint. Just like chewing gum, but—it contains a scientifically-adjusted quantity of one of the most remarkable laxative agents known!

And because you *chew* Feen-a-mint, this tasteless laxative is carried into the intestinal tract *gradually*. No cramping, no griping—no poisoning of the system, either. For this laxative is not digested like ordinary laxatives—it passes unchanged from the body after its work is done.

No wonder doctors endorse the principle of this new method. No wonder over a million Feen-a-mints a day are bought by ex-users of pills and salts.

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Feen-a-mint

The Chewing Laxative

Health Products Corporation
113 N. 13th St., Newark, N. J.

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Please send free samples and booklet on correcting constipation.

Name _____

Address _____

Pursuit

(Continued from page 49)

his house and cautiously approached a little pine woods a mile away, giving a low, whistled signal. In the thicket he came upon two miserable human beings shivering under a wet blanket.

"Tonight," said Jones, "you cross the river."

For five days and six nights Booth and Herold had lain in the wood while searchers passed and repassed within a few yards of them. The broken leg had utterly disarranged the contemplated plan of flight. Surrattsville had been reached within two hours, or a little more, after the crime. This was one-third of the way to the river, which under ordinary circumstances would have been crossed before daylight. But the splintered bone was tearing the flesh of Booth's leg at every jump and the pair turned from the preconceived line of escape toward Dr. Mudd's, riding slowly.

Leaving Mudd's the next evening, the fugitives almost ran into the arms of the troops at Bryantown. A Negro guided them around the village or they should have done so. The Negro acted as their pilot nearly all night, taking them as far as the plantation of Colonel Samuel Cox, a prominent man whose house was not three miles from the Potomac River.

Herold knocked at the door and requested shelter for himself and a disabled friend. Cox had been an open Confederate sympathizer, but he was shocked at the news of the President's murder, which he had received just before going to bed. He questioned Herold closely and the boy refused to give his name. Cox said that with the President's murderer at large and soldiers apt to appear at any moment he could not in the middle of the night take in strangers who declined to explain themselves. The fugitives passed the rest of the night in terror in a little ravine on Cox's farm.

While riding about his place the next morning—Easter morning—Colonel Cox came upon the outlaws. Booth's plight was pitiful and Cox promised to help them to the river. He led the way to the pine thicket, which was on a neighbor's land, and told the fugitives to remain there until a man appeared and gave a certain whistled signal; then to do what this man said.

The man with the whistle signal was Cox's foster brother, Thomas A. Jones. He told the pair that his instructions were to get them out of Maryland as quickly as possible and that he would do so. He brought them food and newspapers. But before Jones could move his charges the country swarmed with troops, and Jones was obliged to steal out and shoot the mounts of Booth and Herold for fear that they would answer the neighs of the cavalry horses.

Booth's sufferings were terrible, and he was not tortured by the pangs of the flesh entirely. In the newspapers he read of the universal horror of his deed, and of its repudiation by the South. In a

notebook that he carried Booth penciled his defense. He raged against a world that had misjudged a patriotic deed. "For doing what Brutus was honored for—what made William Tell a hero . . . I am looked upon as a common cut-throat" and much more in the same vein. He complained of the Government's injustice in suppressing the letter he had written to the *Intelligencer*. (It was simply Booth's conclusion that the Government had suppressed this letter in which, a few hours before the murder, the megalomaniac had sought to glorify his deed. Mathews, the actor, to whom Booth had given the letter to mail, opened it when he heard of the President's assassination. Fearing he might be unable to explain the possession of such a document, Mathews destroyed the letter and kept his silence about it for two years. The quotation in the previous installment is from Mathews's memory.) Booth further said that for six months he had "worked to capture" and had determined to kill only on the day of the deed. The laborious scribbles also cleared up the dispute over what Booth said when he leaped to the stage of Ford's Theater. It was "Sic semper tyrannis." Herold, Booth wrote, was spending a good deal of time in prayer.

The night that Jones came to remove the fugitives was a miserable one with a cold rain blown by gusts of wind. Booth was lifted astride a horse. He begged to be taken to the house for a cup of hot coffee, but Jones said he was risking enough as it was. The horse was led through the swamp to the river's edge. A flat-bottomed boat was there. It was so dark that the men could not see one another, but went about their business by the sense of touch. Booth was helped into the stern of the boat. He insisted on paying Jones for his trouble, and finally consenting, Jones reckoned up the score item by item. It came to seventeen dollars. Jones would take no more, and Booth counted out seventeen dollars and fumblingly transferred the money to his protector's hand in the darkness.

The river was three miles wide, but Booth must make a slanting crossing, turn a point of land and ascend a creek on the Virginia side, making a passage of about eight miles. Jones did his best to explain the directions to Herold. The boy took the oars and Jones shoved them off.

"God bless you, my dear friend," called Booth. "Goodby, goodby!" And the sound of the oars was silenced by the wind and the rush of the rain on the water.

Herold lost his way and rowed all night, landing at daybreak on the Maryland side, fifteen miles by shoreline from the starting place. But the next night he made the crossing to Virginia.

By one means and another the pair made their way eight miles inland to the

home of Dr. Richard Stuart, whose fervent devotion to the Southern cause recommended him to the fugitives as a protector. But Dr. Stuart had laid down his arms, and he declined to harbor two such suspicious looking characters. He gave them some food, however, and directed them to a Negro's hut where Booth wrote a note and sent it to the doctor:

"Forgive me, but I have some little pride. I was sick, tired, with a broken leg, and in need of medical assistance. I would not have turned a dog from my door in such a plight. . . . The sauce of meat is ceremony, the meeting were bare without it. Be kind enough to accept the enclosed five dollars, although hard to spare, for what we have had. STRANGER."

Next morning the Negro drove the outlaws twelve miles to Port Conway on the Rappahannock River. While waiting for a fisherman to ferry them over the river three Confederate officers rode up. Herold called one of them, a Captain Jett, aside. He disclosed his identity and threw himself on the Southerner's mercy. Jett was greatly agitated but presently he promised to do something. They crossed the Rappahannock and three miles further Captain Jett introduced "John William Boyd," a wounded fellow-Confederate, to the household of a rather imposing Virginia plantation manor. Jett rode on to Bowling Green to call on a young lady.

The name of Booth's hosts was Garrett. The following afternoon—Tuesday, April 24th, the ninth day after the crime—at about five o'clock Booth, Herold and the Garrett family were seated on the front gallery when a platoon of Federal cavalry galloped past. Booth and Herold slipped from the porch and hid in a thicket behind the barn and had to be persuaded to come out for supper. The explanations they gave for their conduct did not satisfy their hosts. The Garretts became further suspicious when Booth offered young Jack Garrett \$150 for his horse. It was Jack's army horse and the young man would not sell.

Booth and Herold asked permission to sleep in the barn. It was granted, but when they were inside Jack Garrett locked the barn door and he and his brother went to sleep in a shed nearby, believing the strangers meant to steal horses and depart during the night.

At two o'clock in the morning there was an imperious rap at the door of the Garrett homestead. When Mr. Garrett, senior, appeared in his night shirt he was seized by a man in the uniform of a Federal lieutenant who pressed a pistol to the old man's head. Another soldier dangled a rope. In the background were the indistinct forms of some thirty cavalymen. Among them was a disheveled man whom Mr. Garrett, unless he was too greatly startled, may have recognized as Captain Jett.

Jack Garrett ran up and told his father to do anything the soldiers asked. The barn was surrounded. Lieutenant Luther B. Baker unlocked the door and one of the (Continued on page 52)

An open letter from



BABE RUTH

IT TAKES a lot of know-how to make a good ball glove. And believe me, this Reach crowd sure has it.

I gave them my ideas on what Big League gloves and mitts should be like—and they just pitched in and turned out the sweetest glove jobs you'd ever want to put your fist in.

They got plenty of room for your fingers, yet they fit snugly. They bend and give just as easy and life-like as your hand. And they got that already-broken-in feeling, if you know what I mean.

When you lay one of these gloves against a speeding ball, that ball is going to *stick*! A special-formed pocket does the trick.

Yes sir—they're great gloves all right—and I'm proud that the Reach Company is using my signature on each glove, to show how I approve them.

"Babe" Ruth

To Athletic Directors

If you'll send in the coupon below, we'll send you free, a leaflet describing the individual gloves in the Babe Ruth Line, also a booklet "Playing Pointers". You can have as many of these booklets as you need for distribution among the junior teams fostered by your Post.

These fine gloves are suited perfectly for your teams. Quality of the finest, yet priced moderately. See them at the nearest Reach dealer's. Reach offers splendid bats and shoes, too.

Have your teams play with the Reach Official American League Ball, \$2.00. Another good ball is the Babe Ruth Home Run Special, the liveliest, longest-lasting \$1.00 ball made.

Reach will send you free, a booklet giving many excellent pointers on correct play, also giving a full description of each glove in the Babe Ruth line. Clip the coupon.

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Dept. J. Tulip and Eyre Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

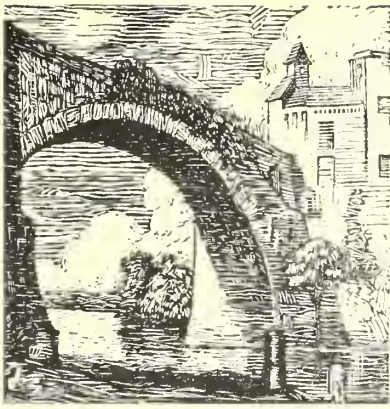
Please send me, free, your booklet "PLAYING POINTERS", together with leaflet describing fully every glove in the Babe Ruth line.

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Bridge at Avignon built about the year 1330

HOW COULD IT BE BETTER?

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Could a vault, to insure protection, have as its basic principle of construction anything better than an immutable law of Nature (the diving bell principle)?

Could there be a better material for a grave vault than metal, which is not porous?

Could higher quality, more rust-resisting material be used than 12 gauge Keystone Copper Steel or Armco Ingot Iron (both being specially processed for Clark) and Solid Copper?

Could there be greater care in workmanship than as shown by the double-welding of seams, oxy-acetylene on the outside and electric on the inside, thus flowing the edges into solid metal, needing no putty or filler?

Could the integrity of manufacture be better demonstrated than by the submersion test of every Clark Vault under 5000 pounds of water?

Supreme quality alone has built the leadership of the Clark Grave Vault. Supreme quality alone is continuing it. That is why leading funeral directors recommend the Clark and give a 50-year guaranty with each one.

Less than Clark complete protection is no protection at all!

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GRAVE VAULT

This trade-mark is on every genuine Clark Grave Vault. It is a means of identifying the vault instantly. Unless you see this mark, the vault is not a Clark.

Pursuit

(Continued from page 51)

younger Garretts went in to demand Booth's surrender. He came out saying that Booth had threatened his life.

Presently Booth called to Baker. "Captain," he said, in a distinct voice. "I know you to be a brave man, and I believe an honorable one. I am a cripple; I have but one leg. If you will withdraw your men one hundred yards I will come out and fight you."

Next Booth proposed that the men be withdrawn fifty yards and lastly he offered to fight the entire command singly. "Give me," he cried, "a chance for life!"

Colonel Everton J. Conger, who was in charge of the detachment, aroused a party of the soldiers, who were dropping asleep from weariness, to pile brush against a corner of the barn.

Booth was heard cursing Herold for cowardice, after which the actor shouted to those outside:

"There's a man in here who wants to come out!"

Davy Herold thrust his arms through a chink in the wall beside the barn door, was manacled and dragged forth, Booth calling out that "before my Maker he is innocent of any crime."

The barn was set on fire, and Booth could be seen through the chinks by the door. He rose from a bed of straw, with a crutch under his left arm and a carbine in his right hand. He took a hop or two toward an old table. He took

hold of the table and made as if to throw it at the fire in an attempt to put it out. The flames licked higher and Booth saw that this was useless. Dropping the crutch, he passed the carbine from his right to his left hand, drew a revolver and took two or three hops toward the door, where Baker was lying in wait beside the chink.

There was a shot. Sergeant Boston Corbett, 16th New York Cavalry, had violated Colonel Conger's imperative order not to fire without command. Booth gave a little spring upward and fell on his back. Baker was on him in an instant, wrenching the revolver from his hand.

This was at 3:15 o'clock in the morning. They laid Booth on the Garrett lawn. He spoke twice. The first time he asked if his captors would communicate a message to his mother. Lieutenant Baker stooped and wrote it down. "Tell her I did—what I thought—was—best." Later he indicated by a look that he wished his arms, which had been paralyzed by Corbett's bullet, raised so that he could see his hands. It was done, and Booth looked at them and said, "Useless—useless!" At seven o'clock he died.

This is the second of three articles by Mr. James on the assassination of President Lincoln and the fate of the conspirators.

A Light Job in the Open Air

(Continued from page 23)

Just as in The American Legion membership is not an essential for service to a veteran, so the British Legion does not attempt to direct who shall or shall not be admitted to the village. County health authorities select the veterans sent to Preston Hall and while the patient is under observation they pay \$13 a week. The period during which a patient is kept under observation varies with his condition—it may be days, weeks or months. When a man is judged capable of working four and one-half hours a day he may be assigned to an industry. There is a twofold object involved: first, so that the Medical Director may assess the effect of exercise on the disease in the chest, and second, to test the adaptability of the individual to various tasks.

That an industrial niche can be found for every patient admitted to Preston Hall is an ideal far from realization. Many cases are too far advanced in disease to even consider an apprenticeship in industry. Others are temperamentally unsuited to tasks requiring skill. For a patient to become a settler he must be physically capable of working thirty-eight hours a week—five

seven-hour days and three hours on Saturday. The other standard is efficiency, for unless he is capable of earning the wages paid him, the settler is a millstone around the neck of his fellow-workers. At this stage in the experiment the efficiency requirement is perhaps higher than actually need be, but it is the point which is the crux of the practicability of all settlement work. It would be an easy matter to admit men who just fail of the present standard, for many patients discharged from the sanatorium from the medical point of view were suitable cases for industrial work. Indeed from the compassionate point of view many such should have been accepted into the village, but if that principle is once admitted then the position of the industries as a self-sustaining undertaking would be jeopardized. Once a settler is admitted into the village it has been found almost impossible to dismiss him even for just cause, and for that reason the greatest care is taken in the selection of settlers. During the fiscal year 1927-1928 only forty-three, or 16.6 percent, of all patients (259) discharged from the sanatorium were adjudged worthy of ad-

mittance to the village by medical and technical standards.

Another consideration is that the industries must be constantly expanding to absorb the new settlers, and each unit of industry must meet competition on quality and price in the open market without fear or favor. That under such rigorous business rule a new settler is admitted to the village on an average of every twelve days is a measure of the Legion's achievement. On September first last there were 125 permanent settlers in the village. Wives, children and hospital patients and staff swell the population to close to seven hundred.

The total number of tuberculous patients discharged from sanatoria in Great Britain every year is twelve thousand, although, as in the States, a tremendous percentage of discharges are "irregular," the term for taking French leave. Were it possible to settle only ten percent of them annually in an industrial village the extent of the contribution would be great.

During the time a patient is apprenticed in an industrial unit for observation he is paid \$1.25 a week, which is charged against his maintenance but is not recoverable from the local authorities. If the man is drawing a pension from the government he is paid that sum only after four weeks' attendance of eleven short working days. If the man receives no pension he is paid from the beginning of his occupational therapy.

Seven different departments are listed in the Preston Hall industries, but only four are competitive in the commercial sense—the appliance or woodworking department, the building department, fibre and leather goods, printing and farm and gardens. The appliance department concerns itself chiefly with the construction of portable buildings, dog-kennels, poultry-houses, garages and bungalows which can be assembled by sections. A high quality of workmanship, despite the fact that practically none of the workers were carpenters in civil life, has resulted in a steady increase in orders. Today fifty men are regularly employed, with thirteen apprentices, and last year more than \$2,000 was distributed in bonuses in addition to the regular wages paid.

Workers in the building and joinery departments are for the most part men with some background of carpentry. Under the direction of an ex-patient who was an architect in civil life some twenty workmen and eight apprentices do practically all the woodwork, painting, decorating and electric wiring in the new houses being built in the settlement. Only the more arduous work, such as bricklaying and plastering, is done by outside labor. Because of the high standard of work represented in the village homes several outside contracts have been awarded the workers from the British Legion settlement.

The manufacture of fibre and leather goods was started only a little more than a year ago, yet it is today to all intents self-supporting, and with increasing orders on (Continued on page 54)



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STUDEBAKER

The Great Independent

A Light Job in the Open Air

(Continued from page 53)



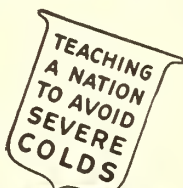
Take Little colds in hand

COLDS are the Nation's most costly and dangerous disease, and altho' scientists confess they do not know what causes them they do know: "To Avoid a BIG cold stop a little one".

In relieving colds, little or big, here's the approved treatment: (1) A day's rest. (2) A laxative. (3) A light diet. (4) Vicks rubbed on throat and chest.

Vicks medicated vapors, released by the body heat, are inhaled direct to the air passages; at the same time Vicks acts like a poultice.

Mothers cherish Vicks as a treatment for children's colds because, being externally applied, it cannot upset delicate digestions.



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hand. The products range from cheap "leatheroid" suitcases to fine handsewn leather goods, and the finished products find their way to London, to Canada, to Australia and to the United States. Several big New York department stores are excellent customers of the British Legion industries—and solely on a business basis, not as a charitable gesture to disabled veterans.

The factory is of modern construction, steel and glass, and four-fifths of the work is done on light machines to minimize physical effort. Miners, textile workers, jacks-of-all-trades from London have proved adept, and as business has increased employment in the heavier duties has been given to healthy members of settlers' families. Although only fifteen settlers are employed in the factory, thirty-five patients are now apprenticed there, and working under ideal sanitary conditions the department offers employment to tuberculous sufferers who could not hope to find work in trades requiring a higher degree of skill.

Printing, from the standpoint of tuberculosis statistics, is a dangerous trade and visitors to Preston Hall often comment on the anomaly of including such a department for occupational therapy of the disease. The answer of the Legion's director is that printing is no different from any other trade if shop conditions are pleasant and sanitary. The building is of the same modern construction as the fibre shop and the department handles all the printing for the headquarters of the British Legion and some two hundred branches besides, in addition to increasing commercial jobs received in open competition. Although men of more than usual intelligence are selected for the printing shop it is found that it requires the utmost patience to train them to become even fifty percent efficient. It is only after a year or more of apprenticeship that the average patient becomes a useful economic unit. Fourteen printing department employees are settlers in the village and twelve are under training. The supervisor is not an ex-patient and his standards of work are those of any good commercial printing house. Business shows a substantial yearly increase.

In the farm and garden department market gardening alone shows a small but consistent loss, which is not surprising because it is true to the history of all experiments in England in gardening as a phase of occupational therapy. In a recent survey by the Ministry of Health it was shown that of sixty-four sanatorium market gardens thirty-eight were operated at a loss and twenty-six showed a negligible profit. A piggery conducted with twenty odd sows is a paying proposition, but the greatest profit in the department comes from the breeding of rabbits, mostly angoras. There are some three hundred rabbits

on the farm and the wool of the angoras and pelts of the chinchillas bring high prices in the market. The angora looks like nothing so much as a titanic ladies' powder puff, until closer investigation discovers two beady pink eyes and a quivering white nose at one end of the fluffy mass. Every three months the angoras give a fine crop of silky wool that commands an unbelievable price a pound and is used in the daintiest textiles. Angoras from the village farm consistently win prizes at agricultural fairs, and the odd little creatures are shipped from Preston Hall to every European country, South Africa, Canada and the United States. The number of patients employed in the farm and garden department varies seasonally, and only the men in charge of the pig and rabbit stocks may be termed specialists.

There is nothing particularly novel in the idea of a general store to supply the wants of the villagers and it is only worthy of note that prices here are marked at a minimum and that five settlers find employment as assistants to the manager, who is also a settler.

Administration of the industries and village is directed by settlers and with a high degree of success, the majority having had necessary training for their tasks and responsibilities in civil life. The average wage earned by settlers in the industries is between \$10 and \$15 a week, which may sound low to an American, but supplemented in most cases by a pension (only seventeen do not receive pensions) and with living costs correspondingly low compared to the States, the wage is sufficient to achieve the goal of the experiment—the individual's economic independence. Indeed the wage of the normal healthy worker in England would average only about \$15 a week. A salary of \$25 a week is considered substantial pay. How remarkable has been the growth in income for settlers during the first three years of the British Legion's administration is attested by the following table of wages paid out:

1925-26	\$36,960
1926-27	45,370
1927-28	62,290

Total to April 1, 1928 \$144,620

The social life of the village is that of any normal community. Families of the settlers are under constant medical supervision. A school for children under eight years of age is conducted in the village hall, which is the center of social activities. Older children are obliged to go to school in Maidstone, some three miles distant. Within the estate is a children's playground equipped with swings, see-saws, sandpiles and similar paraphernalia. Concerts, card parties, moving-picture shows, dances are held at regular intervals, and there are billiard rooms in both the village hall and



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BAND INSTRUMENTS

in the manor house for patients. There are Boy Scouts and Girl Guide groups, in fact all the community adjuncts with which we are equipped in America.

In any successful organization, whether the United States Steel Corporation or the British Legion Village, there is invariably a personality behind—some driving magnetic force to whom the greatest credit belongs. In this case it is the Medical Director, Dr. J. B. McDougall, with most of the alphabet trailing his name. As might be inferred, he is a Scot, with the pleasing burr of the heather on his tongue, an upstanding go-getter who served his country as a captain in the Royal Army Medical Corps and who is carrying on for the human wreckage of the war with a dynamic force that leaves one fairly bewildered. No detail of the industries with which he is not acquainted, no petty quarrel between a sick workman and his boss that he can't straighten out in jig time; one minute he is busy giving oxygen treatments to advanced cases in the hospital ward, the next playing the organ and leading the ambulant patients in the dining room in the singing of grace before dinner. He is an accomplished musician as well as a doctor, and he is perhaps the greatest authority in Europe on the breeding of rabbits. Indeed he is the author of several standard works on rabbits, and it is unnecessary to state that the profitable rabbit department of the industries goes forward under his enthusiastic supervision. To say that he is loved by every resident of the village is to seem to grow sentimental over an unadorned fact. Everyone knows that his devotion to the cause of occupational therapy in the British Legion Village represents a tremendous financial and professional sacrifice of the recognition a man of his talents would achieve in civil life.

I have endeavored to present an unbiased picture of the most successful British experiment. Dr. McDougall's summary is in keeping with the man.

"The value of an industrial settlement for the tuberculous cannot be enhanced by making claims for it which should never have been made," he says. "Nor must its worth be judged by evidences of mere numbers. The settlement idea is a good one, but you cannot enlarge it indiscriminately without detracting from both its value and its vigor. If it holds all, it will influence few.

"To say, therefore, that settlement schemes are the solution to the entire problem of tuberculosis in this or any other country is to make a statement which cannot be accepted by those who are familiar with tuberculosis as a national problem.

"It is vitally imperative for the success of the scheme that the industries themselves should flourish as a commercial undertaking. The onus for this, however, is on the administration of the industries directly and on the men only indirectly."

So now we may return to the case of Samuel Green- (Continued on page 56)

"Folks, how can I make Whoopee up here . . . when down in front the 'coughers' are whooping?"



Eddie Cantor
Premier American
comedian starring
in the glorious
new production,
"Whoopee."

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"Maybe the audience would be grateful if I stepped to the footlights some night and voiced the above protest about the 'coughing chorus' down in front.

"But that wouldn't be kind and it wouldn't be just. The cougher doesn't cough in public on purpose. He can't help it. It embarrasses him as much as it annoys his neighbors.

"What he needs, to avoid that throat tickle, is an introduction to OLD GOLDS."
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A Light Job in the Open Air

(Continued from page 55)

wood. His medical history was contained in a folder selected at random from office files and not as a bright and shining example.

One week after his admittance to the hospital he was sent to the appliance shop, where he worked four and one-half hours a day. Despite the fact that his civil occupations had been those of textile worker, fish salesman, boiler fireman and teamster he showed aptitude with hammer and saw. In February of 1927 he had gained seven pounds. For the first time since his original breakdown life held some promise of being worth the candle. Samuel Greenwood wanted above everything else to become a settler in the village, to earn a living for his wife and family and enjoy the simple joys of a simple life. But at that point he became obsessed with the idea

that the foreman did not like him, that he was being given too many heavy tasks. He told Dr. McDougall about it. Dr. McDougall called in the foreman, and as in the case of so many imagined grievances, the difficulty vanished in open discussion. One year after his entrance Samuel Greenwood was working full time, and on January 4, 1928, he was discharged from the hospital into the village settlement with a job, a living wage, a cottage of his own and reunited with his family. It may not sound like such a great reward, but how many thousands of tuberculous veterans who have worn a pathway from sanatorium to a futile struggle in civil life and back to sanatorium again would thank God for a chance such as the one which the British Legion gave Samuel Greenwood?

Keeping Step

(Continued from page 38)

post films in 1926 at the Pennsylvania Department's convention, at a time when people generally were just finding out how easy it is to use the little movie cameras. Since then he has been taking pictures of the noteworthy events of his post and department. Pictures of an annual post outing and pictures of the post's dedication of a war memorial prove equally interesting. Forty persons were in Benjamin Franklin Post's delegation to the Paris convention and Mr. Levy has a motion picture photographic record of their pilgrimage—scenes aboard ship, on the boulevards, at tables in the Café de la Paix, in the cemeteries, in the parade.

Legion Movies in Color

SHORTLY before the San Antonio national convention," Mr. Levy relates. "I changed my entire equipment so that I could make and project color pictures. The change was fortunate. The color pictures were successful and the improved lens on my camera produced far better pictures than I had been able to obtain before. Knowing that the American Legion Film Service was producing a sixteen millimeter reel of the San Antonio convention, I concentrated on pictures of local interest to Pennsylvanians, to supplement the Film Service reel which I am buying and will edit into my own film. I got good pictures of the outstanding features of the trip to San Antonio made by the Pennsylvania delegation in two trains of twelve Pullman cars each. Stopovers at St. Louis, Hot Springs, Dallas, Fort Worth and Austin gave me many good shots. I also had good luck at the bull fight at Nuevo Laredo.

"I bought the Eastman Kodak Company's 2,000-foot picture, 'America in the World War,' made especially for the

Legion, and this makes my narrow width film collection the equivalent of three miles of standard size film. I have shown all my reels at my own post meetings and at meetings of other posts."

Florida to Pennsylvania

WHEN one Legion post develops a new membership-getting plan that works, the idea behind it spreads from post to post until, like a chain letter, nobody knows where it really started. For example, what Legion post first started holding "class initiations?" Dr. F. P. Archer of Wilkes-Barre, Past Commander of the Twelfth District of Pennsylvania, reports that he brought the "class initiation" idea back home from Miami, Florida, after noticing how successfully Harvey Seeds Post employed it.

Wilkes-Barre Post last year made such good use of the class plan that it won the Pennsylvania Department's prize cup offered to the post making the largest increase in membership. And, Dr. Archer further reports, 200 Legionnaires composed the first class initiated by his post for 1929. Each class is named for a prominent Legionnaire who sponsors the initiation, provides a feed and enlists his friends to make it the biggest ever.

New York Shows How

UTICA (New York) Post finished 1928 with 501 members, but on January 1, 1929, it had 913 members paid up for the new year. M. H. Gooding, chairman of the post's membership committee, tells how it was done.

"Bills were mailed to all old members on October 20th telling them that the post's 'round-up committee' would make personal calls on everybody who hadn't

paid up by Saturday, November 24th," writes Mr. Gooding. "On November 25th thirty-five men of our membership committee had breakfast at our clubhouse and received cards with the names and addresses of members who hadn't been heard from. At the end of that day, we had 340 members enrolled for 1929.

"The second week in December we put on a drive, with a goal of 500 new members. In this drive we used a list of 2,500 prospects, including names obtained from an industrial survey conducted for us by the Chamber of Commerce. In our campaign, we had three divisions, the Army, the Navy and the Marine Corps. Each division was composed of six teams and each team had a captain and six men. A dinner was held each night during the campaign and prizes were awarded to the teams and individuals getting the most new members. At the end of a week we had signed up 538 new members."

Oklahoma Tried This

EL RENO (Oklahoma) Post's contribution to the member-getting symposium is a twelve-page booklet bearing on its back cover a printed postage-paid permit and space for a name and address. The booklet was mailed to every 1928 member of the post at the beginning of the 1929 membership campaign. It contained an alphabetical list of the names and addresses of all 1928 members, a concise and forceful summary of the Legion's national, state and local accomplishments and an appeal to all whose names appeared in the book to pay their own 1929 dues promptly and sign up new members in 1929.

The Roll Call

ALL eight of the authors of special articles and fiction in this issue of the Monthly are Legionnaires, a record that follows that set in the issue for February in which the even dozen contributors were all Legionnaires.

Francis H. Drake is president of The American Legion Building, Paris, the corporation established by Paris Post to hold and operate the post's new home. Mr. Drake has long been prominent in the affairs of Paris Post and the Department of France . . . Karl W. Detzer is a member of Bowen-Holliday Post of Traverse City, Michigan . . . William Guy Wall belongs to Memorial Post of Indianapolis, Indiana, and is secretary of The American Legion Endowment Fund Corporation . . . Marquis James is on the rolls of S. Rankin Drew Post of New York City . . . Peter B. Kyne was the first Historian of the Department of California . . . Samuel Taylor Moore belongs to Winthrop (Massachusetts) Post . . . A. B. Bernd is a member of Macon (Georgia) Post . . . Leighton H. Blood recently transferred to Crosscup-Pishon Post of Boston, Massachusetts, and, incidentally, has an unusual record. In earlier years he was affiliated with five other Legion posts—in Paris, France, Havana, Cuba, Windsor, Ontario, New York City and Washington, D. C.

RIGHT GUIDE

Then and—Now

REMEMBER the great home-coming?

Remember the din they made;
The flags and the drums a-drumming;
Remember the Big Parade?

Then it was: "What can we give you?"
"America never forgets."
"You will get all that is your due."
"Hail to our honored war vets!"

But now? It's another story.

We're helping ourselves—and how!
We've tasted our share of glory;
And we're the Great Givers now.

Living for God and our Country;
Serving that others may gain;
Building for children and cripples—
Giving, and giving again.

Helping the needy in sorrow;
Guiding our youth to the right;
Looking, alert, to tomorrow;
This is our Peace Army's fight.

—Frank J. Price, Jr.



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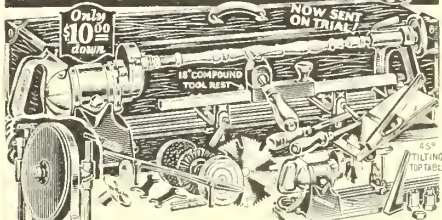


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Your 1930 Model

(Continued from page 13)

will deliver the sixty horse-power desired and perhaps ten more for good measure.

By this time we have chalked up against our new model a cost in the neighborhood of \$200,000, and we are only beginning.

The chassis has been designed and built and by the time the motor is ready for a road test the chassis also is ready. Making the chassis ready is not so easy as it sounds, either. The frame has been built by hand, time and money have been spent on springs, on the proper type of brakes, on the rear axle and on the front axle, transmission, radiator, and numerous other parts. To the cost of the motor we will add \$25,000 to \$30,000 for chassis design and construction.

Six to eight months have been spent on the new model and we have only started on the expense and on the completed car. While the body has been considered at this point, nothing much has been done about it except in a general way. And nothing will be done about it until it is determined whether the motor and the chassis perform in a satisfactory manner.

The stripped chassis is loaded with iron weights to represent the weight of the body or an old body is put on. The doors of the experimental department open up and one of the engineers or one of the several motor testers of the department takes the car out for its first test, to determine whether it will prove out in practice what has been shown on the dynamometer. It goes without saying that there will be many "bugs" to work out, for practice and theory have never been so closely related that they are synonymous. The car is run up hill and down dale, taken through sand and mud, run at high speed over smooth and rough roads. Actual practice of this sort is the one sure way to determine how closely the engineers have approached what they set out to attain.

Several of the large factories have built great testing grounds, where have been constructed roads which represent every condition of highway over which a potential buyer will pilot his car. Outstanding among these motor proving grounds are those of General Motors, Packard and Studebaker.

Indianapolis factories are fortunately situated in that they have at their doorstep the Indianapolis motor speedway. Vibration, one of the enemies of all mechanical appliances, is introduced to the utmost in testing cars on this speedway. The surface has been down for twenty years and in that time sun and frost have vied with each other in their endeavor to see which could make the surface most uneven. Being of brick, each brick contributes its series of vibrations. Anything that is going to shake loose on the roads of this country will certainly shake loose on the Indianapolis speedway. It is perhaps true that five

hundred miles at speed on the speedway is as much punishment on the chassis as is a whole year of driving in the hands of an owner.

It is during this period of testing on proving grounds and roads that many changes are made in the detail design. Springs may be changed. Front and rear axles may be altered. The cooling system may prove to be inadequate for the consistently high speed attained by cars of today, and as a result it must be improved. Even though it proves satisfactory in ordinary tests it may be further tested by dragging a second car with its brakes set, to simulate maximum resistance possible to be encountered. Tire sizes may be changed. Gear ratios may be lowered or raised. In fact, everything will be done that will tend to bring the car to its highest state of perfection. In the course of this metamorphosis the wheelbase, which had been set at 114, may be lengthened to 116 or 118 inches for various reasons, probably to improve riding qualities of the car. Not only will this last change involve additional expense in the experimental car, but it will add to permanent production expense. Our experimental cars are driven anywhere from 10,000 to 50,000 miles.

At last, with performance having been proved with an open test body, a closed body may be fitted in order to make the final checkup.

There has been spent something like a year in time and perhaps \$300,000. But we have only begun. Factory production must be considered.

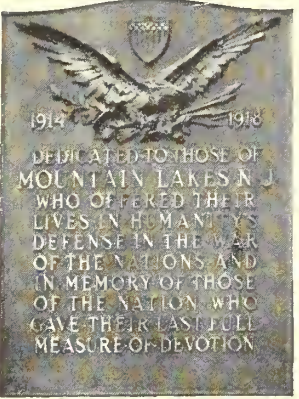
The production manager has been cognizant all along of the progress being made. Now he is called in and told that the engineering department is ready to turn the car over to him for production.

This being an entirely different model from the larger, the production manager has practically to retool his factory for the making of the new model. There is not a part on the new car that compares with the larger car, wheelbase, frame, springs, wheels, motor, all are different—there isn't a single item that is a duplicate.

The production manager has known this for months in advance and has been preparing for it.

Permanent metal patterns are made to take the place of the temporary wooden ones. These metal patterns may put the factory into the red about \$100,000. Old machinery that cannot be adapted is changed for new. Take the little matter of fenders, seemingly a very simple part of the car. Yet new dies must be made for each of the four of them for the press that will stamp them out of sheet metal. These dies may add another \$50,000 to the cost of the new model.

I have had occasion in the last four years to sit in on the development of several new cars. The Marmon Company made a great change from a large



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six-cylinder car to one of medium size, eight-cylindere, which has proved highly successful. The Stutz went from a large six-cylinder design to a large eight, and at the beginning of 1929 introduced a medium sized six to complete its line.

G. M. Williams, president of the Marmon Company, estimates that in the past four years his company has spent \$1,500,000 in development work on absolutely new lines of cars. This does not include the amount spent on bringing current models up to date at the beginning of each fiscal year.

F. E. Moskovics, president of the Stutz Company, estimates that the design of the present eight-cylinder car represents a cash outlay in excess of \$1,000,000, and \$1,000,000 was spent on the new six before it was felt it was ready for the public.

I have cited the instance of a completely new car built to add to the factory line. I have been moderate in my statements of the cost. This may vary in the cases of factories with extremely large production and be more in changing into a yearly model than the figures I have given above for the introduction of an absolutely new car. It has been stated with considerable reliability that when Henry Ford decided to make his now historic change from the old Model T to the present Model A, the amount of money spent over a period of a year and a half in getting his factory back up to its normal production of 6,000 to 8,000 units a day was approximately \$100,000,000. This can be easily explained. The first cost in the way of the hand-built models probably was no greater than would be the cost to an ordinary factory. Yet this cost was infinitesimal to that of practically remaking his entire factory, as must have been necessary. The tools that made the Model T, the huge pieces of expensive machinery, could not be adapted except in small degree to the making of the new car. Everything on it was new in design. Mr. Ford manufactures on such a large scale that he requires many times the number of machines the normal factory would require.

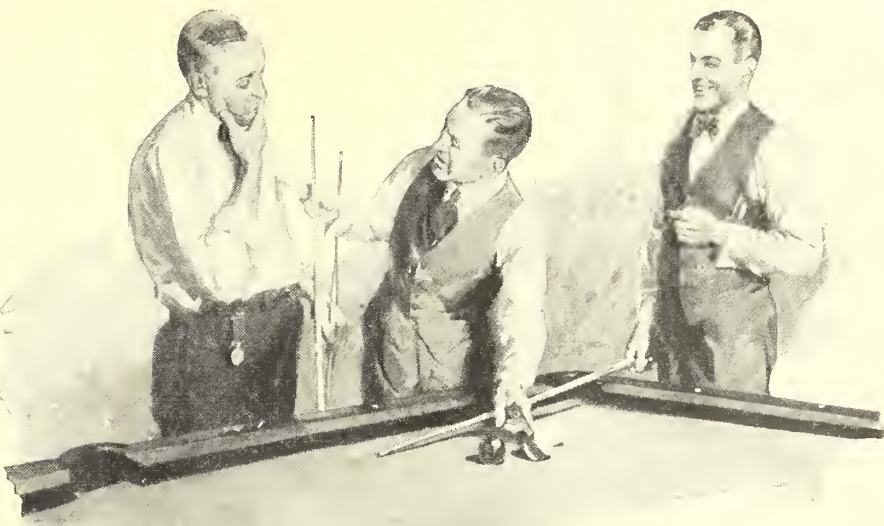
The cost figures I have cited may vary greatly in different factories. They are comparatively accurate for at least one factory I have in mind. They may be doubled in the case of some factories, and halved in the case of others, depending on conditions, but they are representative, at least.

To show the care with which experiments are conducted with new model cars before they are sold to the public, the LaSalle is one of the best illustrations of the long period of time consumed in bringing a car from an idea up to the production point.

The LaSalle was first conceived in 1915, at a time when it may safely be said there was no real cry for a smaller car of the Cadillac type. I say no real cry, in the sense that there was later.

In 1915 an eight-cylinder engine of 223 cubic inches piston displacement was designed and given a dynamometer test. It was not road tested, as the entire project (Continued on page 60)

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Your 1930 Model

(Continued from page 59)

was shelved when the United States' entry into the European War became imminent.

Four years after the war, in 1922, two designs were completed and engines constructed, which were tested both in the laboratory and on the road. They were V-type, as the other had been, but they were of 280 cubic inches.

In March of 1924 a third design was completed, a 276 cubic-inch engine. It was tested both in the laboratory and on the road. The results were incorporated in a fourth design a year later, followed by still another design in June of 1925, of which six or seven engines and four complete cars were built. The engine size was increased in April of 1926 and construction started on five experimental cars. During the latter part of 1926 the engine size was increased to 303 cubic inches and the final LaSalle design worked out.

By this time the factory was partially tooled up for production and at the earliest possible moment twelve complete cars were built from production tools. Two of these cars were started on a transcontinental trip, while others were sent east for development work in the Pennsylvania mountains.

Mileage was put on the rest of the cars at the General Motors Proving Grounds, and it was not uncommon to drive a car 1,000 miles a day. Before the factory got into heavy production on this model the cars had been driven from 50,000 to 100,000 miles before being removed from active service. The performance under all conditions was noted, and the results of that long test represent the LaSalle car of today.

The tendency among the manufacturers is not to see how little the pur-

chaser can be given for his money; rather how much. One factory model of which I have knowledge has two outstanding features that cost the factory considerable money and which, while they greatly improve the operation of the car, still may be classed as steps so far in advance that they need not have been put into production for years to come. One of these is the booster brake, which makes braking so easy and positive that a car can be stopped in the minimum theoretical time. Another outstanding development is a device known as the no-back. Using this device the car can be stopped on any hill without the aid of the brake, as it will not go backward unless put into reverse gear. Those of us who have inadvertently let our car die on steep grades and then with one foot on the foot brake, our right hand grasping the hand brake and our left foot on the clutch throwout, tried to get going again can appreciate this little device. With it the motor is started with the shifting lever in neutral, the lever is then shifted into low and away the car goes. This device saves all the strain incumbent on one who has to be constantly riding the foot and the hand brake when he has, for instance, come up a little incline and has to wait for a train to pass. Four-speed transmission is another method that some engineers believe will improve the operation of the car.

On top of all the recent improvements in automobiles they are selling for less money than they ever have before. So when the new model is parked at the curb in front of one's home it is well to remember that there is much more behind it than just a shiny coat and chromium plate on the metal parts.

The Broken 3

(Continued from page 11)

had omitted mentioning the queer eyes, to be sure. But experience with other detectives of France had proved to Bright their one admirable quality; they never overlooked a fact. No doubt they had searched the hotel room at the same time they went over the baggage, even before the discovery of this so-called American deserter's hiding place in Spanish town.

Bright found the Normandie a clean, modern, comfortable hotel, with an American elevator and plumbing to match. It lifted half a dozen stories into the air on a narrow, oddly-shaped lot down hill a hundred or so paces from the Grand Théâtre. The management was formal but willing, after examining the sergeant's identification card.

"To be sure. A regrettable affair. These unruly Americans..."

St. Denis and his secretary had occupied connecting rooms on the south

side of the second floor. The horse buyer's quarters were exactly as he had left them. The Bordeaux police had insisted on that.

A narrow iron bed, painted gray, stood in the corner behind the door. Two stiff chairs that suggested Grand Rapids ancestry, a small table with one drawer, and an imitation mahogany dressing case made up the furniture. The rug was gray chenille and matched the woodwork and heavy curtains. There were two narrow casement windows, with shutters snapped back against the outside wall.

Bright searched methodically. The bed offered no evidence; all drawers were empty. He looked under the rug, critically into the empty waste basket. The room gave up no secrets. The manager shrugged when Bright finished in poor humor.

"Inspector Gibon has done all that."

he reminded. "In addition he searched the fixtures of electric lights and plumbing. And the window sills for finger prints."

"And got no more than I did for his trouble," Bright added.

From the window he glanced out across Bordeaux. The opening gave upon a narrow court, not an armlength wide, and the steep roof of the building next door. The slates on this roof were irregular and moss covered; its neighbor was as decrepit as the Normandie was trim. Bright stared across the sagged ridge at the uneven skyline of the town, with the towers of the Cathedral thrusting out above it. His eyes, looking nearer home, saw a white paper in the rain gutter just below the sill. Leaning down quickly, holding to the sill with his left hand, he picked it up.

"You have discovered something?" the hotel manager inquired. "Inspector Gibon also searched there. He found nothing."

"Just trash," Bright admitted, and stuffed the thing into his pocket. Five minutes later he hesitated on the wide theater steps and examined the paper. It proved to be a stiff, heavy white envelope, dry and still comparatively clean. In its upper corner it bore the address of the Domfront Horsemen's Bank. Across the face was written in a fine, thin hand the name of Justin St. Denis, and below, in heavier script, the words "Official—Confidential."

Bright was disappointed to discover the envelope empty. It had been cut open, probably with a knife. And the opposite end was stamped heavily with the heel of a man's shoe. The imprint was sharp and well-defined.

"Nothing in this," he muttered. He wadded it in his hand and tossed it to the sidewalk. He had gone ten feet when he returned and picked it up. It occurred to him, on second thought, that Corporal Duclose would find even an empty envelope worth keeping.

II

SERGEANT BRIGHT remained four days in Bordeaux, devoting most of his time to unhurried contemplation on the fate of St. Denis, the horse buyer. He chose the upper terrace in front of the Café Bordeaux as the seat of his campaign, and, seemingly unoccupied, watched the eyes of the passing crowds, six hours a day, across a stack of counters. In the meantime he had sent an adequate look-out over the wires to all offices of the D. C. I.:

"Wanted: Man believed to be American, age thirty, five feet ten inches, 165 pounds, light hair, complexion sallow, eyes peculiar, probably do not match in color, in dark civilian clothes, speaks French fluently but with pronounced accent."

All Americans who spoke French understandably were listed on police files as fluent.

On the fourth day the sergeant called Marcel Rude.

"I'm leaving my assistant, Duclose, to handle this (Continued on page 62)



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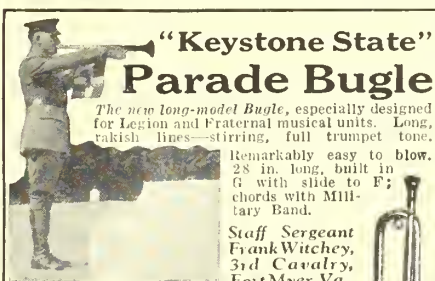


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The Broken 3

(Continued from page 61)

business," he explained. "You'd better stick around with him."

The secretary answered nervously. "But, m'sieur, I am required at Domfront. I have begged Inspector Gibon to permit me to go before this. What if . . ."

Bright prodded him. "What if what? And why?"

"What if this assassin should appear at M'sieur St. Denis' house? What would Josephine do? There is no one with her except the gardener who is old and her aunt who is deaf."

"Josephine, eh?" Bright nodded approvingly. "Well, that's a nice name," he remarked. "I wish I knew a nice girl named Josephine. Especially if her father . . . I take it St. Denis is her father . . . well, any girl is worth knowing whose father can be victorious fifteen years at one horse fair. I suppose she's pretty?"

"Of extravagant beauty," Rude pronounced soberly, "but very proud."

"Hum." Bright looked at him sharply. "Think she might be acquainted with this so-called American?"

"I am certain she is not. He is not enough a gentleman. She would not waste her thoughts."

"Well, you best go home and look after her," Bright conceded. "I can't say you've been a lot of help here. Duclose will let you know if he finds the body. I'm starting tonight back to Paris. The gendarmes are searching the foothills, but all they'll get is sore feet. I hope your boss comes back safe, with or without his hundred thousand francs."

In the office of Inspector Gibon, he ordered Duclose to remain at Bordeaux.

"Give the old boy a helping hand," he directed, "I mean the Inspector. When he's down-hearted, tell him how brave his people are—you know, the regular line. And if anything should turn up in the next few days, wire me in Paris. I'm not sure yet it's our case. If all's quiet along the Potomac, or whatever this river's called . . ."

"Gironde," the Hollander prompted.

"I'll call it the Potomac—don't need to arch my nose to pronounce that. If all's quiet, you can beat it as soon as the smoke dies down. We've got to make a report, so you might run up to Domfront . . . that's somewhere up north where they drink cider . . . and talk to the daughter. Rude says she's easy on the eyes and cold as a general's heart. She'll give you a lot of lingo about how good her father was (you don't need to call attention to the smuggling). Then you put it all in your report, and send it to me. I'll add a paragraph . . . you know . . . after thorough investigation conclude no Americans involved" . . . and that closes the affair for us. Too bad, Corporal. Bet you like to stick on every case till you solve it. Suppose that's why you're Dutch. Where'd you learn all about art, Duclose? In Detroit?"

"I am born in Amsterdam. Possibly I learn it there. Good-bye, Sergeant. Perhaps we meet again on this same business."

"Sure, perhaps, and perhaps not. Well, toodle-oo, as the king says."

When Gibon entered, chewing a piece of pastry, he asked: "You have solved the affair?"

Bright put his own question. "When did it rain last?"

The inspector pondered. "The night before you arrived. Why?"

"Curiosity," Bright answered, "that's all."

He left a disgruntled Gibon and walked out to the street. There remained two hours before train time, so he strolled through the Sunday afternoon crowd down the Rue Ste. Catherine, across the Place de la Comédie and the Allée de Tourny, casually examining each face as it passed. The eyes of the promenaders, French, American and occasionally Spanish, were distressingly normal. They were paired off properly, black to black, blue to blue, gray to gray. Four days, in spite of his careless attitude, Bright had been watching eyes. In his pocket he carried a torn envelope with a heel mark on it . . . that was his sole reward and it probably wasn't worth anything. He was tired of the assignment. He turned at the end of the Place des Quinconces, past the monuments to Montaigne and Montesquieu, and walked deliberately across town to the station. He was through. No horse dealer worth saving would depart for the Pyrenees with a hundred thousand francs loose in his pocket, and besides, it was pleasanter to believe no Americans were involved.

He had bought his ticket and gone through to the gate to the platform when he halted, staring straight ahead. A man was walking rapidly toward the wooden shack that housed the American Assistant Provost Marshal, walking a little nervously, as if his stock of courage might be falling short. He carried a dispatch case, and his head was bent to the left side. It was the Englishman Bright had noticed four days earlier. No one was following him today. But in spite of that, he turned twice and looked back suspiciously. At the provost marshal's office he opened the door unceremoniously and walked into the building.

Sergeant Bright followed. A second lieutenant, who might have sprung from a traffic squad, and a pair of huskies with brassards and batons lounged behind the counter.

"If you don't object . . ." yes, no mistaking that British twang . . . "if you don't object I will remain here till my train leaves?" He ended with a courteous inflection. "I am on official business. His Majesty's errand."

"All right with me," the lieutenant said. He turned inquiringly from the Britisher to Sergeant Bright. The sergeant flashed his familiar black-covered

identification card. "Hello," the lieutenant answered, "you D. I.? New here?"

"Passing through. Work out of Paris." To the Britisher, who had backed against the wall with his hand in his right coat pocket, Bright said: "Someone following you, mister?"

"Who are you?"

Bright once more produced his identification. The Englishman examined it slowly. It was headed "G. H. Q., A. E. F.," and bore the signature of "H. H. Bandholtz, Provost Marshal General."

"The bearer of this card," he read, "whose photograph appears herewith, is attached to the Division of Criminal Investigation, A. E. F., and is authorized to proceed in the course of his duties, either in plain clothes or in uniform, by day or night, into all parts of the A. E. F. (including the District of Paris) and occupied Germany, with or without transportation. All officers, military and civil, are urged to assist him in conduct of his duties."

The Englishman returned the card to Bright after a moment, and with it a brown leather case, open at one side to disclose a photograph. It bore the label of "Frederick Bathhurst, Official Courier Service, British Delegation, Peace Congress."

Bright glanced at it indifferently. "Guessed right first time I saw you," he said. "Where'd you ditch the boy with the beetling brows? The Blackbird who looked like a Turk?"

The courier stared. For a moment he did not reply. Then, glancing cautiously toward the police lieutenant, who had sat down apparently without ears behind the counter, he said: "You saw him, too? Where?"

"Following you. Right here on this platform four days ago. He got on the Toulouse express, compartment behind you."

"The devil!" Bathhurst laughed uneasily. "I didn't know that, sir. Followed me down!"

"Tight to your tail. I ought to have tipped you off. Worried about it afterward."

"Four days ago, here," Bathhurst repeated. "Why, upon my word, I never saw him till yesterday, and he's been following four days! He got off that train this afternoon, I'm quite sure. Rather felt his presence than saw him. It made me uneasy. I have to go on to Paris tonight..."

"My station, too," Bright said cheerily. The man was in a funk, if he knew anything about funks. He'd felt that way himself once, the first time he hopped over the parapet. "I'll ride along with you," he offered.

"You'll be welcome."

"Hold your hand all the way if you promise one thing. Ever meet a Dutch painter named Jan Steen? Well, don't talk about him. I heard all about him for three hundred miles on the way down. Talk about anything else you want."

"To be sure." The Englishman laughed uneasily. He (Continued on page 64)

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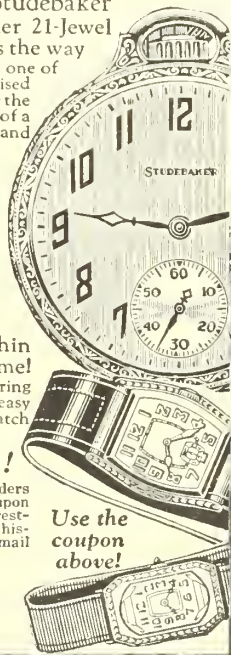
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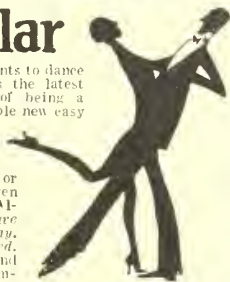
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The Broken 3

(Continued from page 63)

withdrew his fingers from his gun pocket. "But I'm not a safe companion always."

"Don't worry. I go heeled myself."

"Heeled? Oh, yes, I see." The courier chuckled, and some of his nervousness passed. "I see," he repeated. "We'll get on famously, sir. But I hate to involve you in this, in case anything should happen. Of course nothing will. . . ."

"Our train's backing in," Bright answered. "We might find a compartment that's not too dirty and get seats. Let someone else stand on our feet for a change."

Bright allowed the courier to walk ahead across the station platform. He, himself, kept discreetly twenty paces behind, halting to light another cigarette. There was no sign of anyone trailing. The Britisher probably had dodged the Blackbird this time. No danger of anyone taking that fellow for an American. The D. C. I. were out of it for once. But no . . . on second thought, it wouldn't be unlike the French police, if the case got too difficult. It was wholly possible they'd call him a sauvage américain, couleur brune.

He climbed into a first-class compartment beside the courier and let down the glass in the door. The car was stuffy. Out in the corridor porters were piling on baggage. The train was only five minutes late in starting, which Bright, who was forced to travel up France and down, considered nothing short of a miracle. Neither was it crowded. A day of miracles.

"I'm not wholly at ease," Bathurst confessed when they were seated. "I don't believe I've thrown them off. I hate to be followed. I don't mind an enemy in front. Fact, I rather like 'em. But behind . . . gad! If I knew how many. . . ."

"Think there's a whole flock?"

"I've no idea. You saw one. You called him. . . ."

"A Blackbird."

"That is suitable. I have spotted him. You thought he was a Turk? Hardly. I saw him on the border."

"Smuggling?"

The courier shook his head a little irritably, then laughed.

"You Americans have a persistent way of asking questions. I am a courier. Isn't that enough? I was waiting up on the Spanish frontier, waiting on official business. There's a certain place in the Pyrenees everyone knows, everyone except the customs officers, where a conscientious courier finds conditions admirable."

The train was pulling out high above the Gironde, on the long bridge of the Orléans railway. Across the river the fishermen's shacks of Bastide crowded beside the water, and beyond, the great half-finished warehouses of Bassens loomed indistinctly in the sunset. Nearer, on both sides, the thousand spars of the fishing fleet thrust like matches out

of the dark obscurity of the river bottoms. The Englishman became quiet. Bright, glancing sidewise, saw that he was watching nervously out of the window.

"I'll be glad to get back to Paris," he confessed, "glad to deliver this packet." He moved restlessly under Bright's eyes. "I've carried a good many thousand documents," he admitted, "and most of them under His Majesty's seal, these three years since I got my souvenir in Flanders." He drew his mouth down wryly and motioned toward his bent neck. "But this is the first time I ever felt . . . how shall I say it? Do you believe in premonitions?"

"Never," Bright said. "They don't figure. Not in my line, anyway. All that counts in the D. C. I. business is work. This intuition, premonition stuff's the bunk. Sign a man needs a furlough." He lighted a cigarette, after the courier had refused one. "About smuggling," he suggested. "You seem to know that country. Now if you were sent down to get some horses across into France, where'd you go?"

Bathurst chuckled. He seemed relieved at the change in subject.

"Horses? Well, it might be a bit difficult to smuggle a horse. You couldn't hold it comfortably in the roof of your mouth, for instance."

"Four hundred horses," Sergeant Bright persisted. "I know a man who tried it."

The Englishman shook his head.

"Quite out of my experience. But I'll tell you one place I wouldn't attempt it. It's some distance from the railroad, this little secret pass of mine. I was to meet a chap there yesterday, a Spaniard, who brought me a bottle of port, by the way. I went innocently up the last winding path thinking, like a simple fool, that my Spaniard and I were the only conspirators in thirty kilos. I got what I went for . . . it's in here . . ." he touched the dispatch case and Bright noticed for the first time that he had not laid it off his knees . . . "signed the receipt, said farewell to my Spanish friend, whom I'd never clapped eyes on till yesterday, and was starting down, when suddenly there was this creature almost under my feet. I judged him a fellow countryman of yours. He shouted at me to halt—sounded like an American. I took to my heels. I'm a believer, you know, in the better part of valor. But he was a most astounding person. His eyes didn't match. One was gray, the other brown."

III

THE train rumbled to a flat-wheeled stop in the Orléans station at Bastide, where the third-class carriages filled rapidly with country folk returning to Perigord after their Sunday holiday. Sergeant Bright leaned forward in his

seat, staring incredulously at his companion. He dropped his cigarette and forgot it. Why, damn it, he wasn't through with that missing horsetrader case! A man with eyes that didn't match. Those were exactly the words the one-armed secretary had used. Bright found his voice.

"Where was he?" he demanded. "Where'd you see him? Why, I've been sitting in a chair watching the crowds for days! There can't be two of 'em!"

The Britisher turned slowly. He held his open watch in his hand. He had been timing the departure of the train; it was fourteen hours to Paris.

"What's that," he asked. "I beg your pardon, sir, what's that about eyes?"

"Where'd you leave this bird with the dappled orbs? Why, I've been hunting him myself."

"You?" The other straightened slightly. His lips formed to ask "Why?" and then caught themselves. "The truth is, I'm not sure I left him," he said. "He got on the train at Foix. I saw him clearly. One eye gray, the other brown. But I missed him after that, though I imagine he didn't miss me. It was the second one, the fat one. I saw just now at Bordeaux, or rather thought I saw. He came aboard at Toulouse. Oh, yes, I'm quite positive. He was lounging beside a goods van when I went aboard my coach. I'd met him in the mountains, too. Rather informally. It was just after the man with the eyes that didn't match shouted at me . . . he was right under my nose . . . the one I said was American. This other, this near-easterner or whatever he is, the one you call the Blackbird, hopped up beside the path, armed to the teeth. I had a sprint, quite."

Bright had half risen to his feet. "I've got to know more about this, mister," he insisted. "But first . . ." he looked out anxiously at the platform. "I've time, I guess. I'd better send a telegram, need to tip off a Dutch cop in Bordeaux. If those men both got back that far . . ."

The courier bent his twisted neck sharply about. "You mustn't involve me," he objected, "I'd rather you didn't put that on the wire."

"I can tell Bordeaux to look out for 'em," Bright insisted.

He tugged at the door. Tin whistles squealed before he had it open. The engine hissed, porters shouted and the last of the country folk piled noisily aboard the third-class carriages. A French officer ran toward the single second-class car. The train started. Bright sat down reluctantly. He was conscious of the courier's satisfaction.

"Damn it," he muttered. "I'll send it from up the line. Only five, six hours to St. Pierre des Corps. There's an American office there."

Bathurst relaxed. He accepted a cigarette, then shrugged.

"Glad you didn't make it," he confessed. "No telling . . . it's easy for things to turn out wrong on the telegraph wires." He laughed sheepishly. "My nerves are (Continued on page 66)

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The Broken 3

(Continued from page 65)

all torn up. Every time I see a broad pair of shoulders . . ."

"See 'em again?" Bright held a match for the other's cigarette. He noticed the courier's fingers. They were long, and trembling.

"On the platform, just now, at that station. I'm unstrung, I admit. I thought it was the one you ungenerously call a Turk."

The train was gathering speed. The inevitable flat wheel began to slap down against the rail with its monotonous cadence. Bright cleared his throat. He felt a vague uneasiness. He'd seen no one who resembled the Blackbird on the platform at Bastide, but that didn't prove there was no one there to see. The Englishman's manner set him on edge; reminded him of a large, frightened dog, snarling at some invisible threat out in the dark. Four days ago he had been only mildly interested in the fat black foreigner. A strictly professional curiosity, wholly impersonal. Now the whole affair was wrapped up with his own investigation. The horse trader St. Denis, the man with the odd eyes, the ugly Turk or Armenian (whom he was coming to identify as the Blackbird) and this decent looking Englishman with his dispatch case . . . somehow it all hooked up. He glanced covertly at Bathhurst. The courier was staring out into the night. A decent looking chap, Bright thought again. But in a funk. In a plain blue funk.

"Why'd he be on your tail?" Bright demanded.

The courier merely shifted his feet uneasily and continued to stare out of the window. Instinctively his hands felt the leather case on his knees, with its three broad straps, its heavy brass buckles and flat brass padlock. Bright looked at it inquisitively. It was bulky; might contain anything. He repeated his question. Again the Britisher did not reply. Instead he asked: "See that old ruin up there against the sky? Lovely silhouette, isn't it?"

Bright grunted.

"Between a Dutchman talking art and an Englishman silhouettes," he began acidly. He stopped without saying which he preferred. After all, the Englishman was right. He couldn't babble to the first man who sat down beside him, even if the man did happen to be a detective. Bright squinted out of the window.

The train was passing up the valley toward Libourne, with farmhouse lights shining peacefully. Far to the left the low hills made hazy smudges against the darkening sky. Secretive hills, those; they seemed to fit well into the queer business at hand. Dark, silent, they merged into this affair of strange men stalking one another in strange places. The sergeant attempted a new method.

"I'm coming clean with you," he said, "I'll tell you all I know if you'll listen, and I expect you to do your share."

"I can't promise," Bathhurst warned. "Part of the affair I am on has been in the newspapers, I can only repeat that much."

"You can give me something to work on," Bright urged. "If I'm not way off, you've got a bit on your mind besides your hat. You weren't too bashful to let me ride with you. A good guy, with a good gun, both on your side of the fence, aren't to be sneezed at."

The lights of a village flashed past before Bathhurst answered. In another compartment American voices lifted huskily in song. "Pack up your troubles . . ."

"Heroes," Bright commented, "homeward bound. Well?" he prompted Bathhurst.

"Since I am followed," the courier conceded, "and since you're of the police and I need your help, perhaps I can answer a question or two."

"Fair enough. It's like this. Ever hear of a famous individual named St. Denis? High-toned horsetrader! Here it is . . . Justine St. Denis." He spread out the envelope from the gutterspout, and the other examined it closely.

"Never." The Englishman shook his head, allowing himself a thin smile. "The envelope's an official money sack. All banks have them here. Slip it into a money belt if you wish."

"He went down to the Pyrenees, on business . . ." Bright hesitated.

"I follow." The courier nodded seriously. "You needn't go into details, I've imagination. A horsetrader, as you call him, on the frontier."

"He met this goggle-eyed canary in Bordeaux and they had a little understanding."

"The man whose eyes are unlike? You don't tell me!"

"He was merely the fixer, as I get it. They went off together to the mountains. St. Denis explained before he went that he didn't trust this hombre, but in spite of that he took something like a hundred thousand francs along with him."

"A hundred thousand? The man was simple. When was it he went?"

"Thursday, a week ago. Promised to be back in three days. And he ain't back yet."

"He's in the bottom of a gorge."

"With his pockets inside out," Bright added. "But what's the connection between that damned package of yours and my man St. Denis?"

"None. This has nothing to do with horses, and nothing with Frenchmen."

A stubborn expression settled on Sergeant Bright's face. He spoke convincingly.

"There's got to be some connection, mister. Things don't just happen and the world ain't full of men with mixed-up eyes. My horsetrader has a friend in the Pyrenees and you have an enemy, and they look alike. Well, they're related some way or other."

"Hardly. I will tell you as much as I dare. You have heard of Sir Harry Whitfield?"

"Horsetrader?"

"Lord, no. A British adventurer of the modern kind, adventuring with pounds sterling in the back of his mind. But he has been places . . . Tibet. Mexico for years, Alaska . . . a strange chap. Brave, intelligent, some say a bit ruthless. Just now he's an expert attached to the British delegation at the Peace Congress. He sent me after this packet. It contains private papers and maps, that's all. Has to do with the disputed territories. If you've been following the Peace Congress . . ."

"I haven't. Been busy enough following crooks."

"There's the making of a clever bit of humor in that remark." Bathhurst hinted with a smile. Bright looked at him inquiringly. He'd intended no humor. "It seems there are rich petroleum deposits in some of the territory under discussion," the courier explained. "If it weren't for your man Wilson . . . quite a remarkable character, now, isn't he? . . . if it weren't for Wilson, the victors would be rending the carcass. They all want that petroleum field. At least two persons will prevent their getting it. . . ."

He lighted his pipe and stared thoughtfully out into the night. Bright waited.

"One of them is your high-minded President with his talk of mandates and self-determination, and the other is Sir Harry Whitfield. Sir Harry is the only white man, or man of any color for that matter, who knows even approximately the value of the deposits, the extent of the fields and all that. They say he can smell petroleum at a hundred miles. He's been out there ten years . . . Syria, Palestine, Persia, Armenia, Mesopotamia and the Hedjaz. Had a neat pile to start on, but became disgracefully rich. And in order to make more money he wants British control." The courier hesitated and frowned at the opposite partition. "This is confidential, you understand. I'm talking too much. However, this I'm telling isn't exactly a state secret. The newspapers printed most of it. So you see, Whitfield doesn't sound like a man to be implicated with your French horsetrader." Bathhurst chewed his pipe. "I hate being followed," he muttered.

"Sure, who doesn't? I hate to trail a guy myself. But this Sir Harry . . . he's the only one that knows where to get what the peace boys are fighting about?"

"Yes. . . . well, hardly that. He was out there in '14, had the very devil of a time getting away. Uprising of tribes, you know. Left everything he owned, maps, everything. He'd formed a combine, he and some native landholders. He says the natives went over to Turkey when the war started—broke up his combine. His confidential clerk was a Spaniard, Garcia is his name, really charming fellow. He stayed. Didn't come back to Spain until after the war. And just now when Sir Harry

got to Paris (it was Sir Robert Cecil sent for him) he heard from the Spaniard. So I've risked my fool bent neck . . ."

"I get you," Bright interrupted. "Somebody else wants to have a look at the stuff in your musette, somebody who knows about Near East oil wants to know more. And this two-eyed mountain climber you all claim is American is working for the other bunch."

"And the dark fat man."

"The Blackbird."

"That's as good as any other name. I don't think he's a Turk. I'm ashamed now I came panting for help. But I couldn't ask the French . . . they take smuggling seriously . . . particularly smuggling of maps of the Near East, and especially since January twenty-fourth."

Bright pricked up his ears. "Why since then?"

"That's the day your high-minded Wilson said hands off in his characteristic American way. Sent it out by wireless from the Hôtel Crillon. Had Clemenceau and our own Welsh David sign it. Three days later they began 'discussions' . . . you know, give and take."

"Who hired the guy with the star-spangled eyes?" Bright wanted to know. "And the fat one?"

"Oh, Sir Harry talked. I've told you practically nothing that's not been in the papers. Sir Harry has a bad habit or two, better men than he have suffered from it. When he's in his cups he lets himself be interviewed. Fearfully indiscreet. That's what happened when he was called to Paris. Told everything."

"And somebody sent these fellows down to Spain after you to get their hands on what's in that bag," Bright grunted. He reached under his coat and felt the heavy automatic in his shoulder holster.

"Precisely," Bathhurst said. "But as far as your horse smuggler is concerned I can't see any connection."

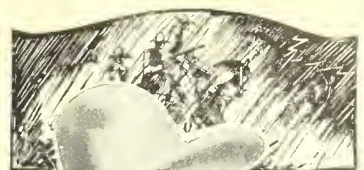
Bright shook his head. He leaned forward and tapped the Britisher confidentially on the knee.

"You'd be surprised how things hook up. I don't trust anybody since I got into this detective business, me that used to lend money to all my friends. The only thing I trust behind my back is a ten-foot stone wall, and then I listen sharp. Why, for all you know the two-eyed stranger and your friend the Turk are playing in cahoots with the peace conference!"

Bathhurst chuckled and leaned into the corner of the seat.

"Hardly. The Congress has bigger games. And I can't be involved, remember that in your telegram. I'm getting frightfully sleepy, Sergeant. How'll we spend the night? Turn about watch? I won't need much sleep, not till I put these papers in Whitfield's hands."

The train hesitated at the end of the tunnel at Angoulême and again at the dreary, steamy station of Poitiers, with its Red Cross coffee hut. Each time Bright, who was not sleepy, swung down to the step. At last he had become interested in his (Continued on page 68)



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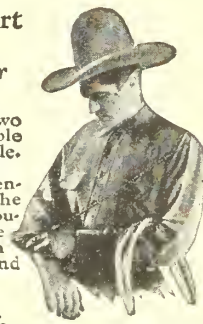
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Frank Fancher

The Broken 3

(Continued from page 67)

case! It might be that he had not worked hard enough at Bordeaux. He looked sharply through the half-light of the station. Of the fat Blackbird there was no sign. Twice he thought he made out a figure resembling the one-armed secretary's description of the second conspirator, who supposedly was American. Both times a closer look proved him mistaken.

At Tours the train backed fussily into the station and waited ten minutes. Bathurst had stood guard the last hour. It was nearly one o'clock when the tin whistles announced departure. The weather had been chilling as the train pulled north. There was more than a hint of frost in the air. Bathurst opened his handbag and withdrew an American army blanket. Propping himself in the corner, he wrapped it around him.

"About ten minutes to St. Pierre," Bright advised him. "I'll be hopping off." He had scrawled his telegram to Corporal Duclose in a notebook and torn loose the sheet. "There's always yard police and car checkers out there. If I haven't got time to run to the R. T. O. I'll turn it over to one of them." "I can't be involved," the Britisher repeated.

The great yard at St. Pierre des Corps lay under its everlasting smoke cloud that erased the stars from the winter sky. Important little engines shunted cars recklessly. Officials and employees jiggled their lanterns briskly between the tracks. Over to the left, beyond strings of short cars, glared the lights of the American Transportation Office.

Bright unlatched the compartment door, his telegram in hand. He looked up and down the yard, searching for an American uniform. Seeing none, he dropped to the well-packed cinder ballast of the right of way.

"Back in a minute," he called to the courier.

"Right-o," Bathurst answered. "But please shut the door, it's devilish drafty."

Bright jogged across tracks behind a lumbering string of cars.

"Halt!" a voice commanded.

The sergeant slowed up indignantly. An American military policeman was stalking toward him, his brassard showing dimly under the scattered electric lights. "Hey, there!" the soldier yelled. "Hold on, m'sieur!"

"Not a m'sieur! I'm American. Here . . . put the gun down, M. P. I'm D. C. I. Read this card. Will you take a wire to the R. T. O. for me?"

"Hell, no! Do your own damn running."

Bright turned irritably. "Listen, boy, don't pull that stuff! No harness bull's going to play general with me! Give me back my card."

"Ain't read it yet. What the hell you running round in that frog get-up for? Come see the lieutenant." He swung his baton suggestively. Bright straightened.

"Give me that card!" he cried. "Blind, or can't you read? Come on, ignorance. I'm going to the R. T. O." He started across the tracks with the policeman growling at his heels.

The young red-haired lieutenant on night shift at the Railway Transportation Office accepted Bright's message sleepily.

"Sure, I remember you. You were here working on that sugar case. What's the matter, M. P.? Sure, Sergeant, I'll get this out for you right away."

The military policeman filled the doorway, scowling at Bright's civilian clothes. "One of them damn D. I.'s, are you?" he muttered.

"Picked for my intelligence," Bright answered as he pushed past. The policeman did not follow into the yard. Bright ran without a backward glance. It would never do to miss his train. He'd taken a fancy to Bathurst. Nice, decent fellow, and in a damn bad funk. He'd see him through now.

A string of freight cars was pulling noisily into the siding between the transportation office and the passenger train. Bright waited impatiently for it to pass. When the last car had clattered by he sped across tracks. Suddenly he stopped.

The light in his compartment was out. And the door stood open.

He charged forward. At the same moment a bulky shadow leaped from the dark door to the cinders. Bright shouted "Halt!"

The figure was running toward a convenient freight car thirty feet beyond. It was too short for Bathurst.

"Halt!" Bright cried again. His voice was rotten shaky! Once more, in two seconds: "Halt!"

His automatic fired twice. He'd hit him . . . no! . . . the figure swerved and plunged on. It had dropped something. Bright stooped as he ran. The Britisher's dispatch case lay between the rails. He gripped it by one strap. The shadow disappeared in the smoky darkness behind the car.

Sergeant Bright swung about. He clawed up the steps into the unlighted compartment and pointed his flashlight at the floor. Courier Bathurst lay on his back, his neck still twisted, eyes staring up at the ceiling. There was blood on his forehead and jaw. The olive drab blanket wound about him, pinning his doubled arm to his chest. Its wadded end, beside him on the floor, had been trampled, cinders from the right-of-way gouged deep into it.

"Here, here!" Bright shouted huskily. The Britisher did not move. "Get up, man! Why, damn it. . . ."

The sergeant leaned over, fumbling with the shabby gray coat. He wrenched off a button and felt the chest over the heart.

Courier Bathurst was dead. A small hole in his forehead, over the left eye, still was bleeding. Bright pushed the beam of his flashlight around the floor.

Nothing there, except the accumulated dust and crumbs of many lunches. On the rear seat, however, something sparkled. He picked it up. It was an empty pistol shell, very small, a calibre twenty-five, he guessed. It fitted the bullet hole. On the edge of the rim was a fresh nick, made, no doubt, by the ejector of an automatic pistol. A moment Bright held it to the light; the nick extended downward a quarter inch and a scratch flowed toward the end of it. The man who killed Bathhurst carried an automatic of small size, with a faulty ejector. Taking from his pocket the envelope which he had found in the Hôtel Normandie, Bright slipped the shell in it and replaced it carefully.

"That damned M. P.," he muttered, and turned savagely toward the door. His discovery and examination had consumed thirty seconds. "If he hadn't stopped me!"

The train started with a jerk that slammed the door. Bright's eyes shifted from Bathhurst's face to the bulky, trouble-making packet. There was a

bullet hole in the corner of the leather, a sizeable hole, such as is made by a calibre .45. He'd nicked it with his own weapon, shot it right out of the fellow's hand. Got it back for Bathhurst, who was dead. He lifted the body gently by the shoulders, pulling it aside from the door. In doing so, it twisted out of its strained position, and the left foot turned, as if the dead courier had kicked backward. It swayed for a moment, while the beam of the flashlight traveled across the shoe sole. Bright heard his own breath suck in quickly.

Chalked in white on one leather sole was the same queer mark he had seen four days earlier in that dirty room in Bordeaux's Spanishtown, a broken numeral 3 in a crude circle.

Bright stooped down and touched the sole. Chalk brushed off on his finger. The mark was fresh. He straightened up just as the train put on speed. The flat wheel began to slap down on the rails. The lights of St. Pierre des Corps drifted off behind.

(To be continued)

A Legion G. H. Q. in France

(Continued from page 4)

In the museum and library long strides have been taken toward the assembly of the most authentic and complete collection of war relics and war records, histories and reference books extant. Both France and America are being combed for collections relating to units, organizations and individuals of the A. E. F.

While the memorial is preserving history, it will also make it and teach it. For included in the building is a schoolroom for the conduct of weekly classes for children of Americans living in Paris. Here competent instructors will teach English grammar, American history, civics and the principles of American citizenship—subjects not taught in the French schools, attendance at which is compulsory for all children under French law.

In addition, the building will include all the features of a first-class club, of incalculable advantage to the members from America. Here will be found comfortable rooms with baths, equal in appointments to those found in the best hotels and at exceptionally reasonable rates. There will be the library and recreation rooms, the sun court with tables and comfortable chairs scattered about, the buffet-lounge where one will always find congenial company.

The traveler will find in the building a bureau of information where he can obtain accurate and disinterested data without fee of any kind. The trip to the battlefields, the best train to Verdun, how to get to Fontainebleau, when the plane leaves Le Bourget for Brussels, tickets for the Folies Bergères, passport visas, identity established for credit purposes—all the ten thousand and one questions and requests for assistance and advice that the traveler now so often pays dearly

for, and to his ultimate disappointment, will be cheerfully and competently attended to here.

Legionnaires and members of their families are visiting France in increasing thousands each year. As yet there is no center or recognized rendezvous such as this, to which they may apply for fraternal contact with their comrades or where they may find an atmosphere of congeniality. The Legion recognized this need when by resolution of its ninth national convention it approved the memorial center.

The project if undertaken in this country could not be consummated for less than \$1,000,000. In Paris the total cost is estimated at \$420,000. Legionnaires and their friends in Paris have contributed \$100,000. The balance is being obtained in the United States through contributions from friends of the Legion and by the sale of shares, embracing life memberships without further assessments or dues, at \$100 each to Legionnaires or members of the Auxiliary. As this article appears it is expected that more than half the 1,700 shares available in this country will have been taken.

The memorial project is incorporated under the laws of Delaware. The board of directors numbers fifteen and includes General Pershing; Myron T. Herrick, the American Ambassador to France; Alphonse Gaulin, United States Consul General; Lawrence V. Benet, President of the American Chamber of Commerce in Paris, inventor of the Hotchkiss gun, and Legionnaire, and others almost equally well-known.

Ambassador Herrick calls the memorial "a second American Embassy in France" and paints a glorious picture of its future service in preserving and strengthening the historic ties of amity between France and America.



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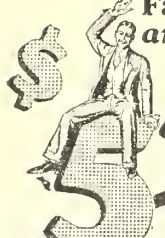
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The First Lady of Washington

(Continued from page 27)

of orphans of veterans was raised from eighteen to twenty-one years. This amendment was largely the result of the Auxiliary's efforts; and the mass of research and active work which it entails has fallen in great extent upon the Auxiliary.

During the coming year the Auxiliary will endeavor to enlarge these privileges, through national and state legislation and private contributions. In this activity, the Auxiliary is co-operating with the national committee of The American Legion headed by Major General P. C. Harris, retired, who was Adjutant General of the Army during the World War period. General Harris has reported that in 1921, the year of the official ending of the war, there were 14,267 sons and daughters of men who died in service, and most of these children were quite young. The Auxiliary finds inspiration in the fact that General Harris, one of the most important military figures of the war, is now devoting himself to the task of obtaining higher education for the orphans of service men. The Auxiliary feels that it can do no nobler service to the country than to help the children who, if their country should be thoughtless or unmindful, would suffer because of the sacrifices their fathers made.

The National President must turn her attention, too, to the Auxiliary's poppy program, now become so important as to demand an all-year officer in charge. Under the present system poppies sold by Auxiliary workers on either May 30th or November 11th are made by wounded veterans who receive pay for them at the rate of one cent a blossom. Last year \$83,000 was dispensed for this purpose. The sale of the flowers brought in more than \$900,000; and every cent of this sum was spent for needy veterans and their families.

Now other service organizations are also engaged in poppy work similar to that of the Auxiliary, but without the specific and definite plan which the Legion's sister-organization follows.

"The other societies," says Mrs. Ficklen, "do not pay their poppy makers as we do, do not require that the paper flowers be made exclusively by war wounded, and do not give their receipts to the alleviation of suffering of veterans and veterans' families.

"The Auxiliary now has plans under way for a conference looking toward uniformity of practice in the making and selling of poppies. We are hopeful that we may bring other groups to the Auxiliary's viewpoint; for, of course, we feel that the logical use of poppy funds is the helping of those without whom there would be no cause to sell the flowers on the streets."

The Auxiliary will continue this year to advocate the passage of a Universal Draft Act, providing for the equal distribution of the burden of any future war among labor and capital and fight-

ing manpower. This proposed measure, to make war profiteering impossible, is being advocated by the Legion and the Auxiliary as the most necessary provision of all in our national defense system.

In one other field of national service, 1929 offers to the Auxiliary an opportunity for exceptional service. There is to be held in Washington this winter, not long after this is written, the Fourth National Defense Conference, under the joint auspices of The American Legion Auxiliary and the Daughters of the American Revolution. At this conference representatives of thirty women's organizations will consider the steps that are necessary to enable this country to maintain its rightful place among the nations of the world by providing properly for its own defense. Mrs. Ficklen is to preside at this conference.

The Auxiliary's helpfulness to the disabled service man, paramount activity of the organization since it was begun, will, of course, be continued throughout 1929. Mrs. Ficklen's first official act after leaving the San Antonio national convention was to visit the disabled men in the Veterans Bureau hospital at Algiers, Louisiana, where hundreds of men suffering from disabilities acquired in 1917 and 1918 are being cared for. To these men Mrs. Ficklen gave the Auxiliary's pledge of continued watchful care and help. The visit to Algiers is the first of a series she expects to make to hospitals throughout the country.

The National Rehabilitation Committee of the Auxiliary is extending its many efforts to give help to hospital patients in practical ways. Through the committee, almost every Auxiliary unit in the country is providing comforts for the men in hospitals—extra clothing, food delicacies and so forth.

Mrs. Ficklen's faith in the Auxiliary and its mission is unbounded. She believes that the organization has grown and will continue to grow because it has a definite program of advancement to offer. Its work among the hospitals is familiar to every member of the Legion; its services to the various communities in which there are units are numerous; and its use as preserver and encourager of the Legion posts throughout the country is so notable as to need no rather shamefaced confession in these columns.

All Georgia has taken to itself the honor which came to the State through its daughter's selection to head the national body. On her return from the San Antonio convention which had elected her, her native town of Washington staged such a party of welcome as had not been given even for Tom Nash, its other recent illustrious offspring, whose certificate of membership on the 1927 all-American football team, duly signed by Tad Jones, Knute Rockne and Glenn Warner, hangs behind the desk of the Hotel Johnson.

Later Mrs. Ficklen journeyed to Washington, D. C., where she had a prominent part in the Armistice Day ceremonies. There she and National Commander Paul V. McNutt of The American Legion placed wreaths upon the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier at Arlington Cemetery, and the Auxiliary's President, mindful of traditional as well as sentimental ties, journeyed on to the National Cathedral to put a commemorative offering upon the tomb of Woodrow Wilson.

Back in Georgia again, Mrs. Ficklen visited Atlanta, where Governor L. G. Hardman gave a reception at the executive mansion in her honor, honoring also the new President of the Georgia Department, Mrs. Horace Holden.

It is perhaps an inspiring experience for Washington-Wilkes to find itself again so closely tied with the national progress. (In Georgia one says "Washington-Wilkes" when speaking of the official seat of Wilkes County. The origin of the phrase is not clear; but opinion leans to the view that the "Wilkes" is employed to distinguish the place from Washington, D. C., without necessity of recourse to the somewhat invidious "Washington, Georgia.") And, for a proper understanding of the Lucy Reese Dillard who became Mrs. Boyce Ficklen, Jr., it is imperative to know something of her geographical and cultural background.

In Georgia there is significance in Mrs. Ficklen's right to list herself on the rolls of the Colonial Dames, the Daughters of the American Revolution, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and the French Huguenot Society of Charleston. Also, Georgia finds a special grace in her ability to trace the family line back, through fighters in every American war, to a David Reese who signed the Mecklenburg Declaration and to a George Dillard who battled Indians before Jamestown in 1629.

Especially in Washington-Wilkes do these matters loom large; for the town has an ancient and impressive history which declined to die even when its unpropitious citizens, in the mid-years of the last century, refused to permit the Georgia Railroad to build a bustling and disturbing line of steel through its peaceful streets. As a result, the four thousand inhabitants of Washington-Wilkes are accessible today only by an uncertain junction road which must wear the patience and waste the time of one forced, as is Mrs. Ficklen, to commute between its poplar-lined streets and the busy thoroughfares of Indianapolis.

Before this iron invasion of its neighborhood, Washington had had success with a human effort to rend its peace and quiet. Wilkes County, one of the ten original political subdivisions of the State, lies in its northeastern part, not far from Augusta. Eight miles to the west of Washington is War Hill where, on February 14, 1779, the Tory hordes of King George were repulsed by native sons under command of Colonel Elijah Clarke. This was the beginning of the British reversal in Georgia.

At the time Washington itself was

only Fort Heard. A year later the town, officially christened, became the first of all the communities in the country to bear the illustrious name of the Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Armies.

Later Eli Whitney, the inventor, built there a house which protected the initial cotton-gin in the State. The father of Jefferson Davis lived there, as well as the father of him who was to be Davis's chief aide, Alexander H. Stephens. And Robert Toombs, whom Southern writers delight to denominate "the Mirabeau of Secession," maintained his residence in Wilkes throughout the Civil War.

In a house on the site of Fort Heard the last meeting of the Confederate cabinet was held. Under a Washington tulip tree, said to have been 155 feet high, and with a trunk twenty-eight feet in circumference, the first ordination of a Presbyterian minister in Georgia took place. The initial Roman Catholic church in Georgia was erected in Wilkes County. The great seal of the State, "to prevent its profanation by the carpet-bag government," was buried secretly, at dead of night, beneath a Washington residence.

Seventeen counties in Georgia have been named for men who at one time resided in Wilkes. Ten governors of the State came from its patriotic soil. Four pioneer ministers of the Gospel who later attained eminence found their homes within its boundaries.

"Washington," said Georgia's favorite historian in 1913, "is one of the most historic of Georgia towns—an abode of wealth and refinement, where aristocratic old families still reside in elegant mansions of the ante-bellum type and where the velvet manners of the old regime still prevail."

Of this ancient culture Lucy Dillard Ficklen is, in Southern eyes, the modern avatar. With that energy and public-spirited enthusiasm which mark the progressive citizen, the new head of the Auxiliary combines those traits which a sentimental generation—rightly, one likes to think—has attributed to the gracious ladies of the old plantations.

At her door the stranger finds the traditional warmth of hospitality. Beside her fire, talk drifts lightly to men of affairs and matters world-wide in interest. Two sons who might have stepped from the Confederate romances of Thomas Nelson Page gravely greet the visitor. William Boyce, the elder, will be ready for the University of Georgia in a year or so; at about the same time, George Milton will be a Scout tenderfoot.

As a matter of fact, even the "plantation" exists, though, in the manner of these times, it dignifies itself under the very literal name of "farm." It is Mr. Ficklen's own hobby, located a few miles from his town house. But Mrs. Ficklen, too, has found in the place an outlet for her whims. She has assumed the task of christening the blooded stock; and, like a labeller of Pullman cars, has allowed fantasy free rein. The daddy of the whole herd, for instance, is gleefully titled "Noble of Wilkes."



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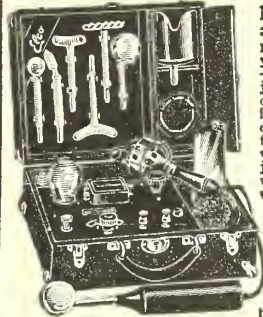
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A Personal View

(Continued from page 29)

pledge and that may enable him to think simply again in the welter of complex problems, as Washington and Lincoln thought in the ordeals which they met.

As AN EXAMPLE, some statistics of the United States of which Herbert Hoover becomes President. Our savings bank deposits are twenty-eight billions of dollars. Our tourists will spend a billion abroad this year. We spend three hundred millions for ice cream, four hundred millions for candy and our peanut crop is worth thirty-four millions.

But the Child Has Grown

STILL FRENCH AND English forces occupy the German Rhine country. Germany protests that all the conquerors were out of France five years after Napoleon's final defeat; the Germans out of France three years after the war of '70. German papers quote French writers about the delirium of happiness when the last German soldier left France in '73. Germany thinks it time for her to enjoy the same thrill.

Heinie Makes A Point

NOT MUCH NOTICED because no blood shed in the revolution in Rumania. Long the rich family Bratiano, owning the premier when a Bratiano was not premier, have made Rumania their private monopoly. The peasants, led by Maniu, marched on the capital. Then they voted their own minds instead of as Bratiano told them. Maniu is premier. New laws, awakened mass ambition and individual enterprise,

Into Their Own

Rumania on the way to progress, a new market for American automobiles and other products.

THAT ITCH FOR office. It is worse often in those who are least fitted for it. President Hoover may have thought a year ago when seeking delegates that there was only a battalion of "original Hoover" men. Now he knows there is an army corps of them. He will leave more itching unsalved than any man in the United States in the coming months. When a member of Congress, calling at the White House, brought in a police dog, Coolidge congratulated the dog as the first visitor who did not want something.

Just One—Who Was a Dog

THERE COULD NOT be higher praise. A foreigner traveling far and near in our country told me he was amazed at the noble school buildings in even our small towns and the people's pride in them. Here the flag flies over future America. Bonds for schools first is the best way to assure payment of future interest on all investments.

The Highest Compliment

TAKE NOTE ALL who would reduce the Regular Army. There are a total of 66,000 officers and men in the area of the United States proper with its three million square miles and a hundred and twenty million population. The rest are in overseas garrisons. Fortunately, the National Guard of 180,000 was never better.

Down to The Rind

Parade of the Wooden Soldiers

(Continued from page 21)

duties as adjutant. All to the great shame and humiliation of said adjutant and to the prejudice of good conduct and military discipline." The charges against the lieutenant colonel he filed with the colonel, retaining one copy for his own files. In a great rage the colonel tore the charges up and consigned them to the waste basket, whereupon Bird returned to his office and filed an additional charge against his colonel for destroying an official document. The charges against Markley he sent down to the brigade adjutant.

Within the hour the colonel and the lieutenant colonel had been summoned by orderly to brigade headquarters. Ten minutes later they entered the adjutant's

office, humbly apologized and begged him to withdraw his charges. "I am happy to withdraw them, with the brigade commander's permission." Bird informed them pleasantly. "And I am pleased that our misunderstanding has not turned out more unhappily for all concerned. Here for your signature, sir," he added, addressing Colonel Markley, "is the order relieving me as regimental adjutant."

Colonel Markley tore the order up and threw it in the waste basket. Seemingly he had a penchant for destroying official documents. When they had departed Keniston came over to Bird's desk. "Good Lord, old soldier, you get away with (Continued on page 74)

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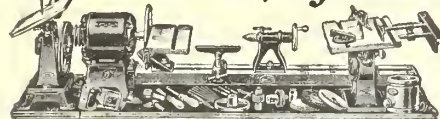
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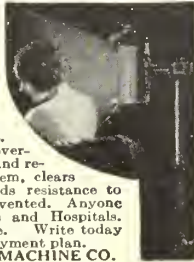
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Parade of the Wooden Soldiers

(Continued from page 73)

murder," he declared. "The brigadier must have used a sandpaper tongue on those two. You've cured them of sucking eggs."

"Son," Bird replied, "a soldier has some privileges and those can be taken away from him at any time, but he also has some rights and if he knows what they are he may dare to fight for them even with the Secretary of War. All he has to do is to see that he doesn't lose his temper and speak out of his turn. Until those two officers have learned the lesson of order and obedience, until they have assimilated a smattering of a knowledge of their duties and the dignity of their positions, this regiment will reflect their attitude toward constituted authority. Loyalty and discipline do not bubble up from the enlisted man. They seep down from above—from the commanding officer. Now, then, my boy, you and I have a hard job ahead of us, but we have the ground broken. We'll organize one thing at a time, get it running smoothly and then take up something else."

"Doggone you, Bird, I never liked you, for some fool reason," Keniston confessed. "I think it was that grave, cocksure, patient way you have. A fellow could never get an argument out of you—and you never let any of us know in training camp that you were an old red-leg. And you never wore your ribbons. Man, if I had that Medal of Honor ribbon I'd stitch it on my pajamas and wear it to bed. Yes, sir, you just plugged along at your job and did the best you could and what you could do at all you always did well. I expected you to lose out in the training camp and when I thought you had I was pleased, because it justified my previous prediction. I was furious at you for bringing me to this wild and woolly outfit, but now—well, I think I'm going to like you a whole lot and I think I'm going to get a deal of fun out of working with you and for you. You're hard as steel but fair and just."

"I knew you were that sort of man, Keniston. Nothing wrong with you except a little youth." Bird fingered his pen and a sad, almost pathetic look crept into his eyes. "You see, I never had any youth, myself, Keniston. I was raised on a farm and when I was big enough to play I was old enough to work. I was milking cows at eight and caring for horses at ten. And at sixteen I ran away with a volunteer outfit, lied about my age and went to the Philippines. I wasn't patriotic, Keniston. It was just an avenue of escape for me from sordid, dreary, profitless toil. At the fall of Manila I got a Mauser rifle bullet through my guts. I got over that and in the Filipino campaign I got a Remington 45-70 through my right thigh. I suffered a lot for a kid and when I came home and was demobilized from that outfit I had lost my youth. No money, no place to go except to the

drudgery and loneliness of that farm—and the Regular Army was calling for men for service in Luzon. So I went back—and then the Boxer business came along and I got a sunstroke on the march to Peking—by the way, you've done very well organizing the officers' mess. How are you getting along with the canteen?"

"It opens for business tomorrow. I've investigated the canteen business and I think we'll start right and make some money to pay you for all this office equipment you've bought at your own expense."

"Good boy! If you see anything around the regiment that requires attention don't be afraid to tell me. Then I'll mention it in the colonel's presence and in about three days, when he thinks I've forgotten it, he'll appropriate the idea as original with him and order me to have it attended to."

"We ought to have somebody to oversee the sanitation of the regimental area—look after garbage removal and fight flies and put up proper signs here and there."

"A police officer. Quite right. Appoint one and tell him the old guard will report to him every morning at eight for fatigue."

"Our chief surgeon is a dud. I saw him dressing a bad cut on an enlisted man's leg this morning and he didn't even wash his hands or disinfect them before touching the wound."

"Another political appointee. He hasn't practised for twenty years. He'll go up against a stiff examination at the hands of the chief medical officer of the division, and that's the last we'll see of him."

"We ought to have a band," Keniston protested.

"Fine. Organize it as soon as you find time."

"And an officer in charge of athletics."

"Order the chaplain to get busy. That's his job. What else?"

"The men ought to have some healthy amusement; they ought to have a football team, a basketball team and a baseball team they can cheer for and be proud of. We should dig up our box fighters and have a tournament—"

"All right, Keniston, old son. You attend to all those things. In addition to your other duties you're morale officer. Any time a buck gets into trouble you call on him and make him tell you all about it, and if we have to try him you've got to be his attorney and fight like hell for him." Bird leaned back in his chair and sighed. "Gosh, what a job! So much to do and such a short time to do it."

Nevertheless, they did it. The team work, the organization, the high sense of duty, the esprit de corps, burgeoned in Bird's office. Colonel Markley did his best to co-operate, but years of political panhandling had spoiled him, and when it was seen that he lacked the quality

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of leadership—of ordinary executive ability—the benzine board took care of him. For a combatant regiment the lieutenant colonel was not much better, so one bright day the brigade commander sent him over to the ammunition train and Major Winters smiled for the first time in many moons, for he was next in line for the lieutenant colonelcy. On an evil day, however, he had confided to Bird that he was a fluent French scholar, a fact which Keniston confirmed. So presently the gallant major was en route to France on some mysterious mission connected with the speaking of French—and all to the secret delight of the two remaining majors, who had both been commissioned on the same day and hence were deadlocked as far as seniority was concerned. To break the deadlock the wily brigade commander made them take an examination which caused their hearts to drop into their military boots, and as a final test he took them out on the artillery range, deprived them of pencil and paper and instruments for measuring range and deflection, showed them a target and bade them shoot it up. "No artilleryman is worth his salt," the terrible man declared, "if, on a clear day, with plenty of aiming points to select from, he cannot, by indirect fire, get on a visible target promptly. An artilleryman ought to be able to shoot in his bathing suit."

At the conclusion of the shooting both majors were informed that they were unfitted for promotion, whereupon Captain Bird was given a problem. He guessed the range and site, measured the deflection with his outstretched hand (275 mils from the tip of his little finger to the tip of his thumb) and got on that target with speed and accuracy. He was recommended for his majority that very day and the recommendation, with the approval of the commanding general of the division, was telegraphed to Washington.

"Nothing will slip," the devilish little brigadier informed him. "Put the gold leaves on and take command of the regiment while I find a soft spot to drop those two majors."

Within a week he had found it and, the regiment being now majorless, Bird recommended Keniston and a battery commander for the vacancies; when their commissions were granted Bird had new men to take over the adjutant's office. They were inexperienced, but willing and intelligent.

As regimental commander Bird whipped the outfit into shape with a vigor that first pained and amazed his command and then delighted it. The growing pains had left the regiment before Bird had it three months and in its place came that Something that wins wars—esprit de corps. Gradually the regiment commenced to brag. First it bragged about Major Bird, because he commanded them and was an old soldier and knew his business and had a Medal of Honor. Then they bragged about him because he got them new uniforms and two extra blankets and never rawhided a (Continued on page 76)

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Parade of the Wooden Soldiers

(Continued from page 75)

buck unless he had to. They liked him because he always had his nose in the kitchens and had a habit of eating a meal with a battery without previous notice. So the men declared he was watching those infernal cooks.

Presently he received his lieutenant colonel's silver leaves and, still in command of the regiment, took it to France. The former mob was a regiment now, a regiment with pride and fervor and ability, and when at last it went up to the zone of operations to do the job it had labored so long and arduously to learn to do, the men had frequent assurances from their old man that they were doing it well. In France Bird received his colonelcy and Keniston moved up to lieutenant colonel, for he, too, had done his job well. He had lost the meringue of youth with which he started; pain and suffering and blood softened his ego and arrogance and made him very human, and to the leader who had learned all that twenty years before, he gave a loyalty and a devotion and obedience as affectionate as it was willing. Down the line of officers and non-commissioned officers to the latest casualty draft replacement that stream of loyalty and faith in the leader had filtered, because the men knew their old man was the sort who would never sleep or eat or drink while his men stood in the rain, hungry and thirsty and worn.

After the armistice was signed the brigade commander paid Bird an unofficial call. "The brigade has done good work," he announced. "Such good work, in fact, Bird, that I've been boosted to command of a division. That leaves a brigadier generalship vacant, so I told the chief of field artillery you'd been overlooked by the Old Army and it might be a nice thing to rectify the mistake in this New Army." He disposed of the glass of cognac Bird set out for him and smiled a sword-fish smile. "How long has it been, Colonel, since you looked into Regulations?"

"About a year, sir. I threw my copy into a ditch one day and substituted common sense. I never could stand red tape. When we wanted anything in this outfit and the S. O. S. couldn't get it up, I sent my men out and stole it from the French or the British or the Americans. I think I've told a few lies and I've overlooked things that would make the Old Army's reason totter on its throne, but the prize scoundrel of my outfit is Lieutenant Colonel Keniston. He's really done everything. All I did was tell him what I wanted done. I hope it can be arranged to send him home in command of the regiment."

"I'll be glad to approve your selection, Colonel. Damn these fellows who are always under one's feet, asking you how they are to do the job they're told to do. Wooden soldiers, I call them—and speaking of wooden soldiers, the knot-tiest in the brigade used to be this outfit of yours."

"The first sergeants went up from the echelon this morning and the regiment is pulling out for Germany, sir," Bird informed him. "They'll be winding down through this village in a little while. Perhaps the general would care to drive down with me to the side of the road and watch what's left of them go by. The men will see the two stars on your cap and will know you've come to say good-bye. The poor devils like to be noticed, you know."

The other nodded. "Here are my old brigadier's stars, Bird," he said. "The order for your appointment hasn't gone out yet, but it will go out under date of today and I have had a telegraphic confirmation of the appointment. Come here, old soldier, till I pin them on you; then we'll go down and watch your brigade go by. Your late regiment will see one star in your overseas cap and will know you've come to say good-bye. The poor devils like to be noticed, you know."

So together they went down through the village and parked beside the road, just as the head of the column appeared, with Keniston riding in front. Bird raised his right arm and the column halted.

"Come here, Colonel Keniston," he commanded, and the latter rode up to the car and dismounted. "Here are three silver eagles for you—two for your shoulders and one for your cap. You'll be wearing them presently, and I have no doubt you will find adequate use for those silver leaves when you're through with them. You'll know the name of the officer who has earned them."

The leading men of headquarters company saw Bird hand them to him—and suddenly from the leather lungs of a private a cry rang out. "Pass the word to the rear that Little Willie has two stars, that Dicky Bird has one and that Mother's Darling Boy is wearing the eagles. Tell the boys to give 'em three, goddam 'em! Three and a tiger!"

Down the long miles of guns, caissons, reel carts, rolling kitchens and supply wagons the news flew with the speed of the telegraph; over the brown shell-pocked hills and fallow fields, through heaps of rubble where men and women had once dwelt happily, the mighty barrage of cheers went rolling while the new major general took the new brigadier by the arm and shouted into his ear: "We never knew ourselves until today. They have nicknames for us!"

And old Bird, who had once been an enlisted man and knew the psychology of soldiers who apply nicknames to their leaders, shouted back: "Thank God for that!"

The cheers died away—and then the tired, dirty, war-worn men took up the anthem of their service—the anthem which, like their esprit de corps and their traditions, had come down to them from the Old Army. Little Willie and

Dicky Bird and Mother's Darling Boy stood up and sang it with them:

*Over hill, over dale,
As we hit the muddy trail,
And the caissons go rollin' along.
In and out,
Hear them shout,
Counter-march and right about,
And the caissons go rollin' along.*

*Then its hi! hi! hee!
In the field artiller-ee,
Sing out your numbers loud and strong;
If here e'er you go,
You will always know,
That the caissons go rollin' along!
Keep 'em rollin'!
And those caissons go rollin' along!*

Keniston, proud and happy, shook hands with his chiefs and rode back to the head of the column. A bugle sounded "Attention!" and down the line of platoon commanders, of section chiefs and caisson and gun corporals a low growl answered it, "Ten-SHUN!" The drivers gathered their teams. "Ta-ta-ta-a-a!" sang the bugle and a low growl of "Forward!" answered it. The drivers moved their teams forward a step and the tugs tautened. "Ta-a-a!" sang the bugle and "March!" came the growl adown the long line. The teams moved forward perfectly into draft, and the drum fire of the wheels on the cobbled street was on. "Eyes—RIGHT!" sang the bugle, and the white faces, the red faces, the brown, bearded faces, flashed to the right as the battery commander's hand went up to his overseas cap. "Front!" sang the bugle.

Old Bird leaned forward, the tears cascading down his face. "Good-bye," he shouted. "Good-bye, my wooden men that turned into iron soldiers!" and—

"Good-bye, —th," the ex-brigade commander shouted. "Good-bye, good men and true. There'll never be another brigade like you."

"They were mine!" Bird hali sobbed. "And now I've lost them to Keniston!"

The brigade was hours passing. Presently it commenced to rain, but still the two generals stood and watched the long parade, taking their salutes, giving their hail and farewell to these men who had borne the heat and the burdens of the day, to these men who had fought the good fight and who had kept the faith!

That night Keniston dropped in to visit the brigadier in his new billet. He found Bird sitting before a dull fire of the briquettes the French mistake for fuel. "The cognac bottle's on the shelf yonder, son. Help yourself." Bird addressed his junior hospitably. "I've been sitting here thinking about those damned mathematics and what a fool I was to worry so about them in training camp. I'd been a top sergeant once and should have known better."

"How come you should have known better, General?"

"Because I'd heard that old army wheeze about the cadet class in engineering at West Point. They had an old colonel for an instructor and one day he gave them a problem which assumed they were all company commanders and had to raise a flag-pole on the parade ground. So all those earnest boys worked and worried and covered sheets of paper with mathematical computations and stated the size of the ropes and blocks and tackles they would use and what the tensile strength of them should be to raise that huge prone flag-pole and stick it in the hole. Some of them differed as to the depth of the hole. Finally, however, they turned in their work and the old colonel glanced at it as if it was contaminated and said: 'Young gentlemen, you are all wrong. The correct way to raise this flagpole is to tell the first sergeant to do it!'"

Keniston laughed and his superior relapsed again into silence.

"Now what are you thinking of?" Keniston queried presently.

"I was wondering," said Dicky Bird plaintively, "if everything is running O. K. at my garage!"

THE END

Then and Now

(Continued from page 45)

impersonal. But in our ranks are men who can furnish these bereaved relatives with the little personal facts they want. We know that the requests for detailed information regarding the following deceased comrades will be met as promptly as similar requests have been answered before. Report to the Company Clerk what you know of these men:

FOURTH INFANTRY, THIRD DIVISION. First Lieutenant Tom R. Beasley. Company D, killed in action October 5, 1918.

FIFTH REGIMENT, MARINES, SECOND DIVISION. Private Harry J. W. Field. Company B, killed in action June 6, 1918.

18TH INFANTRY, FIRST DIVISION. Private Robert F. Scott, Company G, killed in action May 3, 1918. at Can-

tigny. Probably known to his comrades as Fred Scott.

26TH INFANTRY, FIRST DIVISION. Private Andrew Sorby Brown, Company B, reported missing in action, and later as killed in action October 1, 1918.

20TH INFANTRY, FIRST DIVISION. Private Cecil Raleigh Williams, Company K, wounded in action and died in October, 1918. Burial in Brizeaux, Meuse, France.

106TH INFANTRY, 27TH DIVISION. Charles L. Fulmer, Company A, killed in action at Guillaumont Farm, September 27, 1918. His body, interred in the Bony Cemetery, was later returned to this country.

125TH INFANTRY, 32D DIVISION. Second Lieutenant (Continued on page 78)

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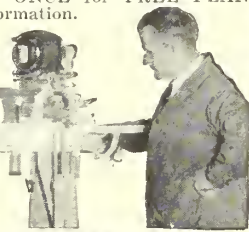
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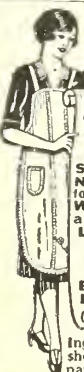
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Then and Now

(Continued from page 77)

Albert S. Ross, Company I or K, killed instantaneously by enemy machine gun fire on October 9, 1918, in Meuse-Argonne Offensive.

144TH INFANTRY, 36TH DIVISION. Corporal Walter C. Skaggs, Company M, killed in action October 13, 1918. Probably known to his comrades as "Jack."

148TH INFANTRY, 37TH DIVISION. Stanley E. Wheeler, Company F, killed in action October 31, 1918.

165TH INFANTRY, 42D DIVISION. Private Richard Edward Winningham, Company C, killed in action November 7, 1918. He was with the regiment for only a short time before his death.

168TH INFANTRY, 42D DIVISION. Private William L. Olson, Company G, killed in action July 28, 1918, at Lemonte Farm near Serpy. Chaplain Robb conducted the burial. Information is wanted regarding wrist watch, large gold pocket watch and a gold ring with initial "W" engraved upon it, personal effects which were not returned to parents, although his diary was returned.

359TH INFANTRY, 90TH DIVISION. Private Ilo W. Allen, Company F, killed in action September 26, 1918. Body first interred one and one-half kilometers west of Preny, France.

364TH INFANTRY, 91ST DIVISION. Earl E. Hornbeck, Company B, killed in action September 20, 1918, in the Meuse-Argonne Offensive. Information from burial detail or anyone who knows of personal effects, particularly an Elgin watch.

319TH ENGINEERS, EIGHTH DIVISION. Henry C. Spearman served overseas with this organization and later with the Polish Typhus Relief Expedition. He was killed in an explosion in Port Arthur, Texas, July 20, 1927. A brother would like to hear from some of the service comrades of this deceased veteran.

U. S. S. Flusser, C. R. Moore, who served on the U. S. S. Texas during the war, re-enlisted and while serving as Chief Pharmacist on the U. S. S. Flusser, died at Piraeus, Greece, on November 22, 1924. No details of his death have been received.

YOU will probably recall that in the December Monthly was published the announcement of the 21st Engineers, Light Railway, First Army, A. E. F., that its 1929 reunion would be held in Louisville, Kentucky, in conjunction with the national convention of the Legion. The 21st Engineers are merely following a plan adopted in connection with former national conventions and which has been growing in favor each year.

The National Convention Corporation of Louisville, which is laying plans for the Legion convention slated to be held on September 30th, October 1st, 2d and 3d, has appointed a special Conven-

tion Reunion Committee and asks that we broadcast the following notice:

"It is requested that the president or secretary of every organized wartime unit that plans to attend the Legion national convention in Louisville and units unorganized but that contemplate reuniting at the convention, send their names and addresses to William J. Horrigan, chairman, Convention Reunion Committee, Heyburn Building, Louisville, Kentucky."

Following are additional announcements of interest to veterans:

FIFTH DIV.—There are only a limited number of copies of the History of the Fifth Division still available. This is an unusually fine volume. Frank F. Barth, 20 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill., will be glad to send information to inquirers and will mail also a directory of members of the Fifth Division Society with their latest addresses.

SEVENTH DIV.—Copies of official history of division may be obtained by sending five dollars to Addison B. Freeman, 1808 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

38TH DIV.—Former members interested in proposed divisional association and reunion, report to F. J. Heim, 1356 E. 63d St., Chicago, Ill.

42D DIV.—Eleventh annual reunion Baltimore, Md., July 13-15. Francis E. Shea, editor, The Rainbow Reveille, 512 E. 23d St., Baltimore, wants Rainbow Chapters to send news items for the publication.

77TH DIV. CLUB.—A new clubhouse has been acquired by veterans of this division at 28 E. 39th St., New York City. The clubhouse is available to all former members. Address Philip Brauneis, Jr., 1280 Lexington Ave., New York City.

104TH U. S. INF. VETS. ASSOC., A. E. F.—Tenth annual reunion at Northampton, Mass., April 26-27. Address Lawrence A. Wagner, exec. secy., 201 Oak St., Holyoke, Mass.

305TH F. A.—Annual smoker at the 77th Div. clubhouse, 28 E. 39th St., New York City. March 7. Address Charles V. Metzner, The American Credit-Indemnity Co., 100 Fifth Ave., New York City.

CO. C, NINTH INF.—Former members who expect to attend Second Div. reunion in Boston, Mass., May 31-June 1, address W. E. Gould, 7 Crowell St., Worcester, Mass.

CO. I, 22D INF.—Former members interested in proposed reunion address John W. Sherman, 2381 Valentine Ave., Bronx, N. Y.

FOURTH ENGRS., FOURTH DIV.—Annual reunion and banquet, Vancouver, Wash., Mar. 9. Address W. B. Nagel, 317 City Hall, Portland, Ore.

23D ENGRS.—Reunion and dinner of 23d Engrs. Assoc., Hotel Bellevue, Boston, Mass., Mar. 9. Address C. D. Smith, pres., The Hawthorne, Salem, Mass.

36TH ENGRS.—Proposed reunion in Chicago, Ill., during 1929. Former members are requested to send names and addresses to Glenn H. Swale, Burlington Ticket Office, 50 S. 6th St., Minneapolis, Minn.

310TH AERO SQDRN.—Letter reunion. Former members requested to send short letters or messages to W. H. Plourd, Fullerton, Neb., who will assemble them in mimeographed form and mail without cost to each contributor.

BASE HOSP. No. 11—All former members invited to join outfit organization now known as Veterans of Grand Blottereau. Report to Paul O. Dunn, chairman, Membership Committee, 2130 Morse Ave., Chicago.

BASE HOSP. No. 14—To complete roster and correct mailing list for association bulletin, former members are asked to report to E. F. Weber, 79 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

BASE HOSP. No. 66—Former members interested in joining recently-organized veterans association are requested to report to Warren D. Frost, secy., 2957 Decatur Ave., Bronx, N. Y.

103D TRENCH MORTAR BTRY., 52D F. A., 28TH DIV.—Reunion to be held this spring. All former members report correct addresses to Daniel G. Snyder, pres., Reunion Assoc., 204 N. 1st St., Lewisburg, Pa.

MARINE CORPS LEAGUE—All men who at any time served in the Marine Corps or are still in service are eligible to membership in this organization, of which Major General John A. Lejeune is National Commandant. Its purpose is to hold together all Marines and foster Marine ideals. Information regarding membership or organization of detachments may be

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VERMONT VETERANS—All present or former residents of the State of Vermont who served in any branch of service, including the Nurses Corps, or engaged in social service work during the war, may obtain a copy of the "History of Vermont in the World War" without cost. Application may be made to the Adjutant General, Montpelier. In case of death, the history will be sent to the next of kin.

REQUESTS for early numbers of The American Legion Weekly to complete the files of Legion posts and of libraries are still being received, as a result of the exchange plan we suggested in these columns some months ago. Lack of space has caused us to handle most of this work by correspondence, but that method doesn't insure complete success. We are therefore listing the numbers wanted with the posts requesting them, and hope that readers will dig through their old magazines and send these issues to the Company Clerk, if they have duplicates or do not intend to keep their files complete:

- Vol. I, Nos. 2, 6 and 9; Vol. II, Nos. 3, 5, 6 and 9, Williamson (N. Y.) Post.
- Vol. I, No. 13; Vol. II, No. 14, Stanley Hill Post, Lexington, Mass.
- Vol. I, No. 21, John Regan Post, Boise, Idaho.
- Vol. I, Nos. 1 to 15, inclusive; Vol. II, Nos. 3, 4, 5, 6 and 8, Signal Post, New York City.
- Vol. I, Nos. 1 to 10, inclusive, 14 and 15; Vol. II, Nos. 3 to 7, inclusive, Orr Hoffman Post, Brookings, S. D.
- Vol. I, Nos. 1 to 11, inclusive, 13 to 17, inclusive, and 23; Vol. II, Nos. 3 to 8, inclusive, Youngstown (Ohio) Post.
- Vol. I, Nos. 2 to 11, inclusive, 14 and 23; Vol. II, Nos. 3 to 5 and 8 to 11, inclusive, Charles A. Hammond Post, Port Huron, Mich.
- Vol. I, all issues except Nos. 7 and 25; Vol. II, Nos. 3, 5 and 7, William B. Cairns Post, Madison, Wis.
- Vol. I, all issues except Nos. 19, 20 and 25; Vol. II, Nos. 1 to 12, inclusive, Mitchell (S. D.) Post.
- Vol. II, Nos. 8 and 13, C. L. Reinig Post, Toledo, Iowa.
- Vol. II, No. 6, Ipswich (Mass.) Post.
- Vol. II, No. 5, Pennsylvania Department headquarters.
- Vol. II, Nos. 3 to 7, inclusive, Whitehall (Wisc.) Post.

Credit must be given to individual Legionnaires and Auxiliary members who have co-operated in this work by sending in very many of the early numbers of the Weekly which have been forwarded to posts needing them. Included among these active members of our exchange department are the following who require the numbers listed:

- Vol. II, Nos. 4 and 6, Eugene Matheson, Ipswich, Mass.
- Vol. I, Nos. 20 and 24, Mrs. A. B. Ellis, Summit, N. J.
- Vol. II, Nos. 3 and 4, A. H. Merrill, Portland, Maine.
- Vol. I, Nos. 8 and 14, Mrs. H. Rethwisch, Louisville, Ky.
- Vol. I, Nos. 1, 2, 5, 7, 8, 14 and 26; Vol. II, Nos. 3 to 14, inclusive, Archie H. Greenberg, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Before we end this delayed meeting of the Back Number Exchange Club, particular citation must be given the following men who have supplied many of the wanted back numbers without requesting any in exchange: C. W. Slemmer, Jr., of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; John H. McKenzie of Port Huron, Michigan; J. C. Williamson of Argos, Indiana; Francis Milewski of Turtle Creek, Pennsylvania, and Walter G. ("Pop") Roeder of Scarsdale, New York.

We will be glad to receive any and all issues of the Weekly for the years 1910 and 1920, and would like also to have copies of the Monthly for the months of February, March and April, 1927.

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... Prohibition Agent	(\$2300 to \$3400)

Name _____



ACCIDENTS will happen in the best-regulated offices, and we find that the application of C. Clyde Cook of Twin Peaks, California, for membership in the Society of Legionnaires Who Have Read Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" Entire has been lurking quietly in a folder since last July. Anyway, the Society extends a hearty if tardy welcome to Mr. Cook, and presents him with Card Number 76. All the rights and privileges of membership are made retroactive to last July. Mr. Cook read Gibbon "while absorbing pre-legal erudition back at Ohio Northern University, Ada, Ohio (made famous by the fact that Professor, now Senator, Fess, the late Senator Willis and myself hailed from there)." His fellow-members welcome Mr. Cook of Ohio and California to the ranks of Gibbonaires.

THE November Message Center chronicled the fact that the original of the painting by Legionnaire Harvey Dunn on the cover of that issue had been presented by Mr. Dunn to the State College of South Dakota at Brookings. Mr. Dunn, the Message Center declared, was a native of Kingsbury City, South Dakota. Aubrey H. Sherwood of the *De Smet News* writes to inform us that this should read Kingsbury County instead of Kingsbury City. "The farm is near Manchester," says Mr. Sherwood, "which is nine miles from De Smet." Mr. Sherwood also sends the following story from the *De Smet News* chronicling the arrival of the painting: "The original of the Armistice Day painting that adorned the front cover of The American Legion Monthly this month, painted by Harvey Dunn, a Kingsbury County boy in his youth, has been given to South Dakota State College, which Dunn attended at one time. The painting which Mr. Dunn has sent State College is five feet by six, and it was crated and shipped as soon as the engravings had been made for the magazine. Previously Mr. Dunn had painted a portrait of the beloved Professor James A. Sheppard, chemist of the college faculty, and had presented this to the institution. Particularly interested in the career of Mr. Dunn are his aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Nate Dow, who recently moved from De Smet to Manchester. Harvey Dunn was a product of the prairies of this county and as a boy attended what is now known as Rosedale School No. 50 in Esmond township. The family home is now the John Balk home. He is today recognized as one of the world's most famous painters and his home is at Tiffany, N. J." Even Stephen with Mr. Sherwood. Mr. Dunn lives at Tenafly, New Jersey.

THE first of Karl W. Detzer's D. C. I. stories was published in The American Legion Weekly for April 27, 1923, and any good little mathematician can figure what a long time ago that was. They were true stories, that first group, and they were later gathered into a book called "True Tales of the D. C. I." (Bobbs-Merrill). There is a limit to any honest man's collection of reminiscences, and eventually Mr. Detzer, at the Weekly's request, began to write A. E. F. detective stories that were fiction, and were so labeled. We stress this point because ever since Mr. Detzer's short stories (as distinguished from tales of actual adventure) began to appear in the Weekly and the Monthly, both Mr. Detzer and the editors have been getting letters that said "I was in Suchaville on such a day and nothing like that happened." Well, the serial that begins in this number (the first serial Mr. Detzer has ever written for the Monthly) is fiction, not fact, and we are going to all this trouble to explain the situation in order to forestall answering a lot of letters.

WE asked Mr. Detzer for a little data about himself so that we might reintroduce him to the Legion. Here is his biography in his own words: "I'm a Hoosier, but was born a safe distance north of the genius belt. In 1916 I was one of the brave boys who enlisted and rushed down to the border to keep Villa from annexing Texas. Before we were through a lot of Texans were siding with Villa. As a sergeant I guarded a bridge over the Ohio in the early days of the war, to prevent enemy gunboats from sailing upstream and destroying it. With the rank of color sergeant I acted as first sergeant of the Seventh Company at the first Officers' Training Camp at Fort Ben Harrison. I became very popular there when at my suggestion we instituted a half-mile run between setting-up exercises and breakfast. Commanded Company D, 333d Infantry, 84th Division, until Armistice. I had no part in winning the war as I did not join the M. P.'s until after November 11th. Reason for joining M. P.'s . . . I was notified that I had been picked to act as delousing officer for the Embarkation Area. Upon organization of D. C. I., in January, 1919, I transformed myself into a deteckatif, and was placed in charge of the organization in the Embarkation Area."

WILLIAM G. WALL'S term of office as president of the Society of Automotive Engineers expired in January.

He is consulting engineer for the Stutz Motor Car Company, the Marmon Motor Car Company, and the Lycoming Manufacturing Company, makers of engines. He is a graduate of Virginia Military Institute, class of 1894, and obtained his degree of bachelor of science from Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1896. Some of his earliest technical work was as assistant engineer in changing-over the first submarine, the *Plunger*, from steam electric to gas electric. He designed and built his first automobile in 1899, and designed and built the National car which won the 1912 five-hundred-mile Indianapolis Motor Speedway Race. He also designed the first six-cylinder car put on the American market. During the war Mr. Wall served as a major in the Ordnance Department, later being promoted lieutenant colonel, and he is now colonel in the Reserve. Part of his war service consisted in the designing of tractors, mobile gun-carriers and other belligerent automotive equipment . . . A. B. Bernd lives in Macon, Georgia . . . Samuel Taylor Moore lives in Springfield, Massachusetts. Both Mr. Bernd and Mr. Moore are frequent contributors to the Monthly. During the war Mr. Moore got more than his quota of thrills as a balloonist.

THE \$25,000 prize war novel contest sponsored by Houghton Mifflin Company and The American Legion Monthly will close May 1st, as advertised. Many hundreds of competitors have already announced their intention to submit manuscripts by that date, and if they know what's good for them they won't submit them after it. Inquiries have been received from all over the world except from members of the Byrd Antarctic Expedition; the number of contestants from the former enemy countries bulks proportionately large. Full details of the contest have been printed in the advertising pages of several issues of the Monthly since the contest was originally announced, in the April, 1928, number, and in addition to this the contest has received world-wide notice in newspapers and magazines. The judges will choose the prize-winning manuscript as soon as practicable after the close of the contest—just how long this process will take depends, of course, on the relative excellence of outstanding stories submitted. According to present plans, the story will begin to run in The American Legion Monthly in one of the summer numbers.

The Editor



Worn-Out Appetites

Why don't they change the menu? Day after day, same old foods . . .

But *is* it the menu? Or is it mainly —YOU! Nature has effective ways of telling you all is not well inside. Loss of appetite is one of them.

Constipation—oldest human affliction—is the commonest ailment today, the root of most human ills. *And its prolonged effect is so needless!*

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That is where Pluto Mineral Water differs. Its mineral content exceeds in percentage the mineral content of the blood. Hence it passes directly through the eliminative system, flushing and cleansing all that's before it.

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